June 16, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

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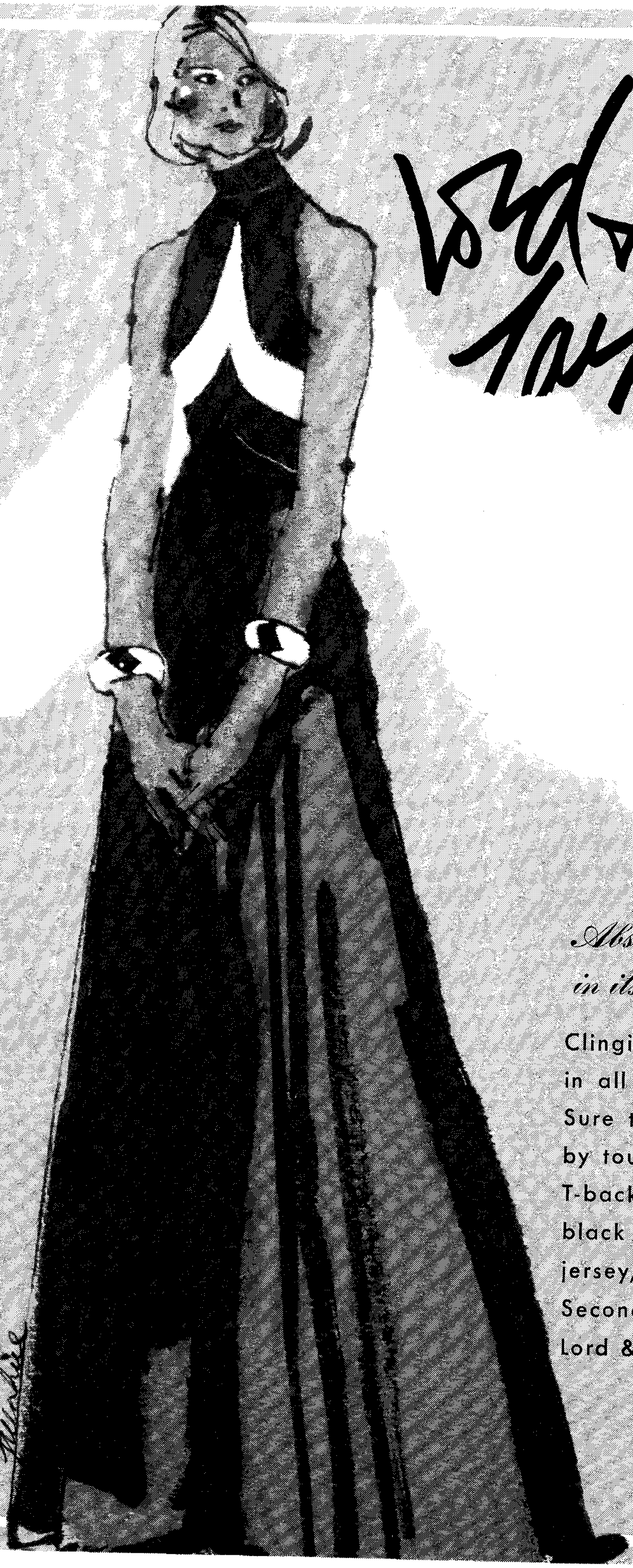

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ALICE IN WONDERLAND—A limited return engagement of André Gregory's startling and outrageous production, with no Freudian implication overlooked, and with many references to drugs. The Caterpillar scene is very funny, and the Mad Tea Party is truly mad. (N.Y.U. Theatre, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7. Closes Saturday, June 30.)

THE CHANGING ROOM—Semi-pro Rugby in the North of England is plainly a tough game. David Storey tells us what the players say before, during, and after the game, as they horse around in their chilly locker room, but we never get to know them. Admirably acted by a large cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CYRANO—A musical version of the Rostand play, which can only be diminished by being tinkered with. Still, Christopher Plummer makes a splendid rueful braggart and the duelling is first-rate. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE FAGGOT—Al Carmines, resident pastor of the Judson Memorial Church, has applied his prodigious talent for music and lyrics to a humorous and merciful oratorio on the subject of homosexuality. Reopens Monday, June 18, at 7. Previews through Sunday, June 17. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 674-8420. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FINISHING TOUCHES—Barbara Bel Geddes and Robert Lansing are a pleasant husband and wife, who have pleasant children, and they all live in a pleasant town, among pleasant friends. So what can go wrong? Not much, but enough to provide another successful comedy by Jean Kerr. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA—A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE HOT L BALTIMORE—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them comparatively inexperienced, perform very well, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

IRENE—A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is charming and gifted, and the theatre itself is worth seeing. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC—As captivating a musical as you could hope to see and hear. Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MANHATTAN THEATRE CLUB—A six-week series of plays by twenty of the best-known Off Broadway and Off Off Broadway playwrights. Wednesday through Sunday, June 13-17: Ed Bullins' IT HAS NO CHOICE, at 7:30. . . . Julie Bovasso's SCHUBERT'S LAST SERENADE, at *8:30. . . . William M. Hoffman's* A QUICK NUT BREAD TO MAKE YOUR MOUTH WATER, at 8:30. . . . Robert Heide's MOON, at 9:30. . . . Adrienne Kennedy's A RAT'S MASS, at 11. . . . Ronald Tavel's CANTICLE OF A NIGHTINGALE, at 7 (with a Saturday matinée at 3, and no performances Wednesday and Thursday) . . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, at 7:30 and 10, and Sunday, June 17, at 8: A staged reading of Israel Horovitz's THE INDIAN WANTS THE BRONX. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500.)

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S LEMMINGS—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon.* John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OH COWARD!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as vivacious and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. *Closes Sunday, June 17.*)

PIPPIN—A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—A revival of Tennessee Williams' A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, with Rosemary Harris and James Farentino, is the final production of the season. Starting Tuesday, June 19, Lois Nettleton and Robert Forster will succeed Miss Harris and Mr. Farentino. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

THE RIVER NIGER—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed

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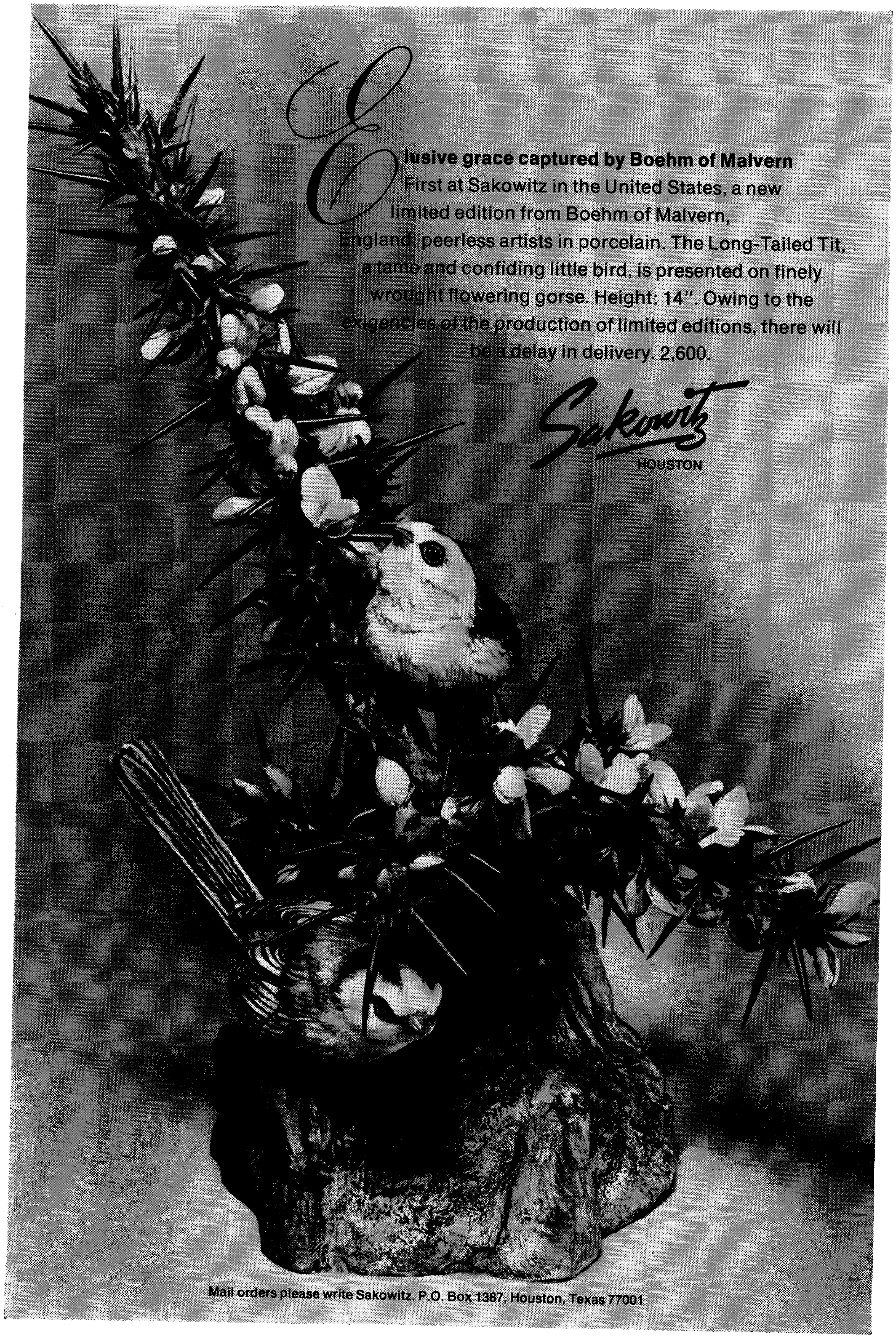

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Arthur French, Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

SEESAW—A reworking, in musical-comedy form, of William Gibson's sentimental play "Two for the Seesaw." The big production numbers work, but the sentiment doesn't. Starring Michele Lee and Ken Howard, who get much help from a lively young man named Tommy Tune. Starting Monday, June 18, John Gavin will replace Mr. Howard. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE SUNSHINE BOYS—A pair of old vaudevillians sourly pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Albertson and Sam Levene are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

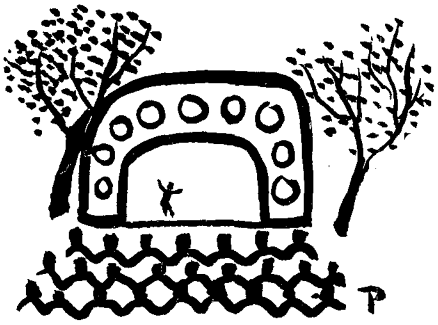
THE TOOTH OF THE CRIME—This new satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators, as they literally track the action all over the playing area and up and down ladders. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. The acting is quite good. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

UNCLE VANYA—A superlative production, directed by Mike Nichols, of Chekhov's rueful account of the quiet follies and failed chances of country life. The wonderful cast includes George C. Scott, Nicol Williamson, Julie Christie, Elizabeth Wilson, Barnard Hughes, Conrad Bain, Lillian Gish, and Cathleen Nesbitt. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 28.)

WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

THE WOMEN—A nasty, ill-written comedy of the thirties, which little deserves to be remembered, much less revived. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,462 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 1.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon's laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols. With Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **SUGAR:** A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 13, at 8: "Concerto for Piano and Winds," "Illuminations," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Thursday, June 14, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Allegro Brillante," and "Firebird."... ¶ Friday, June 15, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, June 16, at 2: "Scènes de Ballet," "Dim Lustre," "Duo Concertant," and "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2."... ¶ Saturday, June 16, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Dim Lustre," "The Song of the Nightingale," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ Sunday, June 17, at 1: "Dim Lustre," "La Valse," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Sunday, June 17, at 7: "Firebird," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "La Valse."... ¶ Tuesday, June 19, at 8: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Episodes," and "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2."... ¶ Wednesday, June 20, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Serenade in A," "Pas de Deux," and "An Evening's Waltzes."... ¶ Thursday, June 21, at 8: "Illuminations," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Scènes de Ballet," "Duo Concertant," and "An Evening's Waltzes."... ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 2: "Episodes," "Pas de Deux," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Danses Concertantes."... ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 8: "Scènes de Ballet," "Serenade in A," "Duo Concertant," and "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 1.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

BARBARA CARROLL—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, from nine to one, except Sunday and Monday.

WILD BILL DAVISON—Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090). Cornet, with Ed Hubble, Claude Hopkins, Cliff Leeman, Kenny Davern, and George Duvivier. Nightly, from eight to one, beginning Tuesday, June 19.

BLOSSOM DEARIE—Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). Singing at the piano, between six-thirty and eight Thursdays through Saturdays.

ROY ELDRIDGE—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Venerable Dixieland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

TYREE GLENN—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trombone and vibes, with a septet that features Slam Stewart and Jo Jones. Nightly, from nine, beginning Monday, June 18.

BENNY GOODMAN—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Clarinet, with Bobby Hackett, Peter Appleyard, John Bunch, Milt Hinton, Bucky Pizzarelli, and Bob Rosengarden. At dinner and supper, through Saturday, June 16.

CHICO HAMILTON—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a trio, from ten to three, Thursdays through Saturdays, June 14-16 and 21-23.

THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS BAND—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

ELLIS LARKINS—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty.

NELLIE LUTCHER—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, from eight to one, except Sundays.

MARIAN AND JIMMY MCPARTLAND—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Piano and cornet, respectively, leading a dance quintet (Buddy Tate, Jackie Williams, and Rusty Gilder). Nightly, from nine, through Saturday, June 16.

MABEL MERCER—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

CHARLES MINGUS—Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Bass, leading a quintet Tuesdays through Sundays from nine.

RAY NANCE—Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921). Cornet and violin, with a trio, Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven to four, and Saturdays and Sundays from two to five-thirty.

BUDDY RICH—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). Drums, leading a fifteen-piece band, at nine and eleven-thirty, through Saturday, June 16.

BOBBY SHORT—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five nightly, except Sunday and Monday.

MCCOY TYNER—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a quartet, from ten, starting Tuesday, June 19.

JOE WILLIAMS—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Blues singer. Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine.

●

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St.—(242-9066)—Docked several blocks from the nearest pier, this seaworthy enterprise fully realizes the ordinarily abused concept of nautical décor. Fridays and Saturdays, the trio of bassist Herman Wright, pianist Linda Williams, and drummer Paris Wright entertains passengers who vary from jazz patrons

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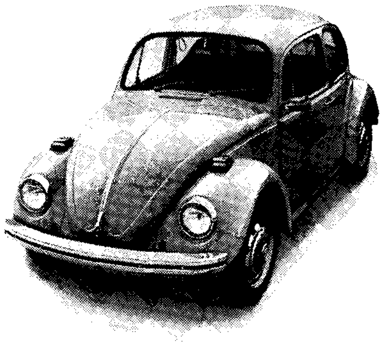

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to local Chelsea folk. No music the rest of the week. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Au Sous Sol, 100 W. 72nd St. (874-6606)—A variety of notes from the underground originates from this new upper West Side complex, which offers two rooms in which to hear first-rate jazz. In **jazz underground,** a thinly disguised basement (pipes and pillars abound), singer Irene Reid takes possession of the carpeted stage through Saturday, June 16. Starting time ten-fifteen. A Haitian band plays for dancing on Sundays from ten-fifteen, and Mondays are silent. Snacks. . . . **bill's place,** across the way, a smaller, wood-panelled room that is open only on Fridays and Saturdays, from ten-fifteen, presents tenor-sax man Harold Ousley and his quartet Friday and Saturday, June 15-16. The quintet of trombonist Dick Griffin will reign on Friday and Saturday, June 22-23. Haitian food.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Connected rows of grammar-school-type desks (no more comfortable now than they were then) border three sides of a small stage occupied by singer John Herald, an ex-Greenbriar Boy who does bluegrass-flavored music, through Sunday, June 17. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples. Monday, June 18, will be silent.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue Notes and black-eyed peas. Tenor saxophonist Joe Farrell and his quartet easily dominate the room, through Sunday, June 17. Music from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A good-natured dining establishment, with a convivial bar and some interesting canvases on the walls. The fine composer-pianist Mike Longo collaborates with Ron Carter, the bassist's bassist, through Saturday, June 16, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Coming in on Monday, June 18, are pianist Mike Abene and bassist Harvey Schwartz. On Sundays, Bill Rubenstein is at the piano between nine and one.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is the prized fixture here, and his songs—mostly from the thirties, mostly world-weary—summon up a generation's view of itself. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, bright restaurant with an exuberant crowd egging on the antics of cornettist, violinist, and song stylist Ray Nance. He plays with Brooks Kerr, a young stride pianist, and trombonist Mathew Gee, Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven to four, and Saturdays and Sundays from two to five-thirty.

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Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Suspend your disbelief as Nellie Lutcher, still as cheerful and preoccupied as a pecking hen, sings love songs in pig Latin. She is assisted by guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards Mondays through Saturdays from eight until one. Sundays, Dick Hyman brings his profusion-of-notes approach to the keyboard. Saturdays and Sundays, between three and seven, Roland Hanna is at the piano. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-back-room comes up with a mixed bag of performers. The well-established Oscar Brand does songs from his storehouse of varied folklore, through Saturday, June 16. Sounds from nine. Sundays are a sort of hootenanny. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—One of the quainter historical facts of the Big Apple is that this little club used to be a hamburger stand. Now it is a first-class listening room, in which Ellis Larkins is displaying his long-perfected piano technique six satisfying nights a week. His bassist is Al Hall, and they do magical things from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, June 17, they will play an all-Richard Rodgers program from five-forty-five to eight-thirty, before their regular session. Mondays, singer-pianist Norma Shepherd performs. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Habitués of the old place on Hudson Street may not recognize this new one. It is polished and sleek, with blowups of old Woody Herman arrangements on the walls and a decidedly midtown spirit. What is more, there are two jazz groups each night. Currently, Joe Williams, singer of urbane blues, alternates with pianist Hampton Hawes and his trio. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, between eight and two, a big band under the leadership of Dick Cone and Leo Ball takes over.

Horn & Hardart, 104 W. 57th St. (489-1414)—Another Automat (this one located in a relatively subdued neighborhood) "flips at ten"—i.e., musical entertainment and alcoholic beverages Fridays and Saturdays from ten until two. On June 15 and 16, Charlie Brown, on tenor sax, heads up a quartet.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Nine-thirty to three. Sundays, from four to seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, bassoon) plays music of the baroque era.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—A long, narrow bar-and-backroom with an atmosphere that is faintly submarine and amplifiers that are not so faint. Flutist-reedman Cecil Payne oversees a combo through Sunday, June 17. Charles Earland, who plays a lively organ, embarks with his group on Tuesday, June 19. Mondays, Joe Lee Wilson sings with a quartet headed by saxophonist Frank Foster. Music from nine to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis,* it found its way here. Roy Eldridge and his bandsmen play from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—In the 52nd Street Room, the wily kinetics of drummer Buddy Rich are showcased along with his big band, through Saturday, June 16, at nine and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Some solidly grounded jazz also emanates from the bar (which is as round as a quoit)—i.e., Barry Harris is on piano and Larry Davis on bass Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until one. Substantial dining. Mondays, pianist and vocalist Dottie Stallworth leads a trio. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Intended to resemble a ship, the ropes, riggings, and crowded tables recall instead the ambience of a circus or country fair—all in all, an improvised air of make-believe. Singer and songwriter Tim Hardin participates, beginning Tuesday, June 19. Music nightly, from nine-thirty. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—More humid than the jungles of Borneo, more crowded than the Sistine Chapel, this enterprise nonetheless offers sturdy, reliable entertainment. Singer-bassist Andy Pratt and Jimmy Buffett, who sings his own country music, will depart after Monday, June 18. On Tuesday, June 19, Philip Glass, who has worked with Ravi Shankar, will lead six other musicians in an Eastern-inspired session utilizing electric organs, amplified wind instruments, and voices. The entertainment is upstairs, above the street-level steak-and-lobster palace. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Drinks and snacks.

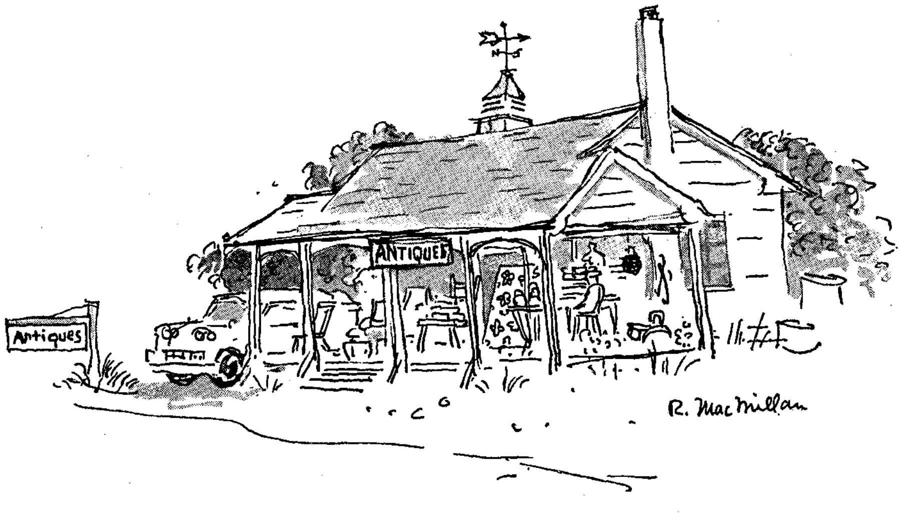
Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—For a certain highly visible segment of the population, the **blue room cabaret** has supplanted Max's as the place to be seen. While all the seeing goes on, rock groups that tend to vary in name only play from ten each night.

Metro, 188 W. Fourth St. (675-0892)—Another Village haven for folk, rock, and the like. Singer-composer Steve Grossman appears with the comedy trio Three's Company, Thursday through Monday, June 14-18. On Thursday, June 21, singers-guitarists Happy and Artie Traum, who helped establish the Woodstock sound, begin trading sets with Allan Taylor, a British-born country and city singer. Thursdays through Mondays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Wednesdays provide a showcase for new talent, from nine. Closed Tuesdays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Lions and unicorns, along with a certain number of cats. The well-versed piano of Barbara Carroll is aided by bassist Lisle Atkinson Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until one. Mondays, from nine to midnight, a Dixieland band entertains. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A corner restaurant with a glassed-in sidewalk gallery and space enough for lounging and listening. Drummer Chico Hamilton and his trio hammer home their music Thursdays through Saturdays, June 14-16 and 21-23. Music from ten until three. No live performers Sundays through Wednesdays. Dining.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Mugs (not surprisingly) hang from the ceiling, and a relaxed atmosphere predominates. Bob Brown sings and plays piano with bassist Jack Ryan Tuesdays through



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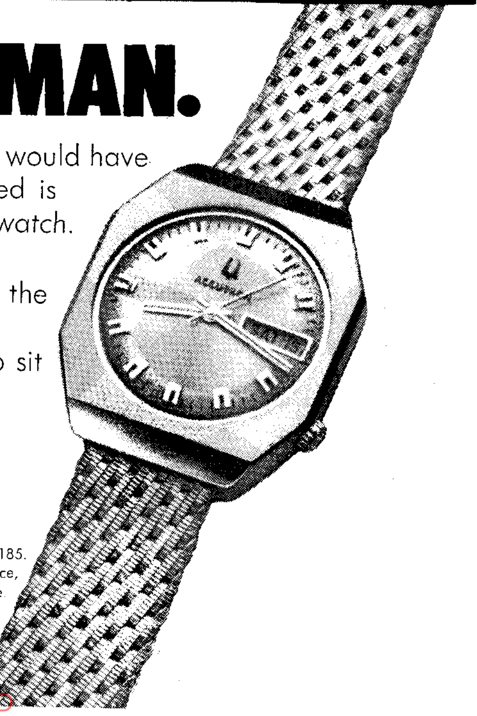

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Thursdays from eight to one and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. Singer-pianist Nina Sheldon and a bassist take over on Mondays from seven to twelve. No music Sundays. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A cabaret of unimpeachable demeanor. Through Saturday, June 16, Baby Jane Dexter, blues singer, and Joy Hatton, singer of obscure American songs, join the permanent members of the crew here—pianist Sammy Benskin, guitarist Tiger Haynes, and singer-host for all seasons Jimmie Daniels. Beginning Tuesday, June 19, Lee Horwin, who sings blues, will replace Misses Dexter and Hatton. Benskin and Haynes are present from seven-thirty to one. Daniels and the others appear at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays. Cocktail concerts from five-forty-five to seven Tuesdays through Saturdays: singer-pianist Mel Dancy is on hand through Saturday, June 16. He is followed by Barbara Williams, who sings at the piano, and a bassist, on Tuesday, June 19. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer speaks of—and to—all the sad young men, the folks who live on the hill, and innumerable little girls blue as she performs her carefully styled recitatives to the accompaniment of Jimmy Lyon's piano. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Starting Tuesday, June 19, guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli plays alone and serves as accompaniment for folksinger Karen Akers. On Mondays, new talent. Music from nine-thirty until one, except on Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—These small and attractive quarters will be occupied by guitarist Mark Elf's trio Friday and Saturday, June 15-16. Music from ten until three-thirty. No live music the rest of the week. Snacks.

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303)—Blossom Dearie, an urban sprite who may have sprung full-blown from the brow of Zeus, is singing at the piano between six-thirty and eight Thursdays through Saturdays.

Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Bassist Charles Mingus is presenting his quintet Tuesdays through Sundays beginning at nine. Italian food. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—All the character of a Spanish Renaissance refectory. The J. S. Blue Trio, which includes piano, electric bass, and violin, sings and plays in a variety of musical styles, Tuesdays through Sundays, except on Wednesdays, when a trio performs behind harpist Daphne Hellman. From Thursday through Sunday, June 21-24, Revelations, a fifteen-voice gospel group backed by a trio, will join the proceedings. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Only authentic artifacts in this museum. The vigorous piano of Keith Jarrett (and his quartet) is on exhibit through Sunday, June 17. Descending the murky staircase on Tuesday, June 19, is the quartet of McCoy Tyner, whose approach to the keyboard is rhythmically unique. Mondays are reserved for the dynamic seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, with Dee Dee Bridgewater singing. The entertainment begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with the location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Intelligent jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Kenny Brawner and a partner Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Hugh Lawson and Duke Cleamons Thursdays through Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus. The owner of the tavern is Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old mace. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then one comes upon a novice humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but, then, what isn't nowadays? Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **Royal Box**, Marian and Jimmy McPartland's quintet will be succeeded on Monday, June 18, by the Tyree Glenn septet. The presiding band alternates with the Peppi Morreale trio Tuesdays through Saturdays, and with the Roger Steele trio on Mondays; Sundays, the Steele trio plays alone. Music from seven-thirty weekdays, from five-thirty on Sundays.

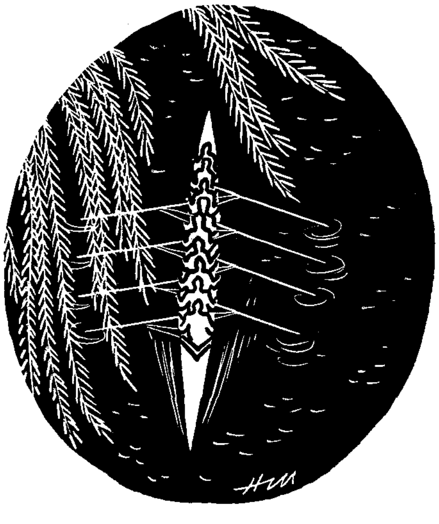
Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—At dinner and supper, Puerto Rican soprano Sophy does a recital of songs, while Los Muchachos de San Juan deal in both song and dance. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning at eight-thirty and ending late—to a bunch of flamencans who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The rock trio Dawn and singer Holly Sherwood will check out on Saturday, June 16. Shows at eight and midnight Wednesday and Thursday, and at eight, eleven-thirty, and two Friday and Saturday.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **Café**, Herb Winner's dance threesome will be around through Saturday, June 16, seven-thirty until curfew. Phil Wayne's trio will prevail Sunday through Saturday, June 17-23.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jazz singer Marilyn Johnson has the floor of the **Persian Room** at dinner and supper. Dancing to the Dick Lewis orchestra the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **Palm Court**, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play every day from four-thirty to six-thirty and from eight to midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and nine to one Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Through Saturday, June 16, Benny Goodman will be plying his clarinet a couple of times a night, with the able assistance of his six sidemen, in this well-run mountain resort. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on.



Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A New Orleans Jazz and Food Festival will be celebrated, beginning Tuesday, June 19, when Wild Bill Davison and his All-Stars, singer-strutter Ellyna Tatum, and pianist Dill Jones will simultaneously go into action. Music from eight to one.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Buddy Greco, whose fondness for the tunes he sings so expansively is very evident, is the dinner and supper fare in the **Maisonette**. Dancing all evening to the Anthony Terini orchestra and trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Boite Russe** is a quiet glade stirred only by the fiddle of Jani Sarkozi. A Russian menu. Closed Mondays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Egypt as it never was. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night live people do pop songs and move around with smiles on their faces. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Robert Goulet is singing front and center in the **Empire Room** at dinner and supper. Dancing to the Charles Turecamo band. Closed Sundays.

ART

(For reasons not necessarily connected with merit or celebrity, the following events seem worthy of an extra word or two this week.)

Arthur Mathews and Lucia Mathews—Art Nouveau's rejection of nineteenth-century historicism and academic realism, and its emphasis on stylization and abstraction, paved the way for modern abstract art and for modern architecture and design. But the excesses with which the style became associated after the turn of the century—its escapism and the narcissism of its ornamentation—caused the modernists to ferociously repudiate it, and gave it the bad name it continues to have among commentators on art. Recently, a euphemism for Art Nouveau—"the decorative style"—has come into usage. The Guggenheim, for example, named its 1966 show, which called attention to Art Nouveau elements in Gauguin and many of his contemporaries, "Gauguin and the Decorative Style," and now at the New York Cultural Center there is "Mathews: Masterpieces of the *California Decorative Style.*" In Gauguin, we have an example (as in van Gogh, Munch, and other geniuses) of the use of Art Nouveau for purposes that transcend—and, in fact, brusquely contradict—the style's languid and inhuman aestheticism. In the Mathews couple, we have an example of Art Nouveau as tempered by the San Francisco climate and landscape, differing from its European counterparts rather in the way that "The Bobbsey Twins in Omaha" would differ from "The Bobbsey Twins in Gstaad." Arthur and Lucia Mathews are virtually unknown in the East, and would remain so were it not for the presence here of a museum whose pursuit of the second-rate is almost its trademark. Arthur Mathews was Lucia's art teacher before their marriage, and he is the more pretentious painter of the two; Whistler and Puvis de Chavannes are the two influences he acknowledges, and there are others, including Gauguin, present in his allegorical compositions of Greek nymphs, swans, peacocks, and dancing girls. Lucia's pictures—portraits and flower studies—are less ridiculous. In addition to the paintings, there are also examples on view of furniture and decorative objects, of an Arts and Crafts stolidity, from the Mathews' furniture shop, which was established after the fire of 1906 and became the place to go for San Franciscans interested in having "artistic" interiors. The show gives an interesting glimpse of the "art-with-everything" outlook that was one of the leitmotivs of Art Nouveau. (Henry van de Velde, the Belgian designer, probably the most extreme of the "universal artists," designed his wife's clothes to harmonize with his interiors, and even served food that matched the colors in his dining room.) The idea was to bridge the chasm that had developed since the Renaissance between the fine and the applied arts—to make teaspoons as

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beautiful, in their way, as paintings, by bringing as much craftsmanship and art to bear on the former as on the latter. The result—as this exhibition demonstrates—was to make everything look rather peculiar: furniture, heavily carved and painted with allegorical scenes and stylized flowers, that doesn't look like furniture; paintings, in specially carved and painted frames, that don't look like paintings; and everything suffused with an atmosphere of unreality and bloodless refinement, and also, in this case, touched with a kind of Rotarian innocence. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6; through July 8.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Sixty-two linen book covers, each painted with a different abstraction by Helen Frankenthaler, fill a long case in the middle of a room hung with abstractions by Barnett Newman, Hans Hofmann, Robert Motherwell, Adolph Gottlieb, and Frankenthaler's own great "Mountains and Sea" and "Stride." The covers were made for a monograph on Frankenthaler by Barbara Rose, published in 1970, and they were proposed by the artist as an alternative to the limited-edition print that traditionally accompanies such editions. Each cover is a small-scale action painting of deceptive simplicity and true innovativeness. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5. Through Sunday, June 17.)

Brassaï—An exhibition of seventy photographs, most of them black-and-white and taken in Paris during the thirties, by one of the Big Three (with Cartier-Bresson and Kertész) of modern European photography. Included are scenes in Paris bistros and cabarets and on Paris streets; portraits of Picasso, Matisse, Genêt, and Giacometti; and some recent color photographs that, unlike most forays into color by photographers in black-and-white, are an extension of artistic commitment, rather than a vacation from it. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 2 to 5. Through Aug. 19.)

Eikoh Hosoe—The outstanding works in this show are a series of small black-and-white photographs of parts of one or two naked bodies, called the "Embrace" series. Edward Weston's nudes inevitably come to mind, but where Weston would do a nude that looked like a pear (or a green pepper that looked like a nude), Hosoe's abstraction is in the service of the erotic rather than the organic. From the parts of the body or bodies shown, the viewer can extrapolate what the rest of the body or bodies are doing, which is often some unusual and athletic form of lovemaking. The beauty of these compositions is abetted by the fact that the man is black and the woman is white. Also on view is a group of anecdotal pictures from a surrealistic series called "Kamaitachi," which look like stills from a mythic Japanese movie; and another, less successful, surrealistic group from a series done in collaboration with the late Yukio Mishima, which was originally called "Killed by Roses" and was tactfully changed to "Ordeal by Roses" after the novelist's death by self-disembowelment. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; through June 30.)

GALLERIES

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Robert Breer—Five fibre-glass columns that move about the premises, by a leading maker of self-propelled sculptures; through Sept. 21. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Jack Bush—Shapes in color on one-color ground by a Canadian; through June 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rhys Caparn—Bronze sculptures, done since 1939, of animal forms and abstractions; through June 29. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Anthony Caro—Table pieces by the noted British sculptor; through June 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carmen Cicero—Small Expressionist collages with suggestions of landscapes and sea; through June 29. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dubuffet—Studies for costumes and characters made in connection with a theatrical tableau being presented at the Guggenheim as part of his retrospective; through Saturday, June 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Brower Hatcher / David Hockney—Abstract wire sculptures. / Lithographs. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Through Saturday, June 16.)

Herman Herzog (1831-1932)—Romantic landscapes by an artist who was born in Germany but became an American and lived here about sixty years; through June 30. (Chappellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

Al Hirschfeld—Fifty years of drawings, lithographs, and etchings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through June 30. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Dianne Nelson—Painted collages with flower themes; through Friday, June 15. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Howard Pyle (1853-1911)—Selections of paintings and drawings by one of America's foremost illustrators and teachers; through June 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Norman Rockwell—A benefit retrospective covering sixty years of his paintings; through June 30. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 10 to 6.)

James Rosenquist—Two large paintings and some drawings by the well-known pop artist; through Saturday, June 16. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Roberta Shute—Vacuum-formed plastic sculptures, some with lights; through June 28. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Dick Stark—Drawings by a physician, including a thirty-foot ink drawing of the East River shoreline from the Battery to Gracie Mansion; through Saturday, June 23. (Thomson, 19 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tomasello—White constructions with cubes; through Saturday, June 23. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **Aberbach**, 988 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Twentieth-century artists—Picasso, Bacon, Schiele, Botero, and others; through June 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Works by eight women, among them Perle Fine, Sylvia Sleigh, Buffie Johnson, and Pat Losch; through June 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Benedek**, 380 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, June 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Bykert**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings by Dearing, Evans, Gorchov, Jensen, and Pozzi; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Cooper**, 100 Prince St.: Gallery artists; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Cordier & Ekstrom**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: A benefit show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings relating to the work of Stravinsky, Diaghilev, and their collaborators, by Picasso, Bakst, Larionov, Roerich, and others; through Friday, June 22. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **Crispo**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and drawings on the theme of the torso, ranging in time from Greece and Rome to such modernists as Maillol, Arp, Magritte, Archipenko, Giacometti, and de Kooning; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Cunningham Ward**, 94 Prince St.: New works by gallery artists Alan Cote, David Diao, John Walker, Lynton Wells, and Robert Zakanych; through June 29. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . **Esman**, 24 E. 80th St.: Wall sculptures and drawings; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Feigen**, 27 E. 79th St.: Twenty landscape and figure paintings, dating from 1630 to 1680, by Dutch artists who were influenced by the Italian School; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Feldman**, 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Arakawa, Beuys, Wilke, and others; through July 13. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **14 Sculptors Gallery**, 75 Thompson St.: Works in various modes and mediums; through Wednesday, June 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **Hoffman**, 429 West

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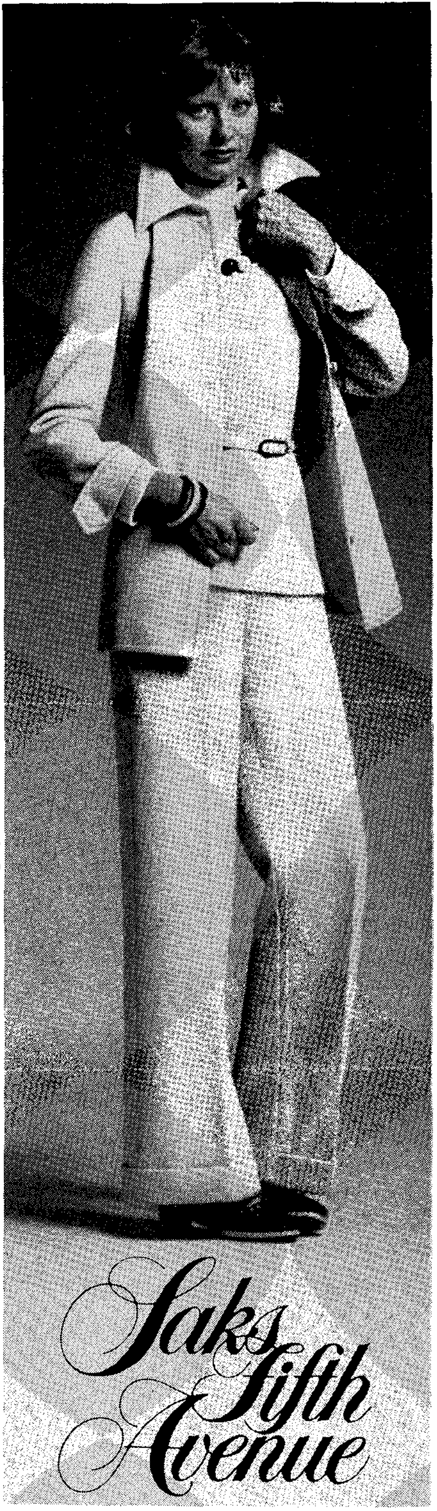

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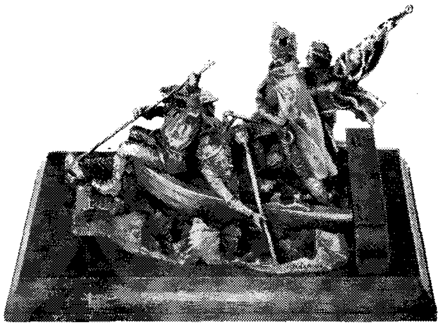
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN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Broadway: Gallery artists Natalie Bieser, Jack Tworkov, Fumio Yoshimura, and others; through Wednesday, June 20. (Closed Mondays.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: A hundred and fifty-five oils, watercolors, and sculptures on themes of the West, by Catlin, Remington, Russell, and others; through July 27. (Closed Saturdays.)... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Gallery artists, including Alechinsky, Jorn, Bury, and Antes; through July 12. (Closed Mondays.)... **MYERS**, 50 W. 57th St.: Small paintings by gallery artists, among them Red Grooms, Neil Welliver, Margot Stewart, and Victoria Barr; through June 29. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by three artists; through Saturday, June 16.... **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings, collages, wood carvings, and reliefs by three artists; through Saturday, June 16.... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Sixty-four watercolors by three generations of Burchfields—Charles Burchfield, his daughter Martha Burchfield Richter, and his granddaughter Peggy Richter Turco; through Wednesday, June 20. (Closed Mondays.)... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Ninetieth-anniversary exhibition of paintings, prints, photographs, and memorabilia pertaining to the Brooklyn Bridge; through Friday, June 15.... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century Western European bronzes with emphasis on techniques of casting; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Seventeen avant-gardists of the gallery, such as Haacke, Smithson, Andre, and Flavin; through Saturday, June 16.

NOTE—The season for the exhibition of new talent is upon us, and the following galleries are showing it: **POINDEXTER**, 24 E. 84th St.; closed Saturdays.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.... **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; closed Saturdays.... **HARTLEY**, 50 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays and Saturdays, open Thursday evenings, 7 to 9. ... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.; closed Mondays. ... **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.; closed Mondays and Saturdays.... **LERNER-HELLER**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.; closed Mondays. ... **KOTTLER**, 3 E. 65th St.... **REHN**, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.; closed Saturdays.... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.; closed Saturdays.... **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Saturdays.... **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays.... **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays and Saturdays.... **HUTCHINSON**, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.; closed Mondays.... **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway; closed Mondays.... **55 MERCER ST.**; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.

PHOTOGRAPHY

IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM—A retrospective of the career of the *grande dame* of twentieth-century American photography, who was ninety in April; through July 1. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

EADWEARD MUYBRIDGE—A number of now historic series of motion studies, taken in 1872 and using animals and people. Also, large, painterly views of Yosemite National Park. Through June 30. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

GROUP SHOW—At the **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Polaroid photographs by Paul Caponigro, Michael DiBiase, Minor White, and twenty others; through June 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Frankenthaler exhibition (see above). ... ¶ An exhibit devoted to gold in many of its aspects, including ancient jewelry and ceremonial vessels, metalwork from the Renaissance to the Napoleonic period, paintings and drawings on gold leaf, and gold used in ceramics, textiles, and manuscripts; through Sept. 9.... ¶ Fifty American Impressionist and realist paintings and drawings, from the eighteen-eighties to the turn of the century, by Chase, Sargent, Twachtman, Hassam, Prendergast, and others; through July 1.... ¶ A hundred and fifty gowns designed by Cristobal Balenciaga (1895-1972), plus Spanish paintings, tapestries, and prints from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 9.... ¶ Sixteen paintings from the middle of the sixteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth on the theme of nudes in landscapes; among the paintings are Rubens' "Venus and Adonis," Cézanne's "Bathers," and Carpaccio's "Meditation on the Passion." Through July 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of the work of Charles Eames, the furniture designer and architect; through Aug. 1.... ¶ Thirty recent silk-screens by Agnes Martin, a prominent abstractionist; through Aug. 26.... ¶ More than a hundred and twenty works on paper, from drawings and watercolors by van Gogh to examples of symbolism, Art Nouveau, and Cubism; through Aug. 19.... ¶ A hundred boots which Eleanor Antin has been moving around various parts of the United States; also photographs of the adventures of these boots in New York and California, and photographic picture postcards in landscapes and odd situations. Through July 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than three hundred works by Jean Dubuffet; they consist of a hundred and forty-five paintings, a hundred and fifteen drawings, forty sculptures, six illustrated books, and even a theatrical tableau. Through July 29. A complementary show is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two hundred paintings, watercolors, wood engravings, and etchings by Winslow Homer (1836-1910); through June 24.... ¶ Thirty-nine paintings by Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71), a pioneer American abstractionist; through Sunday, June 17.... ¶ Two hundred and twenty drawings by eighty-seven contemporaries, among them Twombly, Tworkov, Oldenburg, Joan Mitchell, and Agnes Martin; through July 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Approximately ninety oils, watercolors, and drawings by William Trost Richards (1833-1905), an American landscape and marine painter; starting Wednesday, June 20. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

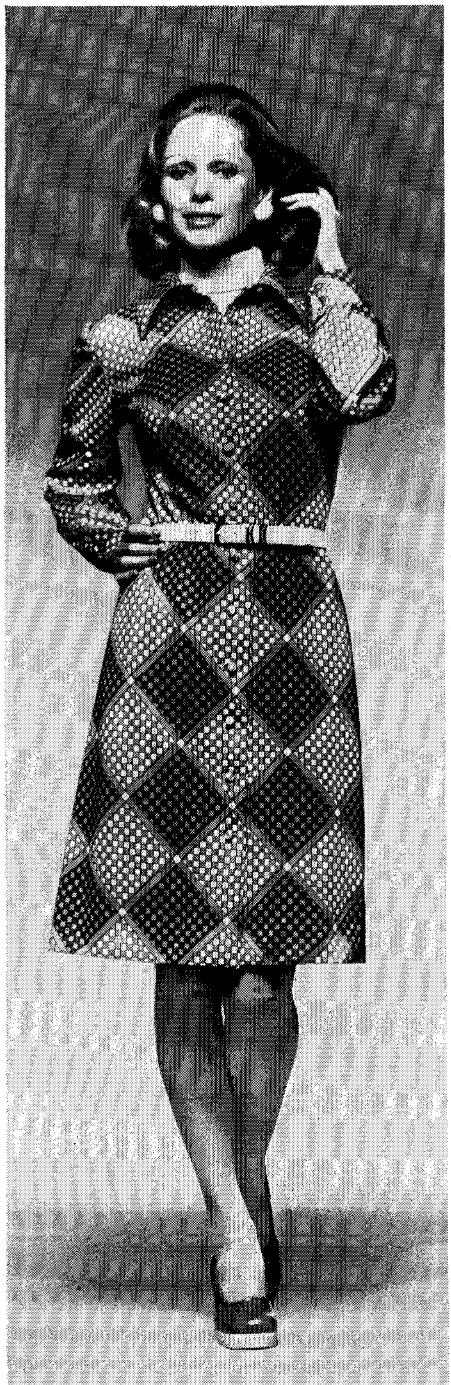
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A collection of archeological and ethnological artifacts, photographs, maps, and audiovisual material assembled to explain the cultural past and present of Greenland; through Aug. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, John Crowe Ransom, Leon Edel, Richard Wilbur, Maeve Brennan, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Allen Ginsberg, and Jonathan Schell. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Golub, Pearlstein, Grosvenor, Sullivan, and others. Through Sunday, June 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A retrospective show of illustrations by Fritz Kredel, including books, original drawings, maps, watercolors, and working manuscripts, dating from 1923 to the present; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs of a middle-class German-Jewish family, taken between 1873 and 1972 and assembled by Catherine Noren, herself a member of that family; through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Over a hundred and sixty manuscripts (including two notebooks in the hand of Sergei Diaghilev), sculptures, prints, engravings, and watercolors acquired for the



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Dance Collection in the past ten years; through July 28. (Weekdays, 9 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and twenty drawings from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, the majority by Tiepolo and his son and never before seen on view in New York, from the Lore and Rudolf Heinemann collection; through July 27. . . . ¶ Manuscripts and early printed books, mostly from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; through July 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-seven works in fabrics that explore the sculptural potential of the medium; through Sunday, June 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of works by and about Copernicus, celebrating the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth; included are a first edition of his "De Revolutionibus Orbium Caelestium," as well as works by Galileo, Newton, and Kepler. Through June 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of a three-week non-subscription festival—Wednesday evening, June 13: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Régine Crespin, Judith Forst, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr; conducted by Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 14: "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, Jerome Hines, Robert Goodloe, Andrea Velis, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 15: "Faust," with Adriana Maliponte, Judith Forst, John Alexander, Matteo Manuguerra, and Nicolai Ghiaurov; Roberto Benzi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 16: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 16: "Otello," with Pilar Lorengar, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, Leo Goeke, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 18: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Elinor Ross, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, and Guillermo Sarabia, and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmoor; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 19: "Faust," with Adriana Maliponte, Judith Forst, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, and Nicolai Ghiaurov; Roberto Benzi. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 20: "Otello," with Pilar Lorengar, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, Leo Goeke, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 21: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Adriana Maliponte, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 22: "Tosca," with Grace Bumbry, Richard Tucker, Tito Gobbi, and Richard Best; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 23: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, John Macurdy, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 23: "La Bohème," with Pilar Lorengar, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, Jerome Hines, Robert Goodloe, Andrea Velis, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, June 16, at 1, and Saturday, June 23, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—A week-long series of "Rug Concerts," at 8. The orchestra is in the round, and the audience is seated on the floor (covered with rugs, naturally.) The Philharmonic is divided into Orchestra A, consisting of seventy musicians, and Orchestra B, consisting of thirty-five musicians. Wednesday, June 13, Orchestra B (with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano); Thursday, June 14, Orchestra A (no soloists); Friday, June 15, Orchestra B (with Myor Rosen, harp); Saturday, June 16, Orchestra A (no soloists); and Sunday, June 17, Orchestra B (with Julius Baker, flute; Mr. Rosen; Michael Best and Robert Johnson, tenors; and Raymond Michalski and Richard Frisch, basses).

Festival Casals of Puerto Rico—At Carnegie Hall—Tuesday, June 19, at 8: Alexander Schneider conducting the Festival Casals Orchestra in an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 21, at 8: Victor Tevah conducting a varied program, with Luciano Pavarotti, tenor. . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8: Alexander Schneider conducting another varied program, with Isaac Stern, violin, and Jaime Laredo, viola.

RECITALS

Rollin Smith—Organ, in a program entitled "The English Victorians." (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, June 20, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Chicago, with Bruce Springsteen—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, June 14-15, at 8.

Earth, Wind & Fire and Eddie Kendricks—With the Ohio Players. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, June 15, at 7 and 10:30.)

Johnny Winter—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, June 16, at 8.

Maxine Sullivan—With Dick Hyman and Bucky Pizzarelli. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Monday, June 18, at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Nikki Giovanni—Singing and reciting her latest poetry, with gospel numbers by the New York Community Choir (directed by Bennie Diggs), plus Melba Moore and Wilson Pickett. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, June 21, at 8.)

Buffy Sainte-Marie—With Jim Dawson. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, June 23, at 8.)

Savoy Brown, Manfred Mann, and Electric Light Orchestra—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, June 23, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

The Temptations—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, June 23, at 8.

IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 26—Saturday, June 23, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a symphony orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Charles Russo, clarinet, and Anthony Miranda, French horn. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 24, at 5:30: Margharita Hastings directing the Musica Reservata in an a-cappella program of Renaissance music from the courts of Northern Italy. (Katonah, N.Y. Buses for the evening performances leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, at six-thirty; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Friday, June 15, at 8: Seals & Crofts. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 16, at 8: Chuck Mangione with a concert orchestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 17, at 8: Pink Floyd. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** Mets vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, June 13, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Diego, Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, at 8:05, and Sunday, June 17, at 2:05. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 19-20, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday and Friday, June 21-22, at 7:30, and Saturday, June 23, at 2.

Boxing—Jimmy Ellis vs. Earnie Shavers, heavyweights, 12 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, June 18. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 16; varsity race at 6:45.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Wednesday through Sunday, June 13-17.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

RACING—At BELMONT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, June 16. The Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 16. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday between 10:15 and 1, and Saturday between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, June 18, through Saturday, July 28. The Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, June 23. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Aug. 28. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Watkins Glen: Sunday, June 17, at 1:15.

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, July 24. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17.

YACHTING—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 16. . . . ¶ Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Saturday, June 23.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 13, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 14, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth-century paintings, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Friday, June 15, at 2: Animalier bronzes, chess sets, and nineteenth-century works of art, furniture, and decorations; from several owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 19, at 10:15 and 2: Books, from many collections. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 14. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 20, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, June 15. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 21, at 2: American, English, and Continental silver; from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, June 15.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 13 at 5:30: "Three Bad Men" (1926), directed by John Ford, with George O'Brien. . . . ¶ June 14 at 5:30: "Regard sur L'Afrique Noire" (1947), in French, directed by A. Mahuzier, no English titles; and "To Live with Herds" (1972), directed by David MacDougall. . . . ¶ June 14 at 8: "Choreometrics," a work in progress, directed by Alan Lomax. . . . ¶ June 15 at 2: "Sia Chorus" (1972), directed by Adrian Gerbrands; "Traditional Music and Dance of Sikkim" (1973), directed by Fredric Lieberman and Michael Moore; and "Spend It All" (1972), directed by Les Blank. . . . ¶ June 15 at 5:30 and June 16 at noon: "Our Daily Bread" (1934), directed by King Vidor. . . . ¶ June 16 at 3: "The Miracles of Lourdes" (1954), in French, directed by Georges Rouquier; no English titles. . . . ¶ June 16 at 5:30: "Sia Chorus" (1972), "Traditional Music and Dance of Sikkim" (1973), and "Spend It All" (1972). . . . ¶ June 17 at 12:30 and 3: "Mister Robinson Crusoe" (1932), directed by Edward Sutherland, with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ June 17 at 5:30 and June 18 at 2: "The Miracles of Lourdes" (1954); and "Les Maîtres Fous" (1953), directed by Jean Rouch. . . . ¶ June 18 at 5:30: "Mondo Cane" (1962), directed by Gualtiero Jacopetti, an Italian documentary, with an English narration. . . . ¶ June 19 at 2: "Taxi" (1953), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Dan Dailey and Constance Smith. . . . ¶ June 19 at 5:30: "Mondo Cane" (1962). . . . ¶ June 20 at 5:30: "Taxi" (1953). . . . ¶ June 21 at 5:30: "Grass" (1925), directed by Merian Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack. . . . ¶ June 21 at 8: "Yellow Cruise" (1936), directed by Léon Poirier. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through June 14: "White Heat" (1949), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney and Virginia Mayo. . . . ¶ June 15: "The Horse Soldiers" (1959), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne and William Holden. . . . ¶ June 16: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935), directed by Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle, with James Cagney and Dick Powell. . . . ¶ June 17: "A Lion Is in the Streets" (1953), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney and Barbara Hale. . . . ¶ June 20-21: "The Scoundrel" (1935), directed and written by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, with Noël Coward and Julie Haydon. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Brakhage, Bresson, Broughton, Chaplin, Buñuel, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10 (six o'clock only on June 13). No Mondays. On Friday, June 15, at 6, a special screening of a film by Higgins.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Kathleen Widdoes, Raul Julia, Susan Browning, Douglas Watson, and John Harkins in AS YOU LIKE IT. The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. Free performances start Thursday, June 21, and will run through Sunday, July 22. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

SCHNEIDER/CASALS/STERN—Alexander Schneider conducting the Festival Casals Orchestra, with Pablo Casals, cello, and Isaac Stern, violin. (Central Park's Sheep Meadow. Friday, June 22, at noon.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of CAROUSEL, with John Cullum, Barbara Meister, and Eileen Schauler, is this summer's production. Opens Friday, June 22. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

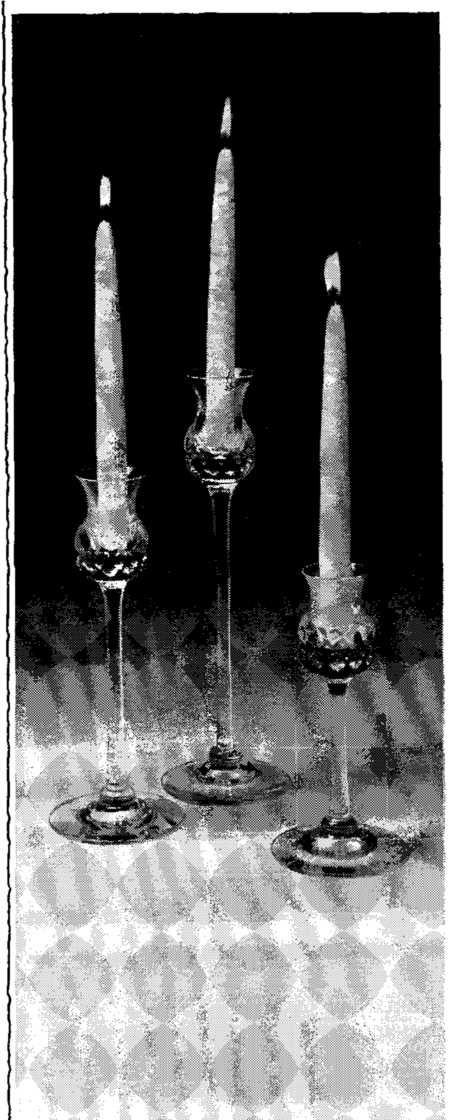
DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 12. (First concerts on Wednesday, June 20—in the event of rain, next evening—and Friday, June 22, at 8.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval, running through Friday, Sept. 7. Wednesday, June 20: Bill Cosby and Little Anthony & the Imperials. . . . ¶ Friday, June 22: Blues Project Reunion (Roy Blumenfeld, Danny Kalb, and others) and the Roche Sisters. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23: Lee Michaels and Terry Reid. (Evenings at 7. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

WALKING TOURS—On Wednesday, June 13, Brendan Gill will conduct a tour of the Gramercy Park area. Meets in front of the National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S., at 5; rain date Thursday, July 5. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ "The World of Edith Wharton and George Templeton Strong," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will get into stride on Sunday, June 17. Meets at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

FLEA MARKET—The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.



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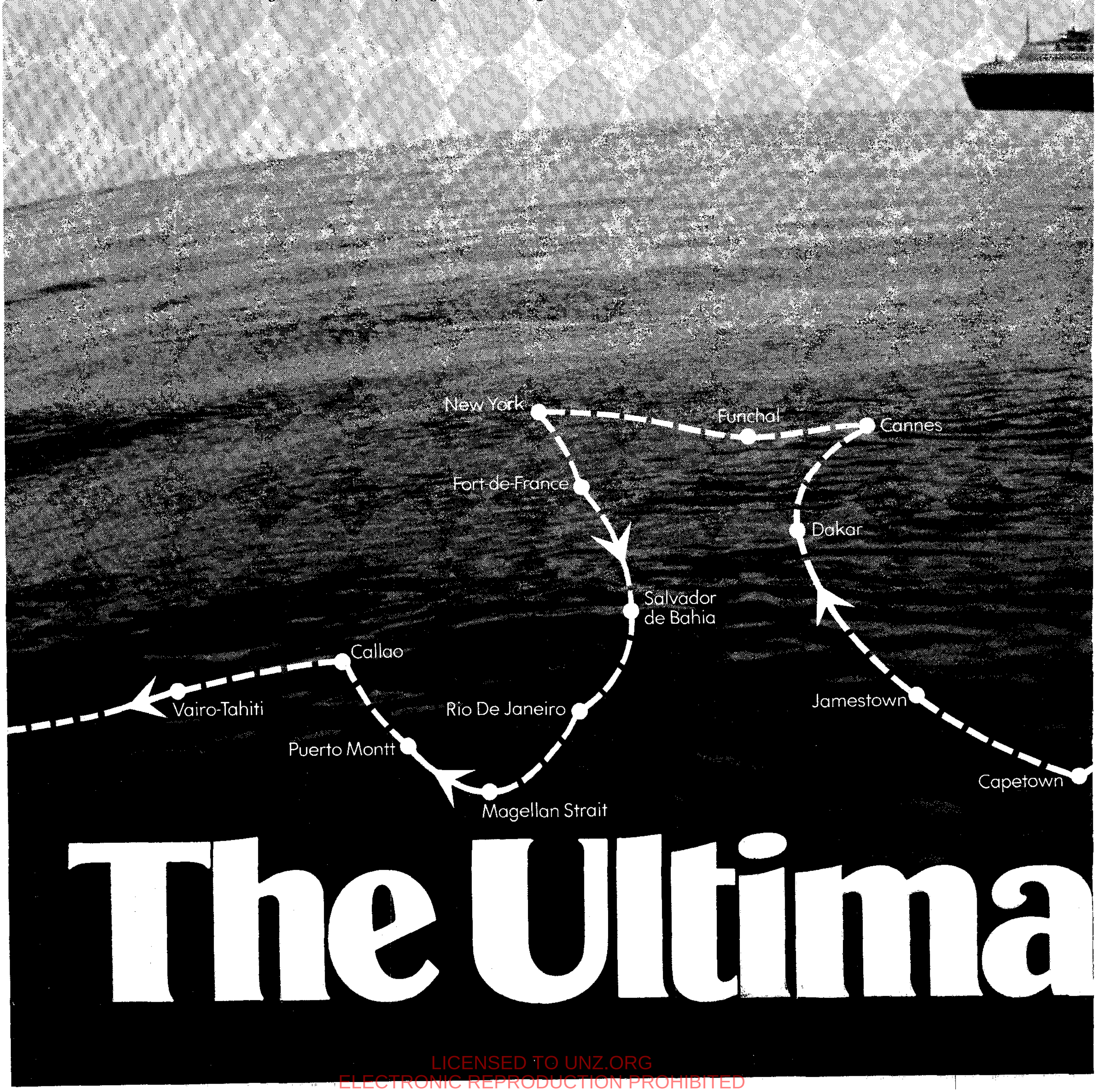
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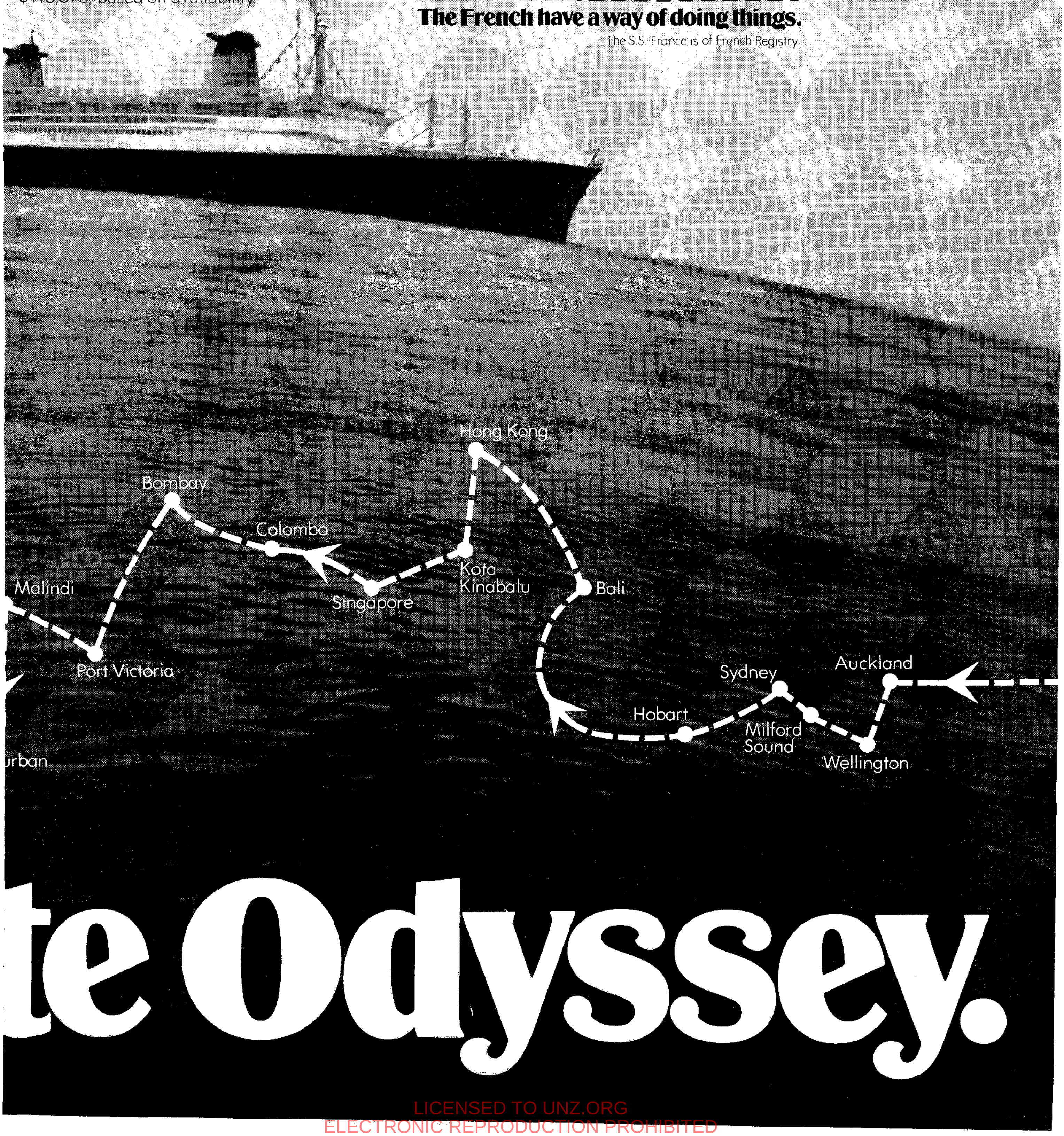
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 14: "Cries and Whispers."
From June 15: "The Heartbreak Kid."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through June 16: "Colleen" and "Go Into Your Dance."
June 17-19: "Let's Go Native" and "I Married an Angel."
From June 20: "The Band Wagon" and "Broadway Melody of 1940."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through June 19: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon," "Play It Again, Sam," and "Bananas."
From June 20: "Cries and Whispers," "Something for Everyone," and "Women in Love."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 19: "Z" and "The Battle of Algiers."
From June 20: "Cries and Whispers."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 14: "The Heartbreak Kid."
From June 15: "The Legend of Hell House."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
From June 13, at 8: "Interval." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through the afternoon of June 13: "Class of '44."
From June 14: "The Last of Sheila."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"A Doll's House."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Carnal Knowledge" and "The Graduate."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through June 19: "The Harrad Experiment."
From June 20: "A Touch of Class."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Paper Moon."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through June 19: "Wicked, Wicked."
From June 20: To be announced.

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Elvis on Tour."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 19: "Gone with the Wind."
From June 20: "Sleuth."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"O Lucky Man!"

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Scarecrow."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
June 13: "Funeral Parade of Roses."
June 14-20: "Red Psalm."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Emperor of the North Pole."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Godspell."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"State of Siege."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Hireling."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 16: "Let the Good Times Roll."
From June 17: "Blume in Love."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 19: "Save the Tiger."
From June 20: "Cries and Whispers."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through June 14: "Sleuth."
From June 15: "Super Fly T.N.T."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through June 14: "The Chinese Connection."
From June 15: "Super Fly T.N.T."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 14: "The French Connection" and "M*A*S*H."
From June 15: "The Legend of Hell House."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Sound of Music."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Day of the Jackal."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Day of the Jackal."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"A Warm December."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Coffy."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through June 19: "The Mack."
From June 20: "Shaft in Africa."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 19: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" and "Bed and Board."
From June 20: "Lady Sings the Blues" and "Play It Again, Sam."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Memories of Underdevelopment."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Love."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 14: "The Effect of Gamma Rays."
From June 15: "Let the Good Times Roll."

Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through June 19 at one or another of the theatres: "Slither" and "Little Murders"/"Ten from Your Show of Shows" and "The Twelve Chairs"/"Ludwig" and "Fortune and Men's Eyes"/"La Strada" and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (through June 16)/"Persona" and "A Taste of Honey" (June 17-19).
From June 20: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through June 19: "The Erotic Adventures of Zorro."
From June 20: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 19: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From June 20: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Nelson Affair."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Mary Poppins."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cinerama."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Three Chinese documentaries—"Acupuncture Anaesthesia," "Historical Relics," and "2100 Year Old Tomb Excavated."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 19: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From June 20: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through June 14: "The Mattei Affair."
From June 15: A Russian film festival.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Money, Money, Money."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Women."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 19: "The Nelson Affair."
From June 20: "Lady Caroline Lamb" and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through June 19: "Wicked, Wicked."
From June 20: Theatre closed.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 14: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "The Diary of a Chambermaid."
From June 15: "Jonathan."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 19: "Le Boucher" and "Murmur of the Heart."
From June 20: "Play It Again, Sam" and "Where Does It Hurt?"

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 13: "The French Connection" and "M*A*S*H."
June 14: "Zero for Conduct" and "L'Atalante."
June 15: "Monterey Pop" and "Gimme Shelter."
June 16: "Claire's Knee" and "Bed and Board."
June 17: "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Bullitt."
June 18: "The Confession" and "The Conformist."
June 19: "The Passion of Anna" and "Shame."
June 20: "Ikiru" and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail."
June 21: "Beauties of the Night" and "Beauty and the Devil."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"The Nelson Affair."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through June 14: "Sleuth."
From June 15: "The Heartbreak Kid."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 19: "Save the Tiger" and "The Sterile Cuckoo."
From June 20: "Cries and Whispers" and "The Twelve Chairs."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Thalia; June 14.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to avoid an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 19.)

The Band Wagon (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain;" but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men, Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. When Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 20.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Gramercy; through June 19.)

Beauties of the Night (1954)—René Clair's film, with Lollobrigida and Gérard Philipe. Philipe is a small-town music teacher bent on a series of dream conquests. Clair's distinctive light irony is not at its best or most full of character, though the film contains a rather funny intermittent complaint about noise, with the hero connecting high romantic troubles with the sound of a garage beneath his window. In French. (Thalia; June 21.)

Beauty and the Devil (1949)—The American title is deceptive; it should be "The Beauty of the Devil." Michel Simon, as Mephisto-

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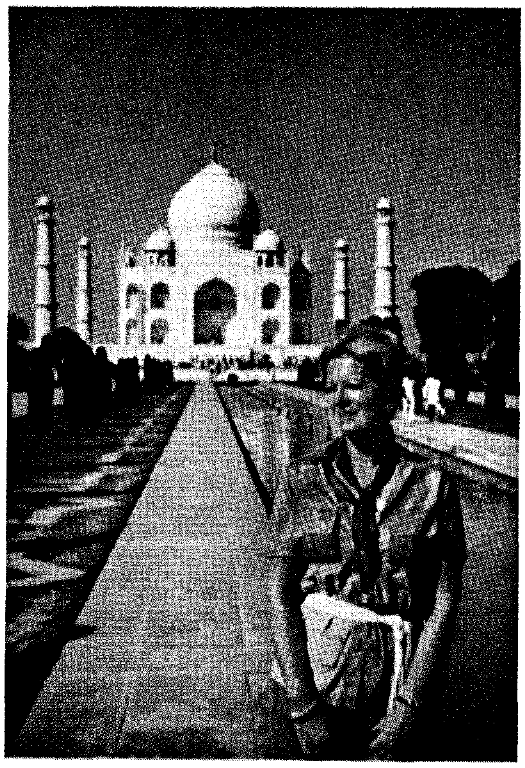

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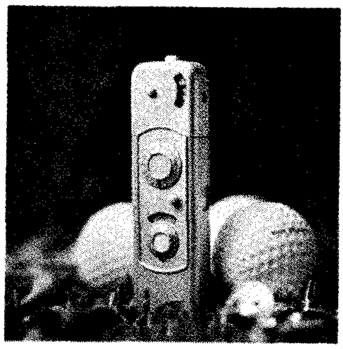

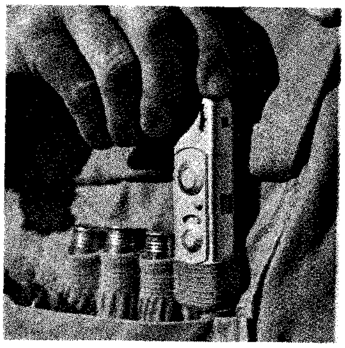

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pheles, tempts the dashing young Faust of Gérard Philipe. There are no spiritual conflicts; in this René Clair film the dangers of science and of absolute power are the targets, and the fantasy is urbane. The whole elaborate joke gets awfully smug. In French. (Thalia; June 21.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Waverly; through June 19. . . . ¶ Thalia; June 16.)

Blume in Love—With George Segal and Susan Anspach, directed by Paul Mazursky. (Loews Tower East; starting June 17.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups looks as dated as two-reel comedy. (Thalia; June 17.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Symphony; through June 19.)

Broadway Melody of 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Norman Taurog directed; he couldn't do much with the indefatigable, intensely dull Miss Powell. A half-dozen good Cole Porter songs, including "I Concentrate on You" and "Begin the Beguine." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 20.)

Brother Sun, Sister Moon—The story of Francis of Assisi, directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis. (St. Marks Cinema, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Playboy; through June 19.)

Bullitt (1968)—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this pointless police melodrama, which is, however, given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Thalia; June 17.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Plaza.)

The Chinese Connection—A kung-fu picture starring Bruce Lee. (Juliet 2; through June 14.)

Cinerama (1952)—If you want to feel that you are riding in the lunatic van of a roller coaster, or sitting in La Scala when the Triumphal March from "Aida" is being played, or participating in a Florida water carnival, or . . . (Ziegfeld.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Thalia; June 16.)

Class of '44—A sequel to "Summer of '42," with Gary Grimes and Jerry Houser. Directed by Paul Bogart. (Sutton; through the afternoon of June 13.)

Coffy—With Pam Grier, directed by Jack Hill. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Colleen (1936)—A Warner Brothers' musical, with a bunch of the regulars (Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Hugh Herbert) plus Paul Draper and Jack Oakie. Not exactly a dazzler. Al Dubin and Harry Warren have written better songs; Alfred E. Green directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 16.)

CINEMA
ALL STAR CAST
2 BIG SHOWS

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The Confession (1970)—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Thalia; June 18.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Thalia; June 18.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Art; through June 14. . . . ¶ Gramercy, St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting June 20.)

The Day of the Jackal—Fred Zinnemann directs a story about the attempted assassination of de Gaulle by a hireling of the O.A.S. (Edward Fox, looking blond and bland). Some of the high-level talk by Cabinet Ministers is hilariously and unreally sedate but probably exact. The original novel was by Frederick Forsyth, the screenplay by Kenneth Ross. The disguises are brilliant. (Loews Orpheum and Loews Ciné.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Luis Buñuel's version of a film made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid, required to read Huysmans to her old, pernickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (New Yorker; through June 14.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (New Yorker; through June 14.)

A Doll's House—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's-lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (Fine Arts.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Greenwich; through June 14.)

Elvis on Tour—Directed by Pierre Adidge and Robert Abel. (East 59th Street II.)

Emperor of the North Pole—Robert Aldrich directs a crass adventure about a train-ride-bumming hobo (Lee Marvin) at loggerheads with a vicious freight conductor (Ernest Borgnine) during the Depression. Blood flows, pity and sense are nowhere, and the actors' faces begin to look like packing cases waiting to be thrown. (Columbia I.)

The Erotic Adventures of Zorro—With Douglas Frey and Robyn Whiting, directed by Robert Freeman. X-rated. (Elgin; through June 19.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 20.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes (1971)—Based on John Herbert's play, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer. Directed by Harvey Hart. (Quad Cinema; through June 19.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case; William Friedkin directed. (Thalia; June 13. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through June 14.)

Funeral Parade of Roses (1970)—Directed by Toshio Matsumoto. In Japanese. (First Avenue Screening Room; June 13.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Thalia; June 15.)

Godspell—The Gospels designed to be read as their very own literature by the Woodstock generation. This is mostly St. Matthew, in a very fanatic and peculiarly dated happy-happy mode, with Jesus doing music-hall turns. The whole thing generates a powerfully anti-intellectual fundamentalist mood, photographed with a scrappy technique that sums up the ruling coarseness. Show-biz religiosity; the bloom has gone off these flower children. Directed by David Greene in summery New York City settings, with music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. (Columbia II.)

Go Into Your Dance (1935)—Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have a number together ("About a Quarter to Nine"), and Wini Shaw sings "She's a Latin from Manhattan." The cast isn't topnotch, but it does include Helen Morgan and Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly; the songwriters Al Dubin and Harry Warren also appear. Miss Keeler had been in many musicals before this one, but she retains her peculiarly appealing amateurishness. Archie Mayo directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 16.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Ciné Malibu; through June 19.)

THE GRADUATE (1967)—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Plaza.)

THE HARRAD EXPERIMENT—With James Whitmore and Tippi Hedren, directed by Ted Post. (Baronet; through June 19.)

THE HEARTBREAK KID—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Murray Hill; through June 14. . . . ¶ Art and Riviera; starting June 15.)

THE HIRELING—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could bite to the bone. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this short of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. This is the film that shared the Best Film Award at Cannes for 1973, with "Scarecrow," but it seems diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (68th St. Playhouse.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Quad Cinema 3; through June 16.)

IKIRU (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. There are long passages that are rather impenetrable, but there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia; June 20.)

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I MARRIED AN ANGEL (1942)—Rodgers' and Hart's sophisticated musical comedy was purchased for Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy when their popularity in stale-whipped-cream operetta was waning, but then M-G-M chickened out, removed the sophistication, and turned the musical comedy into something as bland as operetta but without the energy of operetta. This disaster was their last film together. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the cast includes Binnie Barnes, Janis Carter, Mona Maris, and Edward Everett Horton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 17-19.)

INTERVAL—With Merle Oberon and Robert Wolders, directed by Daniel Mann. (34th St. East; starting June 13, at 8.)

JONATHAN—Directed by Hans Geissendorfer. In German. (New Yorker; starting June 15.)

LADY CAROLINE LAMB—Robert Bolt, directing for the first time, thrashes about from one style and point of view to another. The film seems to have been made by a square Ken Russell; Bolt tries for romantic excess, but he can't get anything warmed up. His Caroline Lamb is an hysterical fool but also a misunderstood free spirit struggling against a hypocritical society—a sort of Regency Zelda. Sarah Miles acts like a dizzy shopgirl dreaming of being a great lady, and falling flat even in her dreams; as Byron, Richard Chamberlain scowls and sneers. With Jon Finch as Lamb; Margaret Leighton as his mother; Laurence Olivier as Wellington; and Ralph Richardson as the King. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 20.)

LADY SINGS THE BLUES—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays Piano Man. (Waverly; starting June 20.)

THE LAST OF SHEILA—A mystery film, with Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Coburn, Joan Hackett, James Mason, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins, directed by Herbert Ross. (Sutton; starting June 14.)

LAST TANGO IN PARIS—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Sundays through Thursdays at 2, 6, and 8:45, and Fridays and Saturdays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE—With Pamela Franklin and Roddy McDowall, directed by John Hough. (Murray Hill and Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting June 15.)

LET'S GO NATIVE (1930)—Jack Oakie and Skeets Gallagher in a comedy musical with a wildly implausible plot involving an American modiste (Jeanette MacDonald) who has invested in a revue to be staged in Buenos Aires; en route, she's caught in a shipwreck and lands on a tropical island. Only Paramount made movies as casually jumbled and insanely foolish as this one—but the madness worked better on other occasions. With Kay Francis and James Hall; Leo McCarey directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 17-19.)

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL—A film about the fifties, and so not, well, about the best of times, but still. The film documents musicians, mostly. It would have been better if there were more real footage of the period and less about where-are-their-waistlines-now. (Loews Tower East; through June 16. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting June 15.)

LITTLE MURDERS (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Quad Cinema; through June 19.)

LOVE—If you suggest going to a Hungarian film to almost anyone but a Hungarian, you are apt to face mutiny, but this film—by Károly Makk—is much recommended. Reviving and vivid about the true nature of aristocraticism. In Hungarian. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

LUDWIG—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (Quad Cinema; through June 19.)

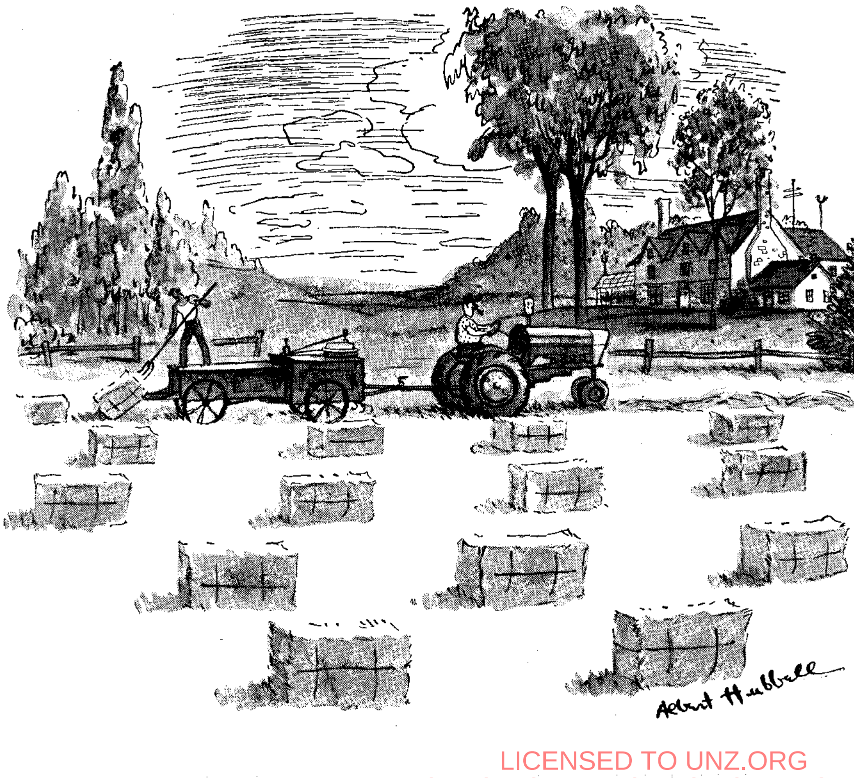
THE MACK—With Max Julien and Don Gordon, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through June 19.)

MARY POPPINS (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This remorselessly breezy, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with some parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owens, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Music Hall.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Thalia; June 13. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through June 14.)

THE MATTEI AFFAIR—Francesco Rosi's film about a hero to the Italians who fights for control of the oil wells. The picture, posing as Socialist, seems rather confused about the nature of monopoly, and ends with the line, "Now I'm in India. . . . If they throw me out I'll go to Australia," after Mattei has said solemnly on an oil rig in the middle of the Indian Ocean, "It's not easy to live here. We've had cases of madness, and of homosexuality." In Italian. (Little Carnegie; through June 14.)

MEMORIES OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counter-revolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—An hour-long film by Kurosawa. The Japanese government wanted a propaganda film when they commissioned him to film a popular Kabuki drama called "Kanjincho." What they got was a funny fable about militarism, with a nice low-comedy porter who upstages the stoic noblemen of the original. Don't expect the Japanese sense of humor to be much like anyone else's. In Japanese. (Thalia; June 20.)

Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (Paris.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. (Thalia; June 15.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy. In French. (Symphony; through June 19.)

The Nelson Affair—Written by Terence Rattigan, who seems to relish almost exclusively Emma Hamilton's boozing, her swearing, and the loss of her figure. The posthumous gossip column has come to the movies. Nelson is played by Peter Finch, who must get some of the lousiest film parts any great actor ever had. (He was a wonderful Trigorin onstage in London.) Glenda Jackson belts bravely into the foolishly written role of Lady Hamilton. Margaret Leighton, looking beautiful, imbues Lady Nelson with true gallantry. James Cellan Jones, a Welshman trained mostly in TV, directs the vulgar-minded business, which is to be trusted chiefly on details of rigging. (Guild and Riverside. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through June 19.)

O Lucky Man!—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress," deliberately schematic, according to a Brechtian pattern that often tells you in advance of each scene what is going to happen. Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camera work is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Cinema I.)

Paper Moon—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who sells to new widows Bibles that have been quickly "personalized" in gold on the covers, and an eleven-year-old tomboy played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (Coronet.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Thalia; June 10.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema 3; June 17-19.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (St. Marks Cinema, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Playboy; through June 19. . . . ¶ Waverly and Symphony; starting June 20.)

Red Psalm—Directed by Miklós Jancsó. In Hungarian. (First Avenue Screening Room; June 14-20.)

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Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (72nd Street East and Olympia; through June 19.)

Scarecrow—The film that mysteriously shared the Best Film Award this year at Cannes with "The Hireling." A story of two loners lurching across the United States, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. The award must presumably have been founded on the rather simplified, raw, stupefied power packed by Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, two identifiably good actors who deserve better scripts than this. (Cinema II.)

Shaft in Africa—With Richard Roundtree again in the title role. Directed by John Guillermin. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting June 20.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (Thalia; June 19.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Juliet 1 and Riviera; through June 14. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu; starting June 20.)

Slither—This first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (Quad Cinema; through June 19.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 20.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Gigantic sniffles. With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (U. A. East.)

State of Siege—The new Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Mitrione, who worked for A.I.D., was trained in the U.S., and worked in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Beekman.)

The Sterile Cuckoo (1969)—Liza Minnelli's sad, quizzical persona—the gangling body and the features that look too big for the face—are ideal equipment for the role of a desperate, funny, imaginative college girl in this surprisingly gentle, surprisingly good film, directed by Alan J. Pakula. With Wendell Burton. (Olympia; through June 19.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Quad Cinema 3; through June 16.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me—Truffaut's newest, and not by any means his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibility of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too-easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (Waverly; through June 19.)

Super Fly T.N.T.—Directed by, and with, Ron O'Neal. (Juliet 1 and 2; starting June 15.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's sad, delightful play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. With Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. Directed by Tony Richardson. (Quad Cinema 3; June 17-19.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Quad Cinema; through June 19.)

A Touch of Class—With George Segal and Glenda Jackson, directed by Melvin Frank. (Baronet; starting June 20.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Quad Cinema; through June 19. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting June 20.)

A Warm December—Directed by, and with, Sidney Poitier. (86th St. East.)

Where Does It Hurt?—With Peter Sellers and Jo Ann Pflug, directed by Rod Amateau. (Symphony; starting June 20.)

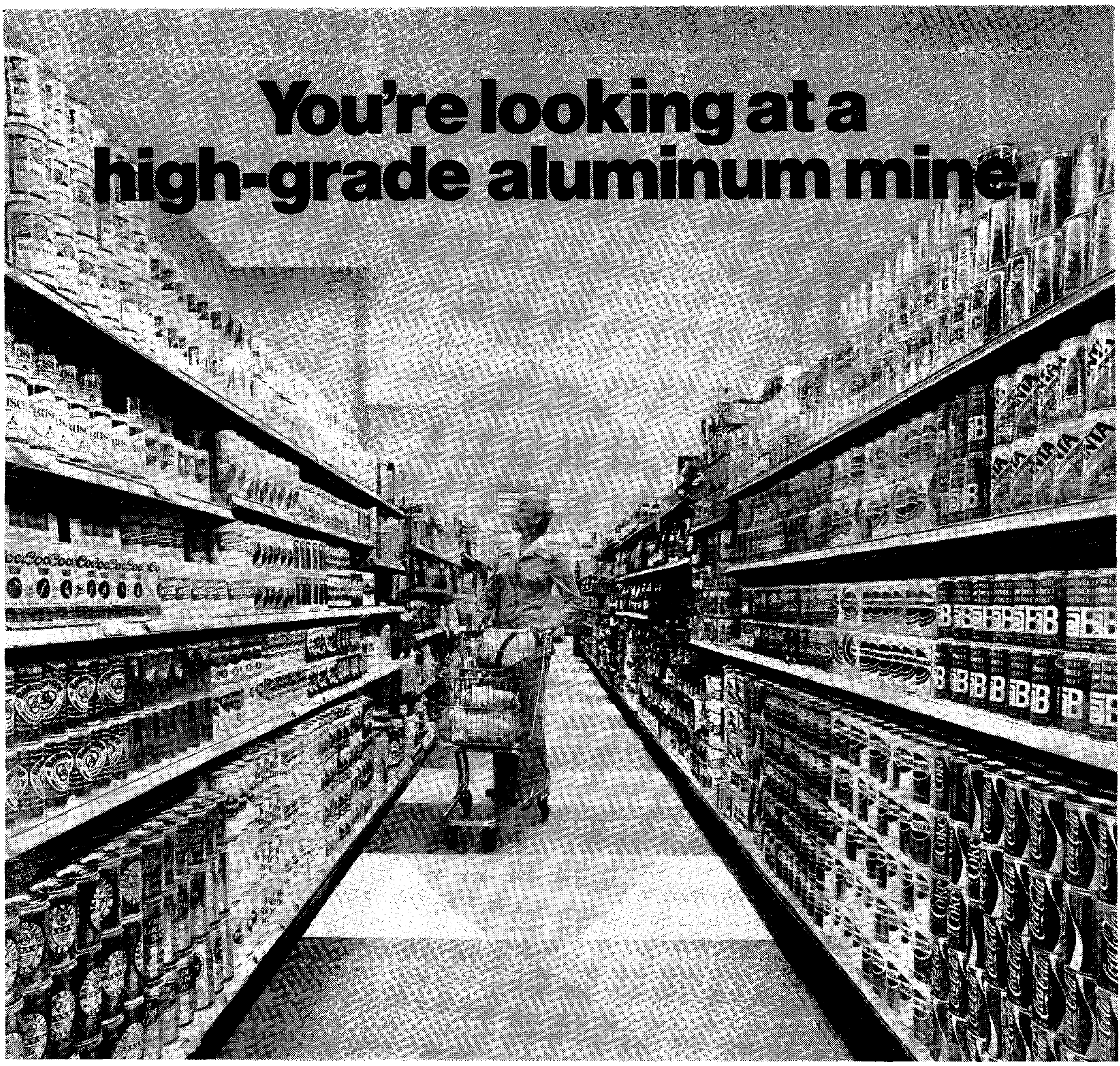
Wicked, Wicked—With David Bailey, directed by Richard L. Bare. (East 59th Street I and Loews 83rd St.; through June 19.)

The Women (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version, with Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed. (Paramount.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 20.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Gramercy; through June 19.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Thalia; June 14.)



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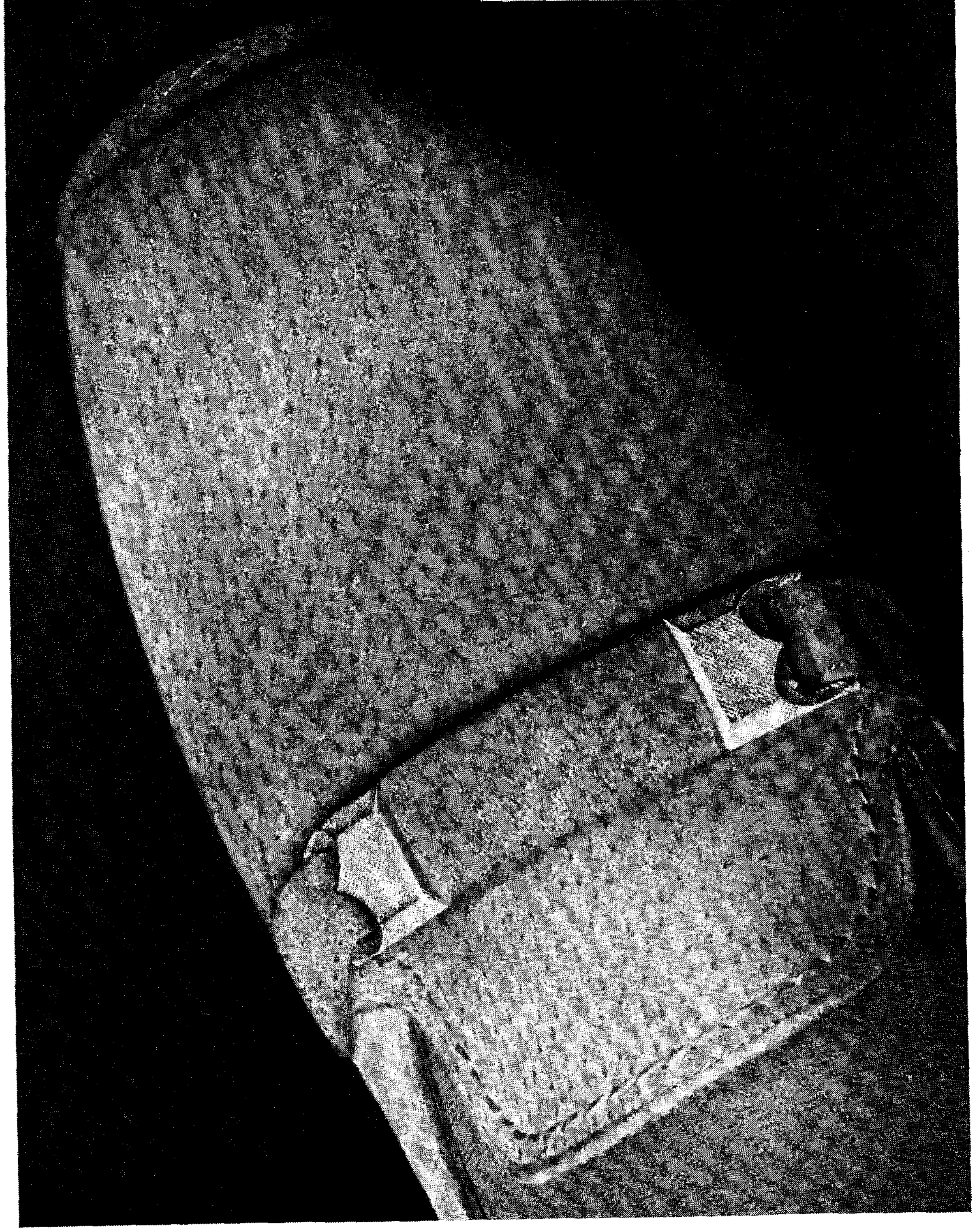


THE NEW YORKER

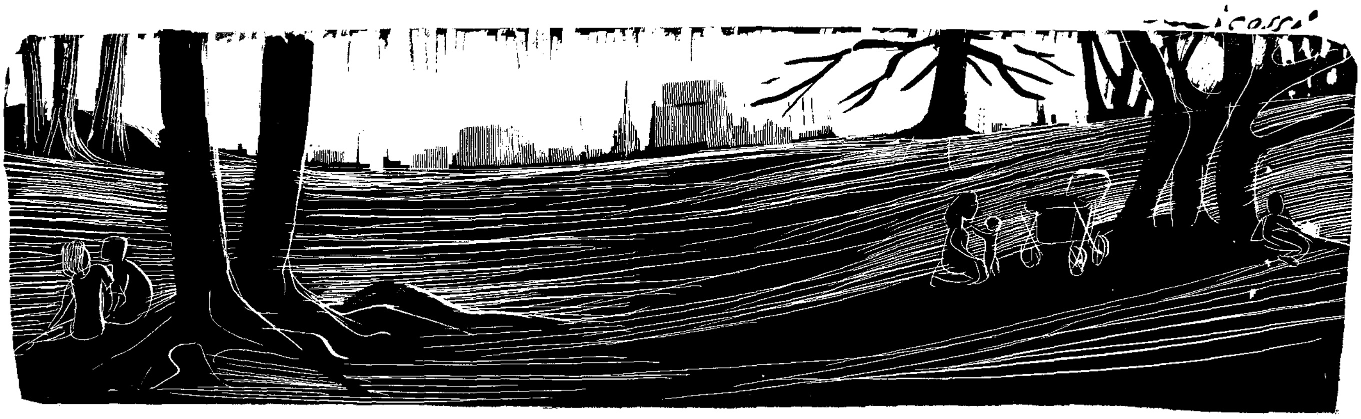
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN recent weeks, attempts have been made to simplify the shapeless, shifting, growing thing called Watergate down to a single straightforward question: Did the President himself participate in a crime? The President asks us to believe he did not, and pleads that he was unaware of his subordinates' wrongdoing; and when Watergate was only an incident, a Presidential plea of ignorance at least was a sensible defense, since it left the President open to nothing worse than a charge of negligence. But now that Watergate has assumed the proportions of a national catastrophe the question of his knowledge loses its preëminent importance and his plea of ignorance takes on a wholly different character. For if Mr. Nixon was unaware of orders that his assistants were giving to the Securities and Exchange Commission, the F.B.I., the Justice Department, the State Department, the Department of Defense, and the C.I.A. on matters that, by the President's own account, were more important than any others to the security of our nation and to the peace of the world, then he is telling us that under his Administration the United States has been led not by its President but by a handful of grim oligarchs using a gullible President as their front man. In effect, the President is telling us that the three lawful branches of our government were supplemented and to an important degree subverted by a hidden fourth branch, composed of the men on the President's staff. He seems to be confessing not to negligence but to a virtual abdication of his office in favor of these men. The Congress found the rule of Mr. Haldeman and Mr. Ehrlichman—men holding positions not mentioned in the Constitution—barely tolerable when it thought they were exercising their unprecedented power in accordance with strict Presidential instructions. To discover now that in the most important matters they had been acting in defiance of the President would be, in some ways, more of a shock than to discover that the President had ordered the Watergate bugging or its cover-up. The alibi, that is, turns out to be more frightening than the crime.

Billions of Realities

JEAN DUBUFFET, the French painter, is seventy-one, small, wiry, taut, bald, slightly bent because of a troublesome back, has no eyelashes, permits his mind to hop, skip, jump, and ricochet, discharges vast quantities of nonstatic electricity, and has an almost maniacal affection for New York. He has been visiting here, and we ran into him the other day at the Guggenheim, where some three hundred of his works cover every curve of the museum, hang from the ceiling (Dubuffet clouds float somewhat disturbingly in a world that is neither here nor there), and even overflow into the subterranean auditorium, where masses of giant cutout figures (his so-called Hourloupe figures) are lined up between performances of his animated-painting extravaganza "Coucou Bazar." Dubuffet was wearing a tightly knit brown suit, a blue-and-white shirt, and an elegant brocaded gold tie, which perfectly complemented the occasional flashing of his gold teeth, of which he has quite a number. They are exhibited when he smiles, and he smiles with the regularity but suddenness of the sweeping beam of a lighthouse. We sat in the semidark auditorium, facing the assembled cutouts, which cannot be described as either friendly or unfriendly—just different. "When I first came to see my exhibit here, the officials were very kind to me because of my back," he said. "They permitted me the privilege of an invalid chair, a wheelchair. A wheelchair in the Guggenheim! Oh, my! A wild ride! Such slopes and instant turns. Two brakes, you understand—one for the right hand, one for the left—and all the time whirling down, down, down! An immense experience, like eating Rice Krispies, which I indulge in at all times of the day and night here, and like phoning overseas, which I do most of the night. I cannot stop expressing my enthusiasm for New

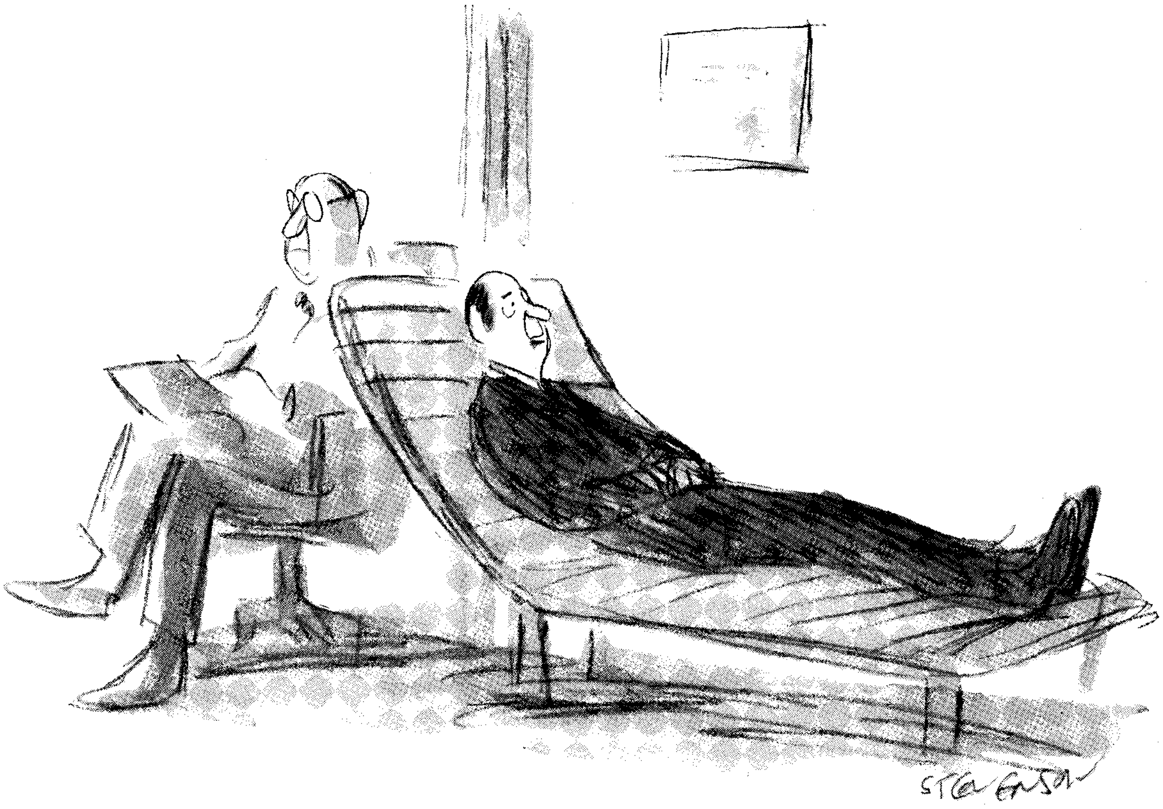


York. You cannot imagine how much I enjoy it. Every day here is a week in Paris. I feel the creativity, the tempo, the thinking, the deciding. I think I have a better view than New Yorkers. You must understand that a man who has not seen a frog very much has a pretty good idea of what a frog is like. But if you slowly become a frog yourself, how can you tell what a frog is like?" (Flashing beam from lighthouse.)

M. Dubuffet has long, sinewy fingers. He rapidly lighted a cigarette. "When I was here for six months back in 1951-52, I saw very little of the city," he said. "My wife and I had a flat on Charles Street. I would take a bus across Eighth Street to an immense store—Wana . . . , Wana . . . , *Wanamaker's*—and then take another bus to Bond Street, just off the Bowery, where I had a loft. I worked all day long. Nothing mattered but my work. At noon, my wife would come with a basket of food, we would lunch, and then I would work until evening. Here now it is a holiday. But not that first visit. Friends kept saying, 'You must see New York, you must see the Empire State Building, you must see this and that.' I didn't need to see it. I *felt* it. I enjoyed the remnant dealers down there, but suddenly it was time to leave, and when I went to the boat I had seen nothing. But I *felt* it. This time, I have been very busy; I have seen a great deal. I have a chauffeur, Ben, and he and I are pals; we are very comrade, and we go about the city. New York is at an extraordinary point in history, and in *its* history. Perhaps at some time back in ancient China there may have been a similar high point of creativity, of inventiveness, of intelligence. It is fantastic! [Beam of golden light.] In fact, there is something on this continent to stimulate people to insanity. The climate has always been exciting for the mind. I understand that the Indians were stimulated to a collective insanity—perhaps ten to fifteen thousand massacres a day! [Lighthouse.] It stands to reason that the settlers were stimulated by the insanity of the Indians. They were infected. They were driven to their own madness. I see it today in the walk, the tempo; I hear it in the talk. Before I made my 'Four Trees' sculpture, which stands down in Chase Manhattan Plaza, I would go there in the mornings, quietly, just to watch. I was impressed by the intensity of the people who cross that Plaza. Serious, tense, earnest faces. I was stimulated. Those trees down there are forever expanding into space. They are restless. They have something to do with insanity."

He leaned forward and stared for a few moments at the silent Hourloupe figures—some red, white, and blue and some silver, some of stratified resin and others of painted sheet metal. "For me, insanity is supersanity," he said. "The normal is psychotic—a collective psychosis. Normal means lack of imagination, lack of creativity." He moved his right arm up and down in a chopping motion. "Creativity! *There* is a flowering, a bursting forth. What is called reality by everyone is something very conventional, an accepted interpretation of the world. I have wanted to make my own translations, my own interpretations. Why not re-create the ordinary translation—what one ordinarily knows as reality—and produce a reality no less legitimate than someone else's? [Pause for cigarette, and sudden flash from lighthouse.] Some people say, 'Dubuffet, when you attempt a new reality, you are expressing the ultimate nihilism, the ultimate desperate nihilism.' That's not my view of it. Instead of one reality, we can have billions of realities. Each person can legitimate his own reality. Is this not enriching for the human mind, is this not the negation of a surface approach to life, is this not *very* positive? [Two rapid flashes.] People who are conditioned to any one reality are prisoners. We all seek to share a reality. I have sought it several times in my life. It's the desire to feel fraternity, not to feel alone." He had become more intent than before, as though stripped for a race. "This business of reality and non-reality," he said. "A dangerous business. My strange Hourloupe figures here in front of us—are they distinct personalities? During the 'Coucou Bazar' they will move about and be moved, and in five cases actors will climb into Hourloupe costumes and also

"$17.23. Roger!"



"All that political paranoia you helped me get rid of, Doctor—what do I do now that it turns out I was right?"

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move. I see them all as little, mysterious figures coming from our world, in still another transcription or translation. They have their own reality, and I want them to have the power to convince. If they have the power to convince, they will make our reality seem like nothing. In essence, I see them as contesting the *being* itself. They will challenge it. As they move about, the audience will not be able to determine what is real, what is non-being, what is permanent. A dangerous matter. One paints a guitar on a canvas, or a bed on a canvas. Translate the painting of that bed into three dimensions, and, oh, you are in trouble! Is it a bed to lie down on, or is it still a fantasy? We have reached the ambiguity between the figurative and the literal bed. Very frightening. [Series of rapid golden flashes, signalling intense danger.] But it is all mental anyway. One must lose one's conviction of reality, dispense with the main food of one's life. One must conclude that all is accident, question what is real, what is false, reach a state where there is no north, no south, no compass. I truly enjoy cutting the links with reality. But I am not proud of my success; I am not happy with it. Bring into being something really new, and nobody will understand it. I feel the need to change my work when I have success or someone imitates me."

Dubuffet lighted another cigarette and sent forth a comforting series of beams. "I feel that fun is the high point of the mind," he said. "There is a close and tender link between comedy and the very highest productions of the mind. New York has such a strong sense of jokes—even frightening ones. Often they are very serious. I hear them with my bacon and eggs in the morning at the counter across from my hotel. The whole place is joking, very seriously joking. The jokes are magic. They are like the highest point of a religious service." He was speaking slowly now, and not smiling. He blew out a long puff of smoke and watched it drift toward the figures. "Yes," he said. "The joke is magic. It brings the sanity of life into question. It questions the reality."

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FATEFUL words heard last week on a WCBS weather broadcast: "Sunny, then disappearing."

Opposition on the Sound

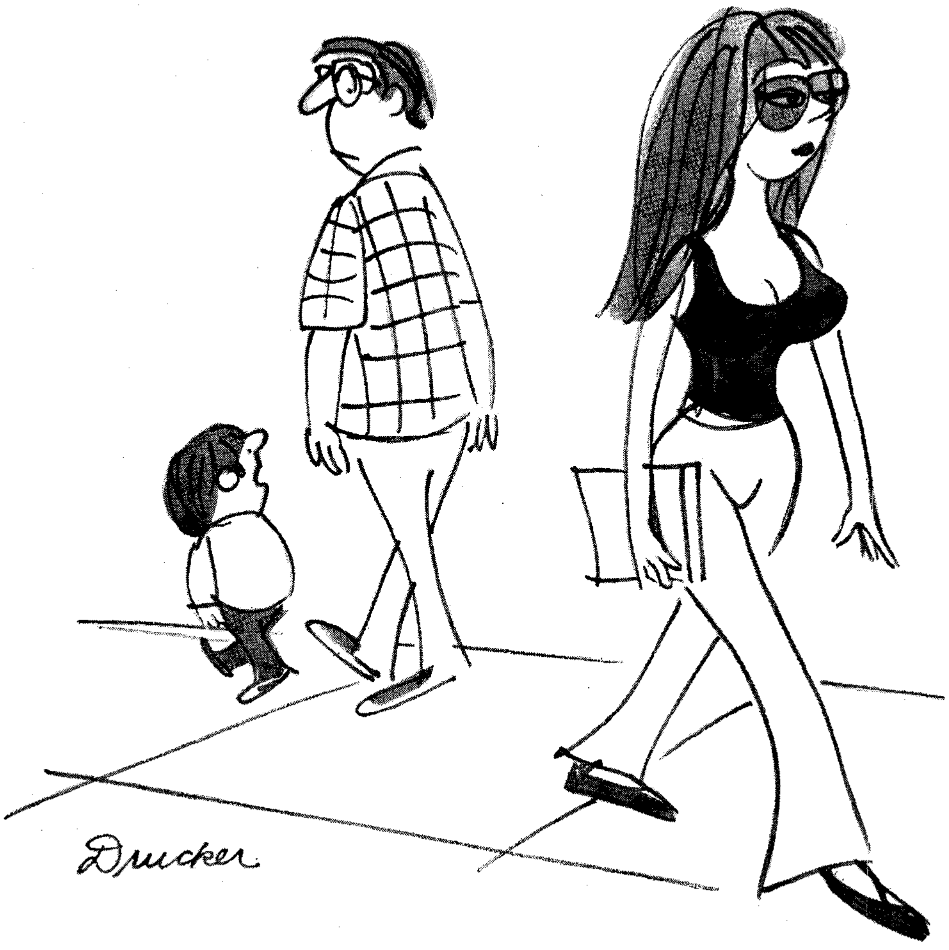
A BUNCH of Democrats climbed aboard a yacht the other morning and rode from Rye to Glen Cove and back, following the route of a bridge that may be built across Long Island Sound. The owner and captain of the yacht, Frank Donahue, is a Republican. He and his guests, a half-dozen representatives of the Advisory Council of the New York State Democratic Committee, were in the same boat because they share the conviction that nobody has any business building bridges across the Sound. A good many other people agree, but Governor Rockefeller is not among them. The Governor started plumping for the bridge in 1967, when he got the New York State Legislature to authorize it as part of an omnibus transportation bill. Since then, environmental, transportation, planning, and boating organizations have been campaigning against it, the Governor and General Assembly of neighboring Connecticut have gone on record as being opposed to it, and just about every town or village board on both the Westchester County and the Nassau County banks of the Sound has registered opposition to it. The Legislature repealed its authorization for the bridge twice, but Governor Rockefeller vetoed both repeals. A few weeks ago, Congress voted, in effect, to withhold federal funds that would have covered ninety per cent of the cost of constructing the access roads. The Governor subsequently predicted that the bridge would be built anyway.

We were aboard the yacht, too, standing next to Mr. Donahue as he piloted it out of the Tide Mill Yacht Basin, in Rye, and into Port Chester Harbor. It was a gray morning, and the air was chill and clean. Green bluffs and mossy rocks surrounded the harbor. Mr. Donahue, who is a big, hearty, red-faced man of fifty-five, was wearing a blue blazer, gray trousers, and white shoes. He made his fortune selling zippers, and, partly for that reason, he calls his yacht Z. He is an old salt. During the Second World War, he commanded a destroyer escort. Mr. Donahue pointed to a rock, and we saw a white swan. "I don't care so much about the yacht basin, which I happen to own, but if that bridge comes through on this route it'll go right through that swan's nest," he said. "We've spotted a lot of water birds here—mallards, Canada geese, snowy egrets, common egrets, black-crowned night herons, green herons, and a great blue heron. They're all in trouble if that bridge comes through."

Beautiful houses dotted the shore, and Mr. Donahue pointed to one that was particularly sleek and close to the ground. "That's the last house that Frank Lloyd Wright built," he said. "Fellow bought it the other day for half a million. One bedroom. Amazing. If that bridge comes through, it might pass a hundred yards in front of the house. Actually, it wouldn't be a bridge at all—just a twenty-five-foot-high viaduct. When the seas were eight or ten feet high, the waves would break right over it, and you'd have crackups. Anything larger than a sixteen-foot sailboat would have to use one of the two openings in the bridge, and it would be a hell of a bottleneck. You know, I've spent fifty years on this body of water. Putting a bridge over it would be like putting a bridge over the Grand Canyon to save people the trouble of driving around it."

We left Mr. Donahue and took a stroll around the Z, which is fifty feet long and is as comfortable and informal as a woodland lodge. We talked with John Dyson, the chairman of the Democratic Advisory Council, who is thirty years old and operates a chain of weekly newspapers. Mr. Dyson told us why *he* is against the bridge. "Besides the damage to the wetlands and to the Sound as a recreational resource that would be involved, the bridge idea flies in the face of any notion of mass transit," he said. "Rockefeller's current idea is to have the Metropolitan Transportation Authority finance the bridge with a bond issue and pay off the bonds with bridge tolls. The M.T.A. also controls the operation of the Long Island Rail Road and the commuter railroads on the Westchester side. The M.T.A. ought to be improving those railroads, not undermining them by thinking up new ways to induce people to use their cars."

The Sound is a little more than six miles wide at the site of the proposed bridge, and it was afternoon by the time the Z returned to the harbor at Rye. The swan was still there, now joined by its mate. "That's the papa, standing up, and the mama's on the nest," Mr. Donahue said. "When the eggs hatch, the swans will keep the little ones around until about two months before the next batch is due. Those two have been here for four years. They'll stay at least ten years, if the bridge doesn't get them first."



"That's Quiet Quiet Bailey, our school librarian."

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SIGN observed in the window of a health-food store on the upper East Side:

WE NOW CARRY
ARTIFICIAL SPAGHETTI

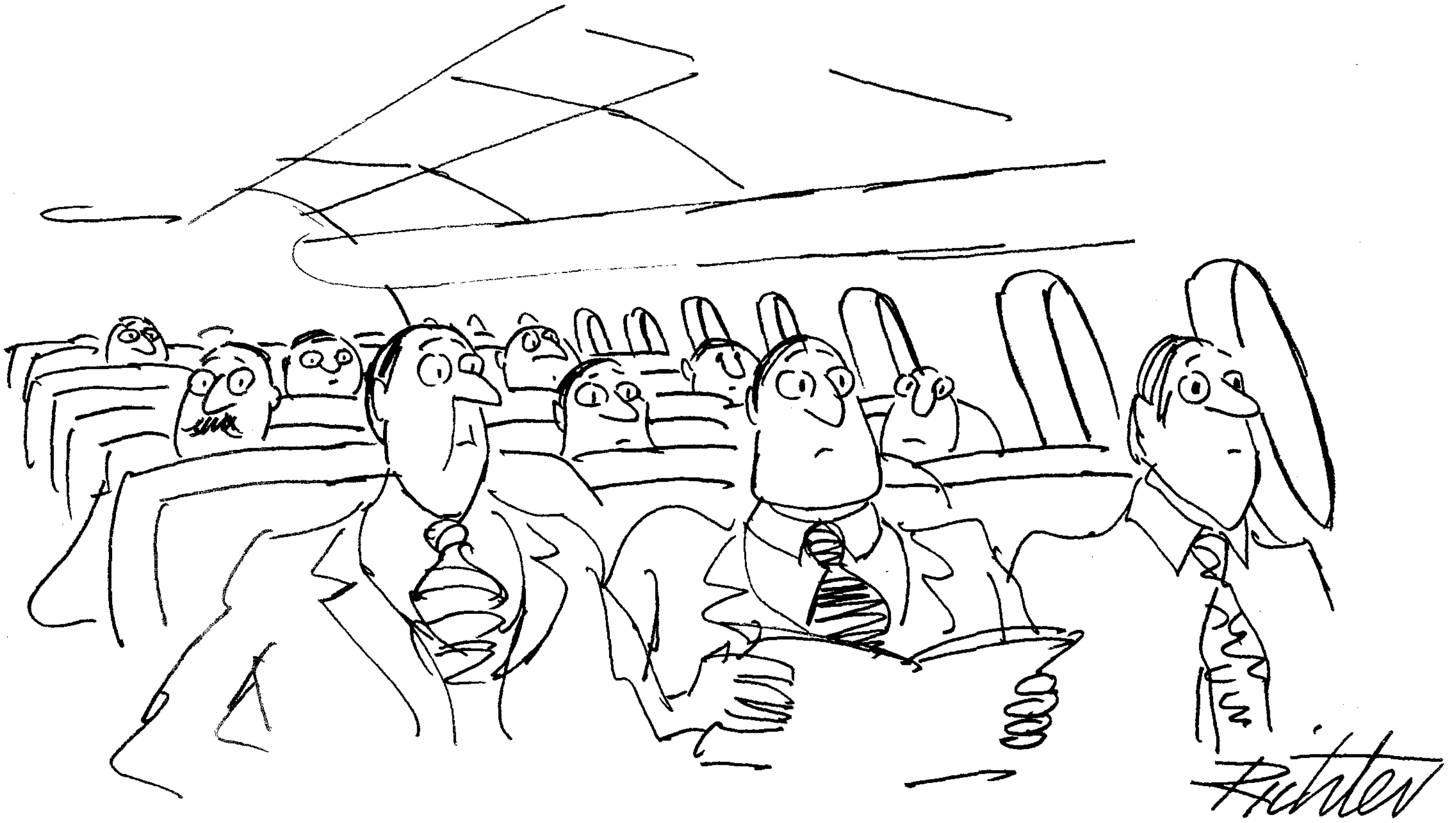
Winner

THE second-biggest winner of all the candidates in last week's primary was Robert F. Wagner, Jr., who is the son of the former mayor and is running for office for the first time. He got sixty per cent of the votes in the three-way race for the Democratic nomination for Manhattan councilman-at-large. (Bronx Borough President Robert Abrams was renominated for his position by seventy per cent of the voters, and was thus technically the biggest winner, but he faced only one opponent.) Wagner is twenty-nine, a native New Yorker. Buckley, Exeter, Harvard, the University of Sussex, the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs, at Princeton. A dissertation at Sussex on why England established elements of a welfare state without a depression. Reporter for the *Post.* Project director with Lou Harris, the pollster.

Wagner campaigned for the Council seat on three issues—Council reform, civil-service reform, pension reform. He pointed out that the Council has broad investigative powers, which it uses only when the newspapers get excited about something. He did a lot of his campaigning by himself. No shill with a bullhorn—just Wagner with a handful of leaflets. We ran into him one time when he was campaigning on St. Marks Place. We asked him about his campaigning technique. He told us, "I just say, 'I'm Bob Wagner. I'm running for councilman-at-large. I hope you'll vote for me,' and hand the person a leaflet. If they throw it on the sidewalk and step on it, I say, 'Hey, that's *my* picture you're stepping on.' That usually gets their attention."

Wagner's primary day, described by Wagner:

"At 5 A.M., I had breakfast with some precinct captains on the lower



"Welcome aboard. This is your captain, Margaret Williamson, speaking."

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East Side. Lox and bagels. It was all right, but the sight of the onions did me in. Then I drove around East Harlem with Olga Mendez, a district leader up there, helping her open the polls in several places where the Republican election inspectors hadn't shown up. Then I went over to the West Side and handed out some palm cards—little cards you are allowed to take in to the voting machine with you—that had my name on them. Then, let's see—of course, I voted. Eight election districts vote at my polling place, but when I got there, just before lunch, there was only one other voter in the whole place—Tom Buckley, the political reporter for the *Times*.

"Then I had lunch with Daddy and my brother Duncan at Giovanni's. I was beginning to get nervous, but, fortunately, Ed Koch called up and took me off to the Village, and we stood out in front of P.S. 41, and that kept me occupied and was sort of calming. Then I bought a clean shirt, a stinkeroo, at the only store I could find, and went up to my father's hotel suite and had a drink and a sandwich.

"I was getting increasingly nervous. The polls closed at nine, and at nine-fifteen we called up Norm Adler at my headquarters—on East Fifty-seventh Street, over Dover Delicacies. Norm is an assistant professor of political science at Hunter, and he was taking the returns from nine sample election districts out of the nine hundred and fifty-five I was running in. He said that things looked good and that he would know for sure in another ten minutes. We called in ten minutes, and he said that there was just no way we could lose, and that I would wind up with sixty per cent of the votes—which was right on the nose. As it turned out, I won in every Assembly district in Manhattan. I must say, it was particularly satisfying to win in three of the West Side A.D.s where I had no official support and where the assumption was that the Wagner name was death. Well, so much for assumptions. The only trouble with Norm Adler's beautiful scientific system was that I'd had ten days in which I was getting increasingly nervous, and then I was supposed to get over it in ten minutes. After we heard the good news, we all went over to my headquarters."

At Wagner headquarters, about a hundred people had gathered to cheer the winner. Hot. The fuses blew several times. Kids in sports shirts, one old gentleman in a dinner jacket, the candidate in his shirtsleeves, with a red wool tie. A lot of stylish women, including Priscilla Hiss, of the Village Independent Democrats, in lime-sherbet green, and Mary Gillan, former Mayor Wagner's secretary, in pink and white. Great good humor. Norm Adler with Lou Harris in a back room analyzing votes. The former mayor in another room, beaming, talking to Dee Wedemeyer, a reporter for the A.P. He told her he was very pleased that three generations of Wagners had now won elections. (The former mayor's father, of course, was a famous United States senator in New Deal days.)

"Is there a Wagner family tradition on Election Nights?" Dee Wedemeyer asked the former mayor.

"Yes: Wait and see how it turns out."

Bob Wagner, Jr., made a short speech, and looked embarrassed when people clapped. He thanked his campaign manager, a young lawyer named John Connorton. He thanked his operations chief, a young associate professor of political science at Columbia named Donna Shalala. He thanked his brother, who he said had turned out to be such a ferocious campaigner that he made Ed Koch look subdued. He said that the fact that he had taken every Assembly district showed that what he had been saying made sense to people in every neighborhood, whether they were rich or poor or white or black or Puerto Rican. He said he found that very heartening.

OLD WOMAN

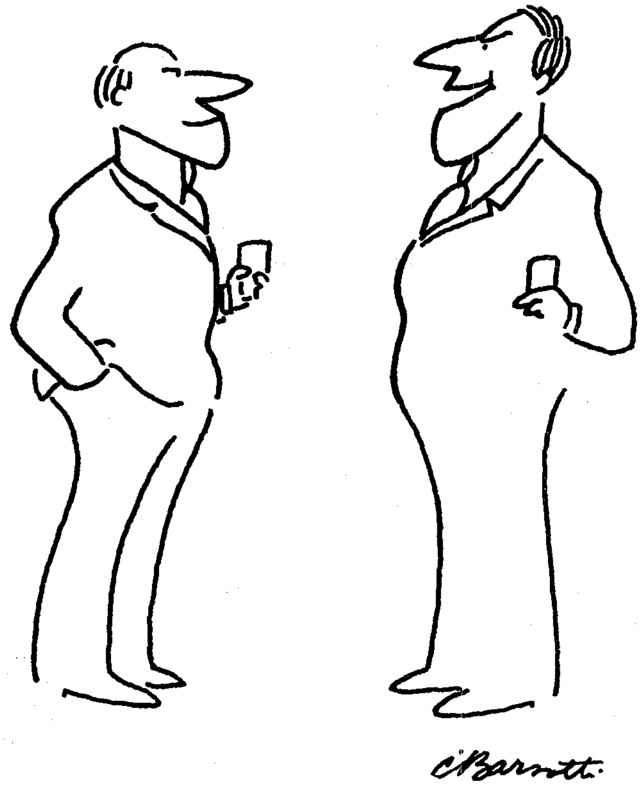
TO most people the Miss Gullivers seemed the same age. One of them was known to be older than the other, but which only the insurance man knew. They weren't so very old—not seventy or eighty or anything like that. Sixty something, you know, going on for seventy. Old ladies. And they weren't so very much alike, really. One had light-blue eyes and prominent teeth and the other wore spectacles and had a mole on her chin, but people bestowed Miss Jessica's teeth on Miss Madge or Miss Madge's mole on Miss Jessica in the most callous manner and still could not remember which was which. Nobody ever looked at them longer than it took to register: "The Miss Gullivers," or if either of them was met separately: "I saw one of the Miss Gullivers in the post office this morning." Even a distant relative who lived in Huddersfield did not know one from the other, and when, on one of her infrequent visits to London, she knocked at the door of her cousins' house was liable to say indiscriminately, whichever opened to her knock, "You get more and more like Jessica every day."

It had not always been like this with the Miss Gullivers. They had been Jessie and Maddie to their father and mother, and nobody ever forgot that Jessie was the elder. All through their childhood Jessie was the clever one and Maddie the good one, the sunny-natured. When they went on errands and later to day school, it was always Jessie who chose the side streets to be taken and Maddie who had to follow, with rage in her heart, and when it was Maddie who asked, "May we paint?" or "May we play with plasticine?" the choice was always Jessie's. It was Jessie who chose the books at the library, and Maddie had to read "Little Women" and "Eric or Little by Little" when what she really would have liked was "Black Beauty."

There was even an air of ambiguity about the Miss Gullivers' cat, for though ten years old, Nelson had the spurious youthfulness that dependence on others and constant petting sometimes give to the aged. And why should a rich tab of matronly appearance be called Nelson and yet be invariably referred to as "she"? Nelson had come into the world on Trafalgar Day in a set of five kittens, all reported by the milkman to be boys and distributed among friends and acquaintances on that understanding. When, almost simultaneously, they produced five kittens apiece, there was consternation in five London households. Nelson had two families in little over a year and the Miss Gullivers felt they could not face a lifetime of finding homes for kittens every few months. But the prospect of periodical massacres of the innocents appalled their cat-compassionate hearts, and the milkman, called in for consultation, advised them to send Nelson to the vet. After much heartburning this was done, half a crown extra being paid for an anesthetic, and Nelson came back insured against kittens. Till then she had been as playful as a kitten herself, but she soon fell into staid dozing ways, scarcely looking up when a ping-pong ball was bounced under her nose and turning disdainfully from her clockwork mouse. And yet her mistresses had their work cut out to keep her away from the goldfish bowl, and she would sit for hours on the windowsill gazing at the sparrows flitting in the branches of the old sycamore tree in the yard, untucking her folded paws now and again and fidgeting uneasily. A curved breast feather poised on the carpet, a speck of slowly wavering fluff in the air aroused sleeping reflexes, and Miss Jessica and Miss Madge would cling to one another when their idol leaped from her statuesque repose to lunge at the fluff in midair, or pounce stiff-legged on the rocking feather. But her predatory instincts were moribund; she never again brought a dead bird or a quivering mass of frog to lay at the feet of her mistresses.

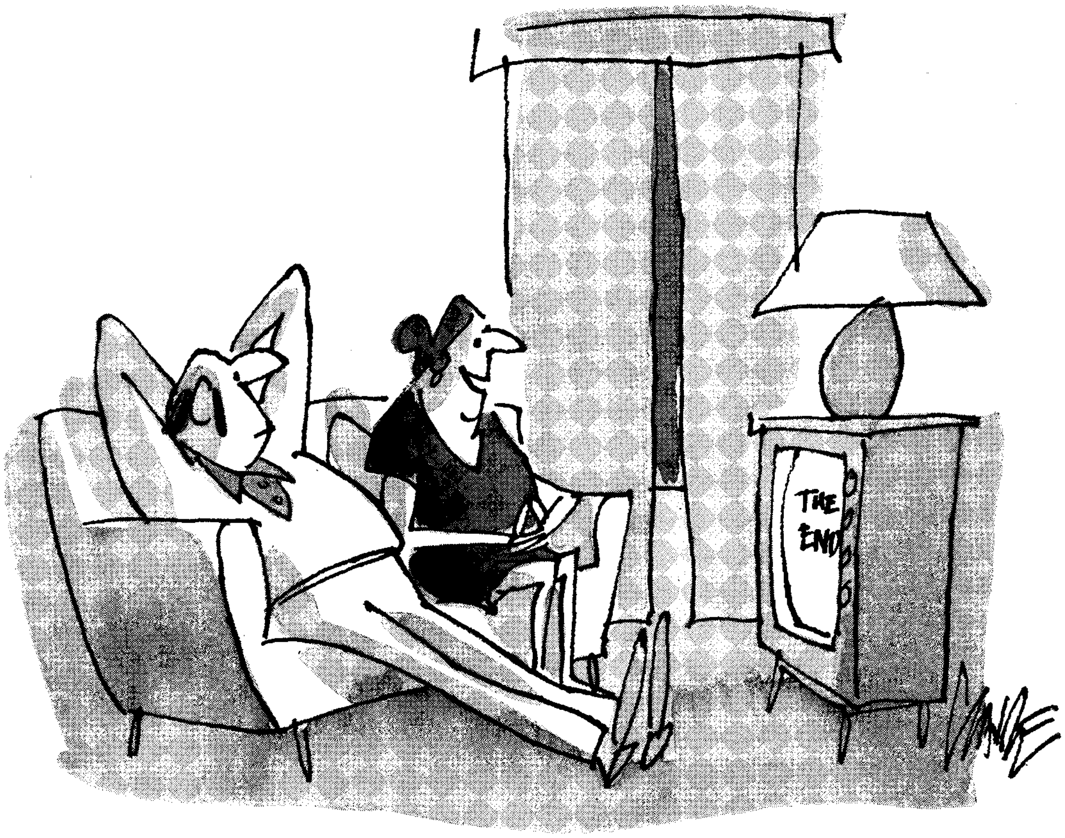
Nelson soon lost the delicious greed her slaves had ministered to with such joyous ardor. She never seemed to have an appetite, and the infrequent visitor who happened in while Nelson was being coaxed to eat was admitted by Miss Jessica (or was it Miss Madge?) with a finger held to her parted lips, while Miss Madge (if it was not Miss Jessica) might be discovered with her knitting held rigid on her knees. Looking round, the visitor saw nothing but a cat lapping cream from the far side of a saucer on the floor. Only when it turned away, languidly licking its chops, and sprang powerfully up to the top of the sofa, did Miss Jessica (or perhaps Miss Madge) move a chair for the visitor, explaining with a deprecatory smile that the least thing put Nelson off her feed.

The fourth member of this not so jocund company was Silver, the minnow. The leaden-stepping hours paid out in seconds by the grandfather clock in the drawing room ground the wrinkles ever deeper into the Miss Gullivers' faces and even seemed to weigh upon Nelson's more resilient frame. But what has the heavy plummet's pace to do with a two-inch minnow darting a million million times from its tiny thicket of waterweeds, plunging back again just when it seemed it must stub its blunt nose against the side of the bowl? Silver's eye remained firmly protuberant, no crow's-feet marred the surface of its shining armor, its taut contours were immune to the flabbiness of age. Visitors sometimes expressed surprise that the Miss Gullivers did not keep a budgerigar. A bird would be no less suited than a fish to coexistence with a cat, and would surely be a more rewarding pet. But Silver had been "sent" to them, left by an unknown hand in a jam jar on the back doorstep, and they had



"Hubris is a gift. Either you have it or you don't."

not had the heart to send him back. Besides, where was there to send him? So they brought the jar in and set it on the scullery floor. Nelson was on the spot immediately, though, just before, they had searched the house for her in vain. Fascinated, they watched her dip her paw into the jar, withdraw it sharply, and shake off a few chill drops. She licked perfunctorily at the pads under her claws, never removing her arch, ferocious gaze from the tiny silver boomerang in the jar. The second time the paw went deeper into the water and came out loaded, but the moment the harsh air entered the minnow's gill chambers it shot upward and dropped like a stone back into the jar. Nelson made another tentative dab at the surface of the water, but a tiny jet splashing up and falling in a drop on her nose seemed to discourage her. Annoyed and puzzled (Miss Jessica and Miss Madge knew and could interpret all Nelson's expressions), she drew her paw toward her for a short, sharp lick, set it down daintily, and minced out of the scullery. Miss Jessica made the revolting suggestion that the minnow should be boiled for Nelson's tea, but Miss Madge knew she didn't mean it. She had said it just to tease her sister. Miss Madge understood this from the way Miss Jessica picked up the jar and shooed Nelson (who had come back again and was looking on with blazing eyes) into the back yard.



"At last! A made-for-TV movie that looked like a made-for-movies movie!"

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SILVER was housed in a fishbowl that Miss Madge recovered from a hatbox in the attic. The sisters remembered this bowl with unexpressed remorse. It had been the prison of three goldfish, the consolation of their bedridden mother's last years. All three had died soon after her funeral, because neither of the sisters (younger then and so heartless) could see why *she* should be the one to feed them.

Miss Madge sat long on the floor of the attic, gazing with brimming eyes into the glass bowl between her hands. Through its side she could see the shiny black wall of the hatbox, narrower at the bottom, spreading gracefully upward, like a lily, or like an inverted top hat. It had indeed once contained a top hat, and the pad of green plush used to smooth its glossy sides still lay in tissue paper at the bottom. The hat had been their father's, the very symbol of his dignity, only taken out for weddings and funerals, or for periodical inspection. The box stood under the marital bed long after Father's death, but when Mother died Miss Jessica had taken it and sent the topper to a jumble sale. Guy Fawkes Day was the only day in the year that one of the Miss Gullivers went out shopping alone, the other staying at home with Nelson, the windows shut and the curtains drawn—the popping rockets and raucous cries played havoc with Nelson's nerves and they did not like to leave her alone in the house. On Guy Fawkes Day Miss Madge was sure she had seen Father's top hat balanced over a ghastly white face borne past her on trundling wheels. Later in the day she had come upon an abandoned go-cart at the corner of the public house. In it was a sagging figure with a top hat jammed over its face. That night she had dreamed confused jack-in-the-box dreams, of Punch, of Judy, of the dog Toby, and a limp figure flung down down into blackness. And now she sat on the attic floor with the bowl on her knees, and remembered how her father had always loved her the best, how she and Jessie had giggled and kissed and quarrelled, but Jessie always had her own way about everything. . . . And how life was passing and nothing had ever really happened to either of them.

SILVER was in greater danger of being overcherished than neglected. Miss Madge attended to him more closely than his primitive needs required, ever fancying he looked hungry or his water needed changing. Miss Jessica insisted on training the light from an electric bulb over the bowl for two hours every day, having read that fish required ultraviolet rays. Miss Madge was afraid the glare would give Silver a headache and bought a blue bulb of immense power. The poetry of life was never quite dead for Miss Madge: to stand and stare gave her a satisfaction of which she was almost ashamed. (She was one of the few women who could watch a baby at play without longing to pick it up.) Once, she had come back from early-morning church to find that the wild iris in a bottle on the windowsill had freed itself from its sheaf; if she had not gone to church she might have witnessed the final click as the delicately sprung petals were released. The thought almost made her hate the vicar. She would release a fly from the toils of golden syrup and watch for an hour its herculean efforts to scrape the cloying film to the edge of its wings in tiny beads, which fell one at a time onto the table. And she never wearied of watching the water sift through the filaments of Silver's subtly articulated tail.

Silver was the only fish in the house, but otherwise his hold on identity was slight. His sex was bestowed on him firmly from the very beginning, but there was nobody to vouch for it. He might just as well have been a girl-fish. And then one day a small boy came to the back door with another minnow, in a Crosse & Blackwell jar. He explained that it was he who had left Silver on the back doorstep, and now he had brought another to keep him company. The Miss Gullivers were positively excited at this idea and the transfer from jam jar to fishbowl was expeditiously made under the keenly interested eyes of Nelson before you could say knife. Miss Jessica gave the little boy majestic permission to come the next day and see how the minnows were getting on. She even gave him a biscuit and watched him out of sight.

Back in the drawing room she found Miss Madge and Nelson in a state of agitation. The new minnow was floating belly up in the fishbowl and Silver was swimming serenely to and fro in the middle depths. Victorious Silver! He would not tolerate a rival in his realm. The Miss Gullivers were sorry for the poor stranger, of course, but gave him to Nelson to play with. And they were sorry to have to tell the little boy the new minnow was dead. They allowed him to come into the drawing room again, whereupon he staunchly declared that the minnow swimming triumphantly out of the weeds was the new minnow—he knew every spot on its body. According to this horrid boy, it was Silver who had been routed, killed by the newcomer and played with and subsequently eaten by Nelson. Nothing could convince the Miss Gullivers of this; they, too, knew every spot on their minnow's body. Miss Madge even knew his different expressions and could see when he was tired or out of spirits by the changing rhythms of his fins. From that moment Silver entered the charmed circle of ambiguity. Was he, or was he not, really Silver? The Miss Gullivers put all doubts resolutely from them, but in their hearts they were never *quite* sure.

IN THE MARRIAGE-BED

Each minute of each day our childhood ends.
When first we met, I thought, No more than friends.
Our hearts met, sweet as vapid butterflies
More air than what they're made of, and, each night
Of clandestine surrender, sought delight
As if we had been too secretly alive.
O citizens—no matter how—survive!
The ways we live our lies are not lies.

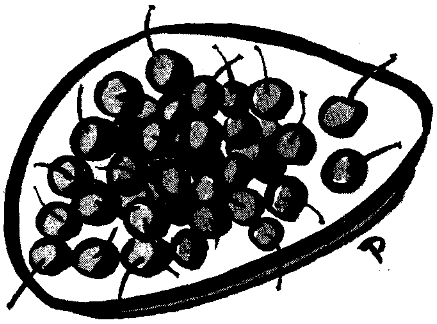
Entering the heart of our emergencies,
We find no crisis there and call that love;
Our bodies, said to be one, said to be tied,
Are hints towards shades of anatomies.
And, as we fall asleep, it seems we die
Unsatisfied. For who can improve on love?

—DOUGLAS DUNN

• •

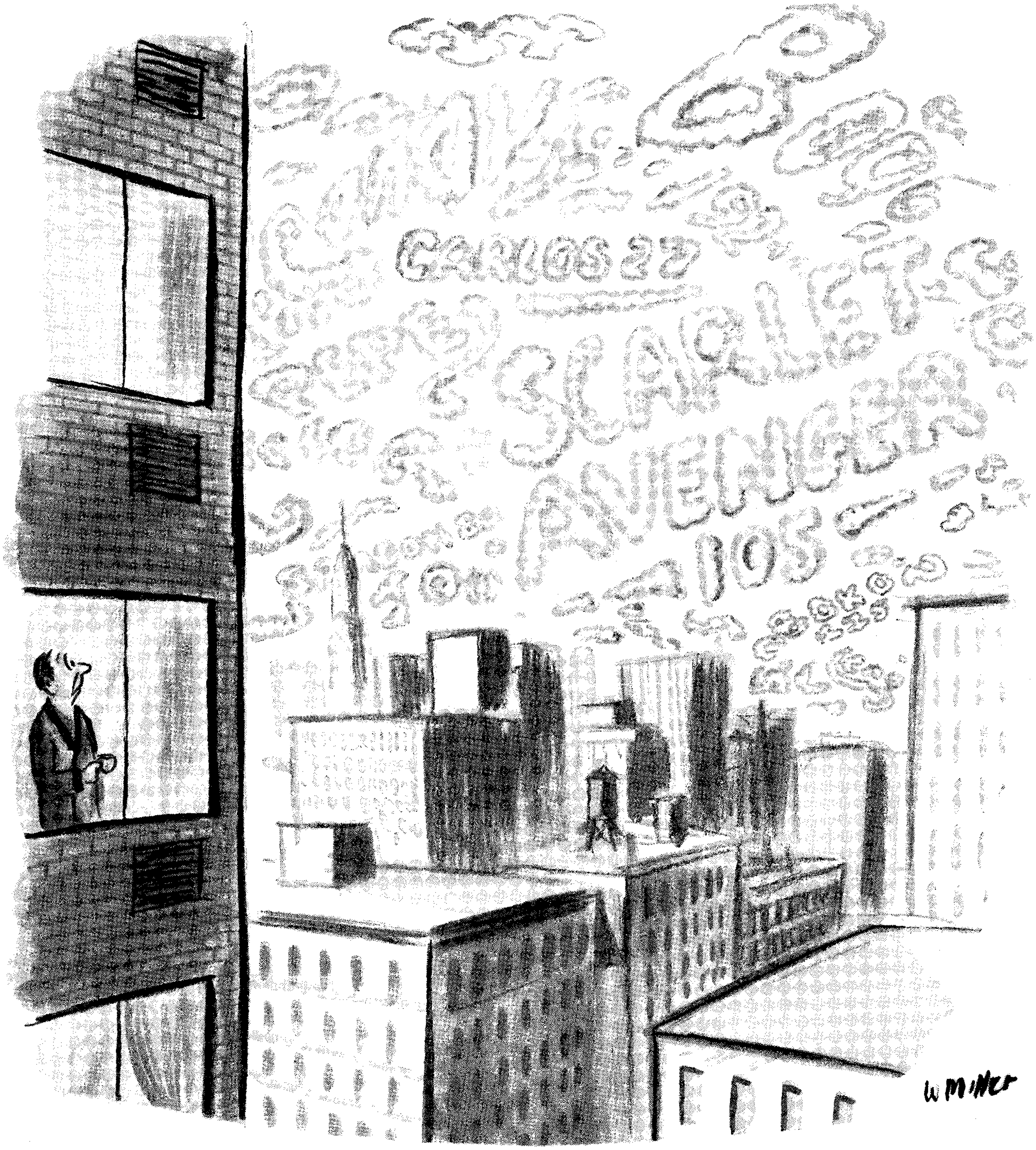
Silver brought fresh complications into the lives of the Miss Gullivers, each of whom lived in perpetual anxiety lest the other should have left the drawing-room door open. And even when one of them was in the room, even when they were both there, they had to keep a sharp lookout in case Nelson jumped on the windowsill. Nelson's very presence there was enough to set Silver darting frenetically to the bottom of the bowl, and once they had only just been in time to pull the terrible hooked paw out of the water.

Each morning the Miss Gullivers set out for a row of shops parallel to Jocelyn Terrace, where they lived, to do the shopping for themselves and their pensioners. It made no difference whether they turned down Budd Street, Lupin Street, or Caitlin Place, since their house was in the middle of the Terrace. Miss Jessie did not mind which of the three side streets they took so long as it was not the one preferred by her sister. If Miss Madge took a tentative step toward Budd Street, Miss Jessie marched resolutely on to Lupin Street. At the subtlest indication that Miss Madge intended to stop at the traffic light, Miss Jessica would turn and cross the road the other way, and Miss Madge, tense with frustration, would follow. After Miss Madge had come back from a whole month in hospital, she did think Miss Jessie would allow her an invalid's privilege. But no, Miss Jessica waited as usual for her sister almost to turn the corner into Caitlin Place and then stalked on to Lupin Street, sure of being followed. Then let her! thought Miss Madge, and trudged stubbornly along the pavement of Caitlin Place. From this day they had gone to the shops along different streets, and there was a new problem: to anticipate each other's choice, never to be trapped into the semblance of surrender. Usually they met unsmiling outside the pet shop or the butcher's, but sometimes they stopped in their tracks, simultaneously visited by the harrowing apprehension that they had forgotten to shut the drawing-room door. They would have been saved this agony if one of them had stayed at home, or they could have gone shopping on alternate days, but their jealous ardor made this impossible.



TO indifferent eyes, the passage of the years left no traces of change in the sisters, and none but indifferent eyes ever rested on Miss Jessie or Miss Madge now. Increasing deafness, failing eyesight, asthmatic breathing, absentmindedness almost amounting to amnesia are taken for granted in the old. The tremor of the hand, the tic that sets the head a-bobbing were noted by few, and even when noted were undifferentiated. Was it Miss Jessie whose left hand shook and Miss Madge whose head kept nodding, or was the one whose hand shook Miss Madge and . . . And— Oh, shut up, can't you?, people said before these speculations were completed.

Miss Madge was the first to go (that month in hospital). She had no illness, was not a day in bed, but one afternoon when they were seated in

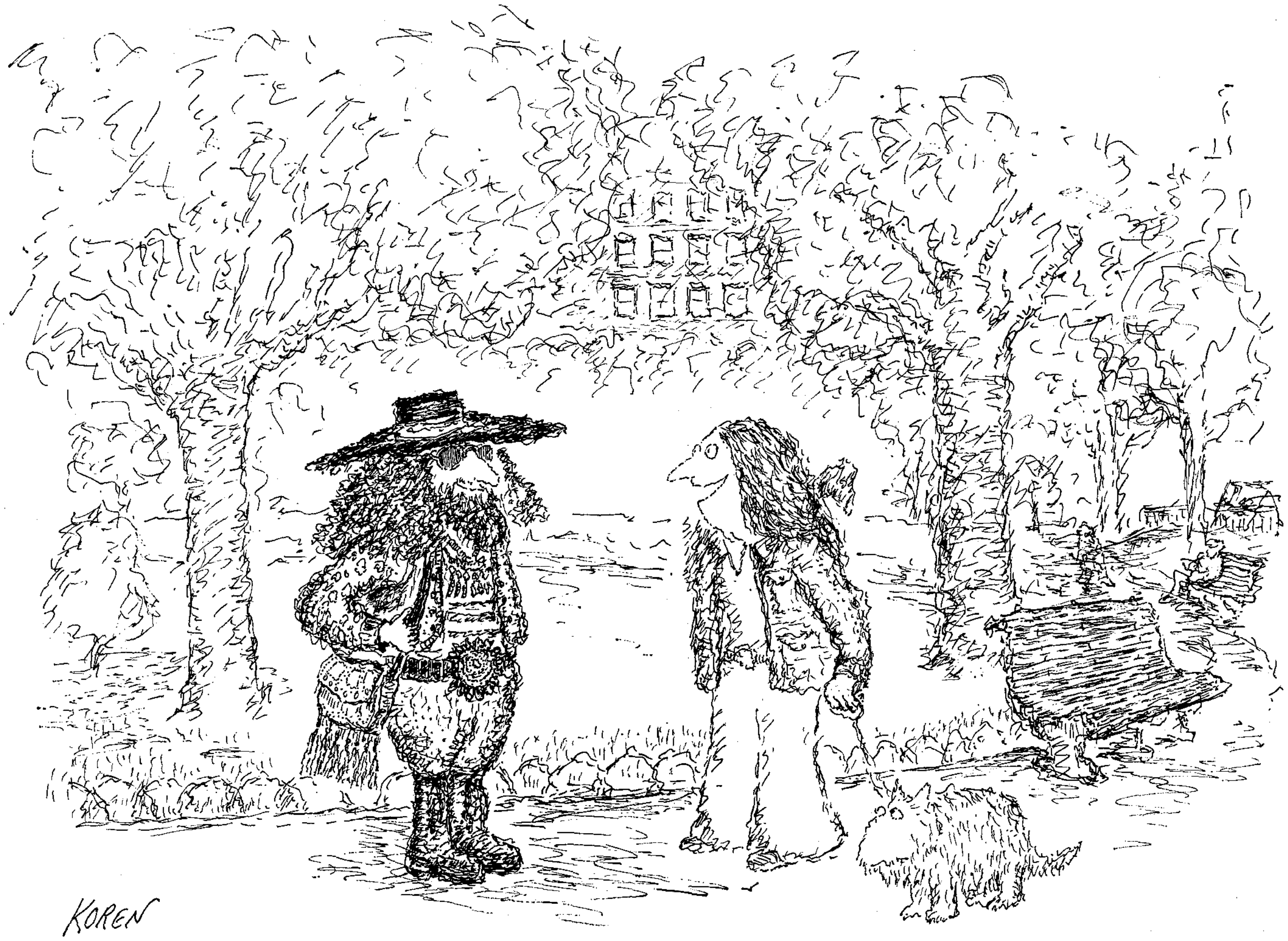


silence with their needlework beside the fire and Miss Jessica had begun to wonder if it wasn't time to put the kettle on, Miss Madge let her work drop on her knees and said very faintly, "Jessie." And that was all. Nelson began jumping onto Miss Madge's knee and down again, mewing, and almost the first thing Miss Jessica had had to do was to carry her out of the room. Resting her withered cheek on the warm, domed head, she thought, No one will ever call me Jessie again. The absurd—almost blasphemous in the circumstances—question arose in her mind: What would Nelson call me if she could speak?

Miss Jessica wept when she saw Miss Madge looking so calm and beautiful laid out amidst spring flowers on her bed. But when the thought visited her: Who will cry when I am dead?, she sobbed.

And one morning Nelson was found stretched on her side on the drawing-room hearth, the tip of her tongue showing between clenched teeth. Miss Jessica had a slight stroke the next day. Through all this death and devastation, Silver mounted his watery treadmill as if defying time and death to catch him up.

Miss Jessica's stroke left her much as usual but for a kind of landslide from her left eyebrow to the point of her chin. The cousin came up from Huddersfield, solicitors were consulted, and the house and most of the furniture were sold. Only the grandfather clock turned out to be of any value, and it was snapped up as a period piece by a prowling American the moment it made its appearance in a Fulham shop-window. A seaside cottage was found for Miss Jessica and furnished with the



"Dickie, I hardly recognized you! You've changed your format."

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comfortable armchair, the bed, and the drawing-room carpet, and other unsold pieces. Mrs. Yorke next door promised to keep an eye on Miss Jessica, and soon a new Nelson came into her life. He had turned up on Miss Jessica's doorstep one morning, in sad plight after a night of storm during which a ship went down with all hands in full sight of the cliffs. The romantic view was taken that the cat had been sent to console her in her loneliness. Nobody knew what Miss Jessica herself thought about it, but she gave the name of Nelson to the stranger—a half-grown tom, black, with an ample shirt-front and one white paw. It was too strenuous for such an old lady to be always keeping an active cat away from the fishbowl, and Silver had to be given to two little boys who were staying with their parents at Mrs. Yorke's next door. A cat was more company than a minnow, after all, and Miss Jessica had never been so devoted to Silver as had Miss Madge. When the visitors returned to town they left Silver behind, and their landlady's husband took the bowl down to the edge of the sea and tipped him into an outgoing wave, where he died immediately.

Miss Jessica was no longer known by her Christian name, or by any name at all. The fisher people called her "the old 'oman next to Mrs. Yorke's" and the boy from the village shop left her groceries with Mrs. Yorke's order, saying, "The eggs and the golden syrup is for the old 'oman." Miss Jessica lived quietly through the winter, and Nelson grew into a fine, purring cat. When summer came round again, seaside visitors stroked the black pussy seated so proudly under its own rooftree, and a small girl whose father and mother brought her to live at Mrs. Yorke's for the summer took to sitting on Miss Jessica's porch step to fondle Nelson and chat with the old lady. People saw Miss Jessica's lips moving and little Pattie looking into her face, nodding gravely and stammering out shrill, half-inarticulate phrases, and wondered what the two could be talking about. Pattie's father, who had exhibited in the Royal Academy ten years before, did a picture of the porch with Pattie seated at the old woman's feet—only you couldn't see their faces properly and Nelson wasn't there at all. They forgot to send Pattie in to say goodbye when they went back to town in the autumn, and by next summer Miss Jessica was dead and her cottage taken by a family from London.

"A pity," said Pattie's mother. "It would have just suited us. We ought to have gone round and said goodbye to the poor old thing." Pattie's father was sorry, too; he had hoped to go on with his picture and send it to the Royal Academy. But Pattie burst into tears. "Why did she die?" she asked, looking up wildly. "I didn't want her to be died." —IVY LITVINOV

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WASHINGTON—The federally financed report of the National Advisory Commission on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals, together with the three-day National Conference on Criminal Justice which concluded here Friday, cost $2 million not $10 million as was incorrectly reported Friday in a storm by the Washington Post.—*Los Angeles Times.*

The *Post* was not itself, obviously.

RERUNS OF THE MIND

IN the morning when I am shaving, I often think of Hagerstown, Maryland.

Years ago, I read an obituary in the *Times* recalling the vital trivia of a man from Hagerstown. He was remembered chiefly for laboratory tests he had once conducted for a shaving-cream company. The results of his findings established the fact that it takes at least sixty seconds for a man's whiskers to absorb the moisture in a shaving cream.

Since then I always wait sixty seconds before starting to shave. At that hour of the day it seems a long time.

I usually spend it thinking of Hagerstown.

WHENEVER I see the name Bauer & Black on a roll of adhesive tape, I invariably think of New Year's Eve, 1936.

I was living on the top floor of a shabby hotel on North Wabash and East Erie Street in Chicago. On New Year's Eve, I had exactly thirty-two cents with which to ring out the old and ring in the new. I decided to go to a bar called Ballantine's on North Rush Street and buy two beers and nurse them along from eleven o'clock to midnight. Beer was a dime a glass, and it would leave me a third dime for a somewhat prodigal tip.

As I took my first carefully measured sip, someone slapped me on the back and greeted me like a long-lost friend. He proved to be a familiar face and not all that long lost. About five years before, we had sat next to each other in a history-lecture section of some three hundred students in Bascom Hall, at the University of Wisconsin.

He insisted that I be a guest at his table and meet his friends—three salesmen from Bauer & Black and their wives. They were drinking an eclectic array of the house's sugary specialties and not nursing a thing but potential hangovers.

When I got up to leave—it was two hours into 1937—my by now intimate college chum implored me to get in touch with him soon for another glorious night on the town.

"Call me at the office anytime," he said. "Bauer & Black. When you think of me, think of bandages."

As we walked toward the door I took him aside and said, "I can remember Bauer & Black all right, but the fact is, for the life of me I can't remember your name."

He roared with laughter and told me his name. And then he added, "I got to admit—it's been bothering me all night—I can't remember *your* name, either."

I told him and went out to face the winds of East Erie Street, where I hoped the Hotel Delano (since torn down) was still standing.

Once in a while I try to conjure up his name but to no avail, and to compound the obsession I now think of him when I see a Band-Aid, which is made by Johnson & Johnson. I can't even remember the name of the history course.

ON February 2, 1922, I carved my name on the side of the barn of the farm where I was raised, near Gladstone, Minnesota (now called Maplewood), a suburb of St. Paul. Beneath my name I inscribed the numerals 2/2/22 and cut a finger doing it. I felt part of history at that moment, because I had figured out in my seventh-grade arithmetic class that it would be one of the few times in the twentieth century when a man could use the same numerals for the day, month, and year. The first times had been 1/1/11 and 1/11/11. After 2/2/22 and 2/22/22, the occasions would be limited to once every eleven years.

It was a bitterly cold day and getting dark when I finished. As I went into the house for supper, I made a secret vow that I would return on 3/3/33 and add those dates below the first.

On 3/3/33, I was in an empty cafeteria in the basement of the drama-school theatre at Yale University (the cafeteria has long been defunct), sitting around a table rehearsing a one-act play written and directed by Betty Smith (now dead), who ten years later wrote "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." I noticed the date on a calendar on the wall. I stared at it for the rest of the rehearsal period, and Betty asked me if there was something I didn't like about her play.

Judith Shahn

Eleven years to go and promises to keep.

On 4/4/44, I was working as a civilian laborer—I had been classified 4-F by the Army—helping to build a wing on the guardhouse at Mitchell Field on Long Island. One day I saw Lionel Stander, the actor, in the uniform of a private, walk past the guardhouse. I had seen him fairly recently in a play, and for some reason seeing him on that muddy field reminded me of the date.

Eleven years more.

On 5/5/55, I happened to be on my way to Los Angeles. I have been to Los Angeles many times, but I have difficulty distinguishing one trip from another. What I always do remember is that shortly after you leave the airport someone, taking it for granted you have not been there before, will point to a cemetery to the right of the freeway and tell you where Al Jolson is buried.

A taxi-driver on the freeway was telling me all the facts about Al Jolson's tomb when I remembered the date.

On 6/6/66, I was lying on an analyst's couch in a town house on Fifth Avenue near Eighty-sixth Street (since razed to be replaced by an apartment building), when the date came to my mind. It struck me so forcibly that I never said a word for the remaining twenty minutes of the session.

But out on the street, standing in front of the Stanhope Hotel, I made a firm resolution. I would call Northwest Airlines and make a reservation, if they would accept it, for 7/7/77. I would then inscribe the date under the by now probably almost obliterated 2/2/22 on the side of that barn: fifty-five years, five months, and five days later.

I didn't call Northwest Airlines. I knew what the girl would say—it was against company policy to accept reservations that far in advance. By the time I was ready to dial the number, I had rehearsed the conversation in so many different ways that I was defeated.

By 1969, there was no longer any need to remind myself of my resolution. The house and barn were sold to some neighbors with four children.

The first thing they did was to tear down the barn. In its place they built a two-car garage.

RECENTLY, William Redfield, the actor (he was known as Billy when he was a juvenile), wrote a letter to the drama section of the Sunday *Times,* paying his respect to Wally Cox, who died at the age of forty-eight this past winter. He said that Wally had once taken another actor—I suspect it was William Redfield himself—on the back of his motorcycle all the way from mid-Manhattan to a roadside meadow in Rockland County in order to show him the difference between yarrow and Queen Anne's lace.

He also said Wally had been a kind of father confessor to chickadees.

I will never see a yarrow, or Queen Anne's lace, or a chickadee without thinking of Wally Cox.

And remembering Billy Redfield for remembering him.

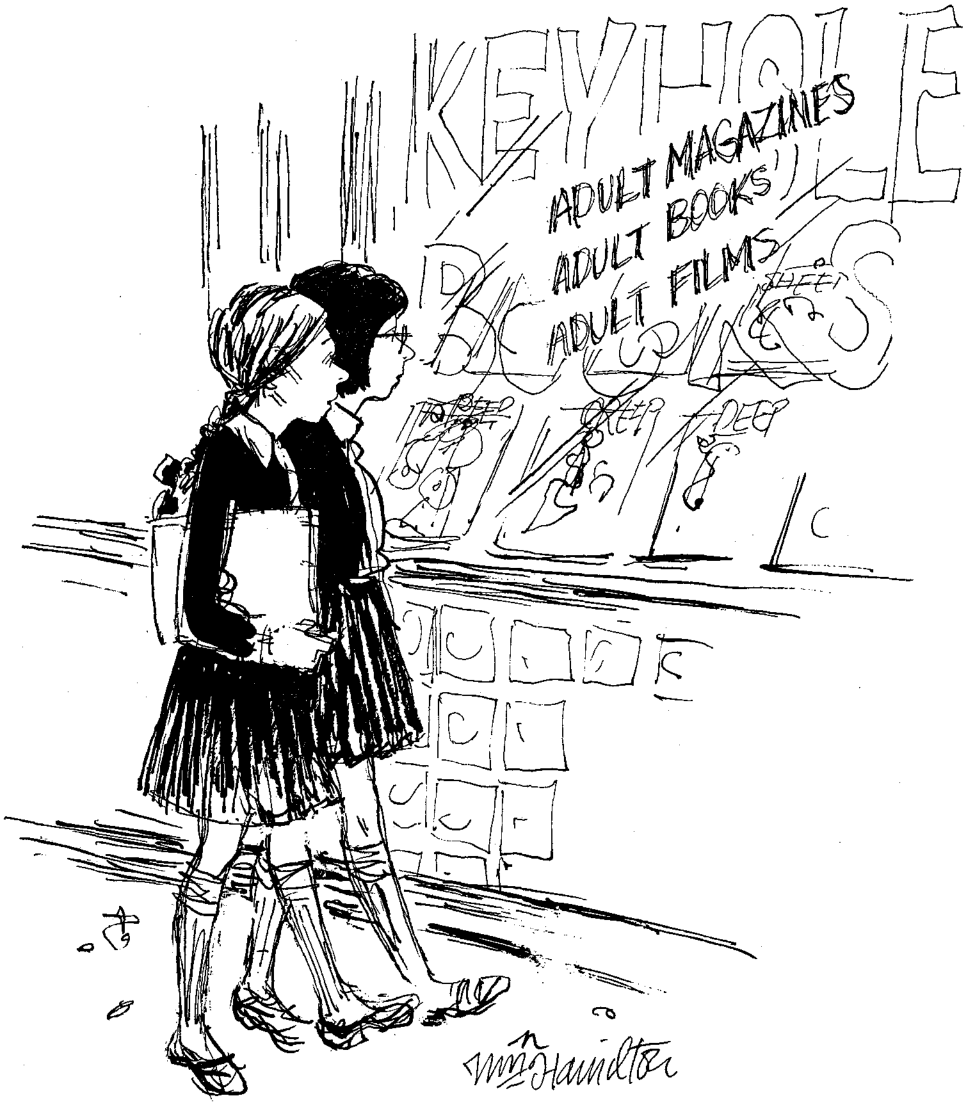
ONE rainy night more than fifteen years ago, I was sitting at the bar of the Copper Rail, a hangout for jazz musicians (now the site of a mini-cinema for pornographic films) on Broadway near Forty-ninth. Charlie Shavers, who was playing magnificent trumpet at the Metropole across the street (it was later converted to a strip joint), came in for a drink between sets. He looked unusually dejected for a man whose drooping eyelids made him look lugubrious even at the best of times. Somebody asked him what was wrong, and he said a lousy bastard had stolen the mouthpiece for his trumpet. It was his favorite mouthpiece. He had used it on all his record dates for more than ten years. That afternoon he had gone to Manny's, a musical supply store on Forty-eighth near Sixth (since moved to make way for an office building), to pick up a new mouthpiece, but his lips couldn't get used to it.

He sloshed down his drink without saying another word and went back across the street in the drenching rain to continue the job.

I followed a while later. He still sounded great to me.

I could see that Charlie, who died not very long ago, was unhappy about the whole thing. He kept shaking his head in bemused resignation every time the other men on the narrow catwalk of a platform took over for a few explosive blasts of their own.

I often think of Charlie Shavers when I see a basset hound—a basset hound staring into his drink at one end of the old Copper Rail's bar.



"'Adult' means 'dirty.'"

IN the summer of 1927, the year I left high school, I was hitchhiking up the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia. I'm not sure the word "hitchhiking" had even entered the vocabulary; it was considered an impractical fad that would soon pass away. When I crossed the Maryland border, I headed west on what was still referred to as the Cumberland Trail. I hoped to pick up the Yellowstone Trail somewhere out in Ohio or Illinois and find my way home. Interstate highways were unknown in those days, but a few well-travelled roads were marked with painted bands around the telephone poles. The Yellowstone Trail was one of these. It crossed Minnesota and eventually led to Yellowstone Park.

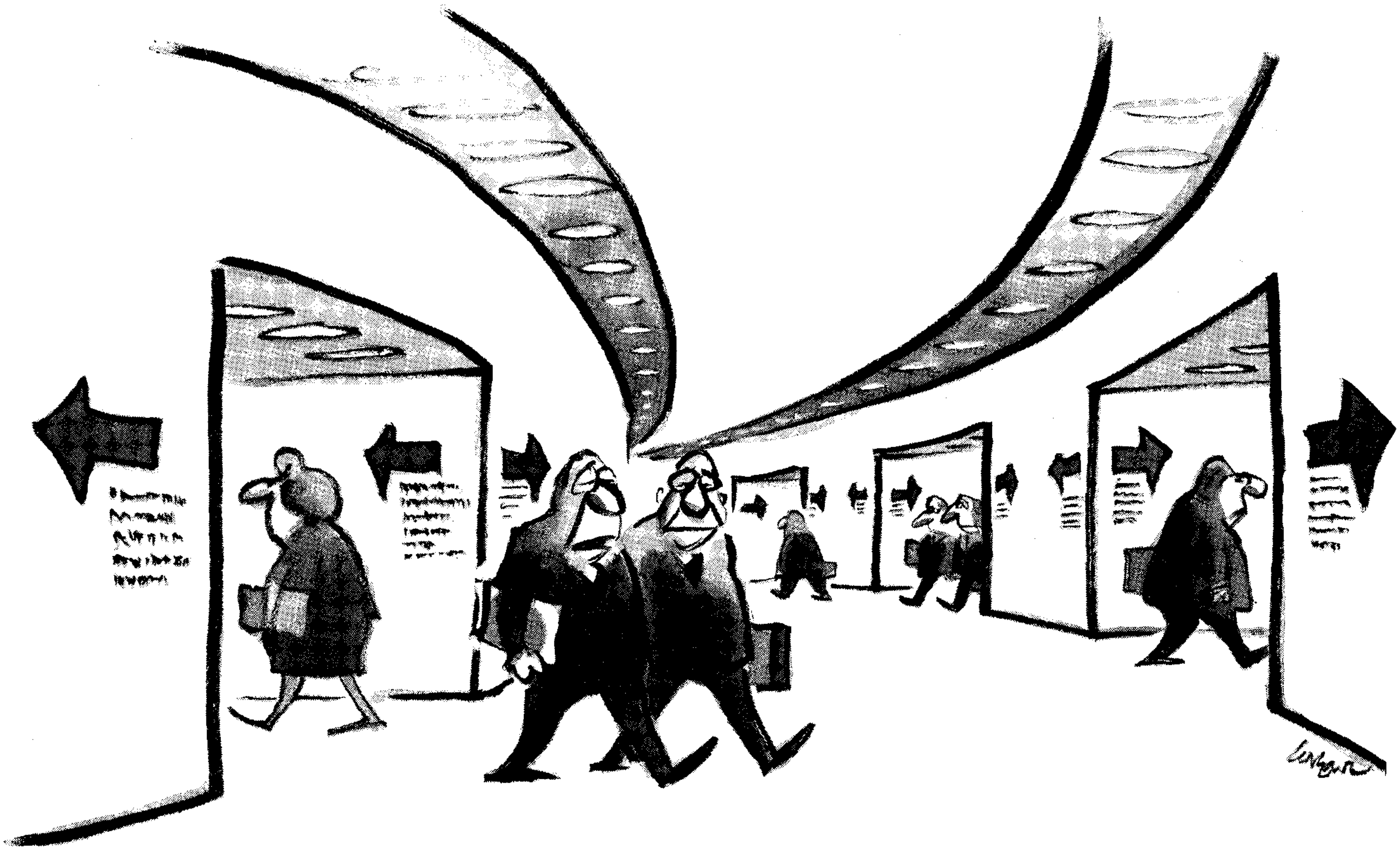
The evening and darkness came on suddenly, and I found myself stranded without a ride and no place to sleep. Usually I slept in haystacks, and sometimes I would ask at a farmhouse if I could sleep in the barn. On this night I was near neither haystack nor farm. Then I realized there was a detour around that stretch of the road because of new construction. In the dark I made out the shapes of a steamroller and several trucks left for the night in the middle of the highway.

I tried sleeping in the cab of one of the trucks, but it was too cold. However, the steamroller had its firebox banked with ashes for the night and the coals were still glowing. I crawled into the narrow space between the operator's seat and the coal box and soon fell asleep.

At six-thirty the next morning I was awakened by the man who ran the steamroller. He got there early in order to renew the fire and work up a head of steam before the other men came to work at seven. He tapped me on the shoulder, and when I looked into his face I thought for sure I was being arrested. Instead, he spoke like a worried father addressing his son.

"Where are your kin?" he asked me.

I told him in Minnesota, but it made little sense to him. He found a pail and drew hot water from the steamroller and told me to wash up. There was a small mirror in his toolbox, and he showed me my face. It was black with



"The wages are excellent, the fringe benefits are generous, and the people are extremely pleasant. No, I don't find it at all Kafkaesque."

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coal dust. He took an egg sandwich from his lunch bucket and insisted I have it for breakfast.

I asked him where I was, and he said about twenty miles west of Hagerstown, Maryland.

About once a year I forget the man who tested shaving cream and think about that other man and his steamroller instead.

OCCASIONALLY, while I'm putting on my socks in the morning, the image of the young Marlon Brando pops into my mind. When he first came to New York in the early forties, his agents were Liebling-Wood, whose offices were at 551 Fifth Avenue, the Fred F. French Building, with its golden archway and revolving door (still intact). The telephone number was Vanderbilt 6-3714.

One blustery morning in March, I was waiting in the outer office to see Miss Wood, and Marlon Brando was waiting restlessly to see Mr. Liebling. When Mr. Liebling finally came out of the inner office, he noticed that the youthful actor was not wearing socks.

"What's the matter, kid, you don't have any socks?" he said. "I can't send you to the Wiman office looking like that."

Marlon looked him coolly in the eye and said, "You tol' me to get here in a hurry, didn' you?"

IN the fall and winter of 1940, my wife and I lived in a cabin on White Top Mountain, near Konnarock, Virginia. The summit could only be reached by a private toll road, and the man at the gatehouse who collected the tolls was named Hode Haga. He said his actual name was William Emory Haga, but everyone in Grayson County knew him as Hode.

"Hode," he told us one evening, was a name he had given himself as a child. He explained that his "granny-woman" had rocked him on her knee and pretended it was an unruly horse. As he clung to her apron to hold on, she kept urging him not to fall off. "Hode 'em, boy, hode 'em, boy," she seemed to be saying. When some visiting cousins asked him his name, he said it was Hode.

I told him when I was that age I thought my name was "No, No," because the first words I remembered were those of my mother saying, "No, no, don't touch." When a visiting minister had asked me my name, I said it was No, No.

Hode always grinned broadly when he called me No, No after that. It was our bond of understanding.

One day he told us the name "Haga" was derived from a German family named Hager who had settled in Maryland around 1737. He showed us a cherry-wood chest in the back bedroom of his cabin, with the original name and the date 1763 on it. He had no idea when or why it had been changed to Haga.

He said the town of Hagerstown, Maryland, had been named for his family. —ARNOLD SUNDGAARD

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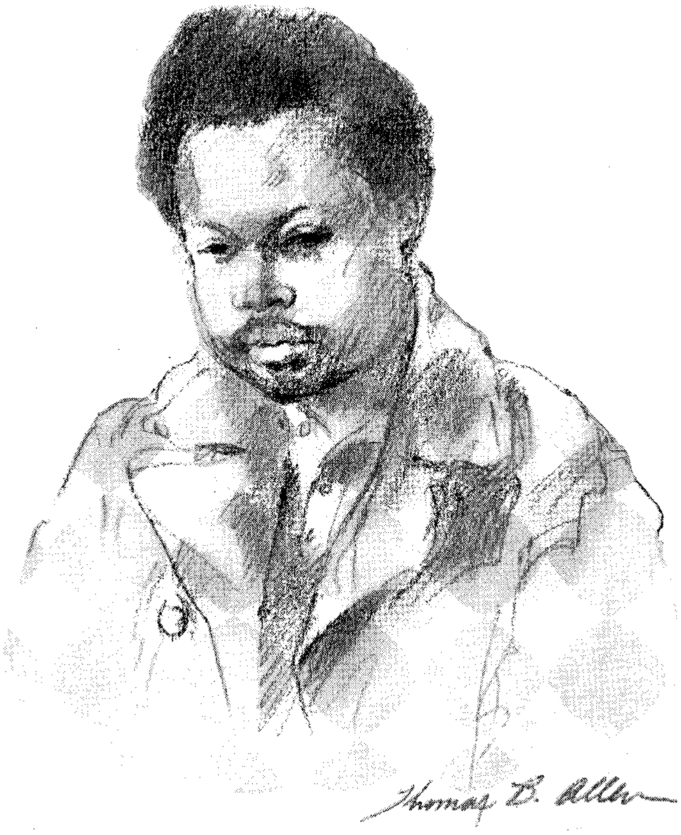
Watergate: At this moment, the Congress has a special bipartisan committee, chaired by Senator Ervin (N.C.) to get at the facts of the Watergate affair. Needless to say, the whole thing is most disgraceful. Once the blame has been fixed on the guilty ones, I hope that the people of this country will give greater emphasis on electing those who truly deport themselves with honesty and integrity.—*From "Reports from Washington" newsletter by Representative Phillip Burton, 5th District, Calif.*

Gosh, we hadn't thought about deportation.

PROFILES

DRAMATIST



ED BULLINS, who at the age of thirty-seven has, by his count, written more than thirty plays, must surely be the most prolific of the younger black playwrights in America. On the strength of his most popular plays—"Goin' a Buffalo," "In the Wine Time," "The Electronic Nigger," "The Duplex," "Clara's Ole Man," "In New England Winter," and "The Fabulous Miss Marie"—he may also be the best. In Bullins' own mind, however, there is no maybe about it: he *is* the best.

Not surprisingly, people who share Bullins' opinion of his talent, and even those who are merely neutral about it, find him easy to get along with, and those who disparage it find him distinctly uncordial, or at least cool. Nor is he likely to be friendly toward anyone who disparages black theatre—to which he is passionately devoted—or the work of any black playwright he admires. Readers of the Sunday *Times* of last August 27th may recall his article "Black Theatre, Bourgeois Critics," in which he roughed up certain black critics for their attitudes toward black theatre, and Peter Bailey in particular for writing an unfavorable review of J. E. Gaines' "Sometimes a Hard Head Makes a Soft Behind." One critic who may find Bullins easy to get along with is the one who has compared him to the young Eugene O'Neill—brilliantly talented, if somewhat raw—although Bullins is not so beguiled by the tribute that, given a chance, he would not reword it more to his own advantage. And a critic who says that he finds Bullins "intimidating" may be thinking not solely of Bullins' fleshy, ebony face, which seldom smiles at strangers, but also of how he might reasonably expect to find Bullins if the playwright should take serious exception to the critic's judgment of a play. Though the critic knows better, he may be identifying Bullins with one or another of the characters in Bullins' strong and often unsettling dramatizations of life in the black urban ghetto—the predominant concern of his plays. The temptation to identify Bullins' life with what he writes about is always great—however much that may be in violation of good critical etiquette. And, as one of the actors at Harlem's New Lafayette Theatre—which is Bullins' headquarters, and whose productions of his plays are most satisfying to him—has said, "This guy does not just pick up pen and write; he has lived his work."

But the Bullins who may be observed talking with his colleagues at the New Lafayette or on a random weekday blending easily into the Harlem street scene—partly from habit and partly from a wish not to stand out from the rest of the community—does not behave at all like a literary lion; nor does he look much like an intimidating man of action. His middle is slowly getting away from him into a paunch, though it adds to his look of salubrity, and though it is not so noticeable on the days he is wearing a roomy dashiki. The suspicion is to be entertained that he seldom walks at more than a moderate amble: nothing of a more rapid rate is reported by those at the New Lafayette who are used to seeing him come and go—not even, as someone has observed, when he is crossing traffic at the green and finds that the light has turned red on him. He *does* smile, but even when he is among people he knows his smiles come neither quickly nor often, and the economy of each one suggests that the resources are either limited or needed for other, internal purposes. He even lets go, now and then, of an infectious little chuckle—wry and self-mocking in tone—like a boy discovered in some small mischief, or like someone being betrayed, against his will, by his real self. Still, such moments are rare, for his face is usually set. His manner, however, is easygoing and unassertive, and in this respect he is not at all intimidating.

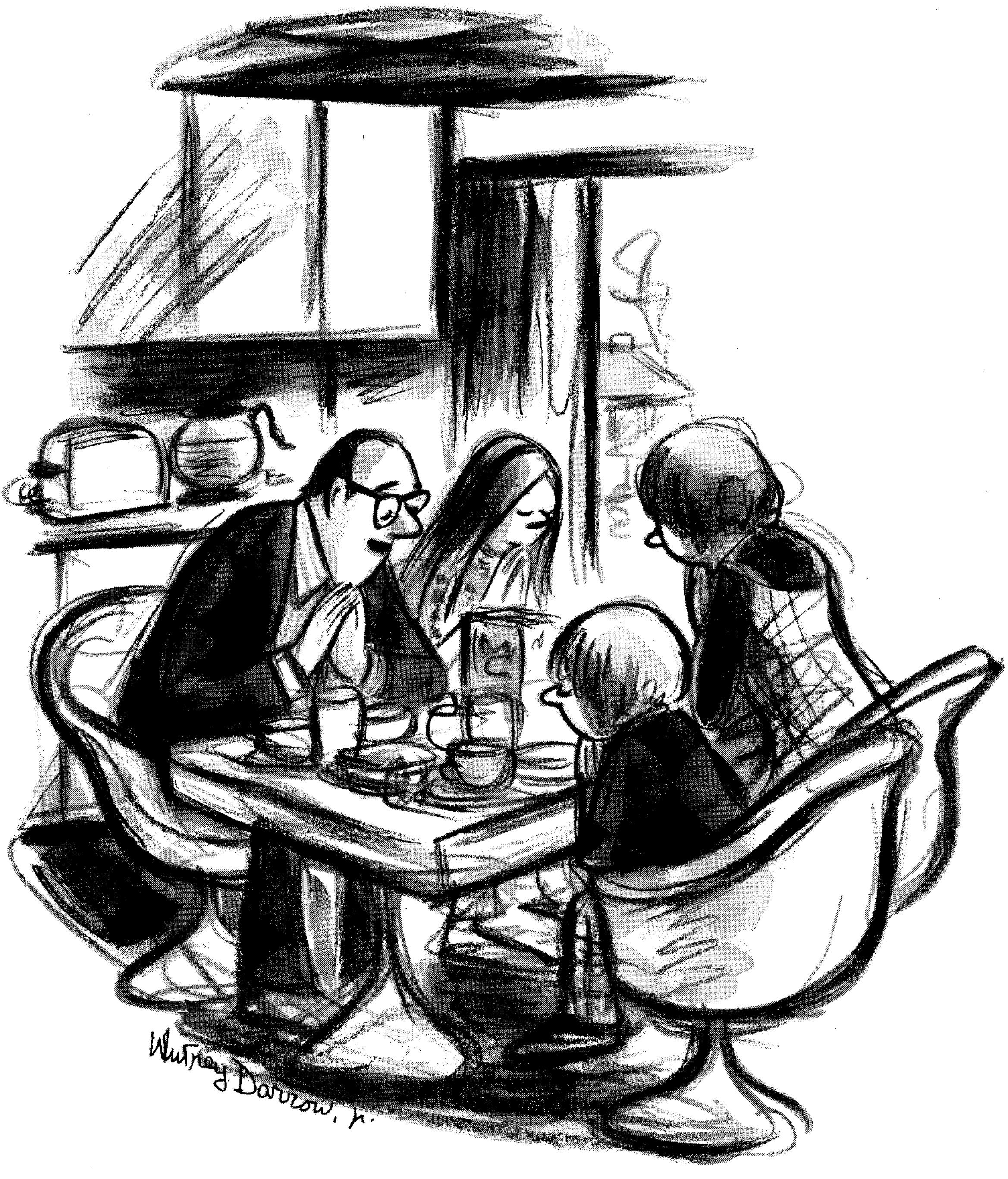
Bullins does not *sound* much like a man of action, either. Until he is pressed, sometimes even when he is pressed, he speaks softly, as if he found it preferable—safer? more rewarding?—to watch and listen than to speak, or as if he felt no great enthusiasm for spoken communication. Often the timbre of his voice, sort of wounded and weary, is that of someone who is departing very reluctantly from silence. It puts one in mind of a speech from one of his plays, "The Duplex," in which Steve Benson—a character frequently taken to be the voice of the author—says, ". . . my poor brother, language is more than words . . . it is deeds and gestures . . . and silence."

Around Bullins, therefore, one begins to be cautious, to suspect that it might be a mistake to understand him too quickly, or at all, by his manner. In the equation of his reticence and his chunky build—he is five feet five and three-quarters inches tall and fluctuates in weight between a hundred and ninety-five and two hundred and five pounds—there is the omen as much of truculence as of gentleness: if he is sufficiently provoked or properly inspired, one feels, he may be capable of great explosions of energy and power, and God only knows what else.

But if there is not much in his manner that marks him as a man of action, his eyes—cool, street-wise, and not easy to please—seem always to be probing for concealed action around him. They are reserved, as a rule, but seem even more so toward situations or faces that appear calm, as if one of the convictions of their owner, earned through experience—or self-knowledge—is that calmness is merely a concealment, never the reality. Thus, Bullins has a way of looking at people as though he hoped that by making them uncertain of what he is thinking of them he could get them to reveal their real selves. No wonder, as he once told Mel Gussow, of the *Times*, he sometimes sends out provocative statements in order "to cause a play in the real world."

Quite a few people believed that Bullins was trying to cause a play in the real world last year in his much publicized dispute with Jules Irving, the former director of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. On February 23rd, fifteen days before "The Duplex" was scheduled to open at the Lincoln Center Forum—and twenty days after it had gone into rehearsal—Bullins began issuing public statements condemning the production and demanding that it be cancelled, on the ground that "the original black intentions" of his work had been "thwarted and its artistic integrity stomped upon." The play, subtitled "A Black Love Fable in Four Movements," was, he said, "a tragic love story," but "artistic assassins" at Lincoln Center had turned the script into "another darkie minstrel show."

Who were these "assassins"? Bullins could have had only two men in mind—Irving and Gilbert Moses, whom Bullins and Irving had selected to direct "The Duplex," and who had staged Bullins' work to his satisfaction in the past. It turned out, surprisingly, that Bullins was referring to Irving alone, leaving a number of people to wonder how he could possibly have exonerated the man who had actually shaped the play for the stage. Was he easing up on Moses because Moses is black? "The director, Gil Moses, and the actors can't really be faulted," Bullins explained to Clayton Riley, a black critic. "They're just paid mercenaries, they're doing a job. The person who condones this theatrical degradation of black people is Jules Irving, along with his staff." Since the line between paid mercenary and assassin is not always, when it exists, clearly perceptible, the magnanimity of Bullins' exoneration may well have been lost on Moses. Then again, is it exactly a commendation of a professional director—especially, in these times, one who is black—to imply that he is not his own man? It was with mixed feelings, then—particularly since Moses did not consider it seemly for him and Bullins to be *squaring off for the entertainment of the white media*—that the play's director eventually spoke in his own behalf. "Ed Bullins has insisted that his attack is against Jules Irving and Lincoln Center, but *I* am responsible for the production of 'The Duplex' and would have done the play in the same fashion no matter where the play was presented," Moses declared in a statement to the *Times*. In any event, Bullins' objections were not sustained,


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"We thank thee, Lord, for this instant coffee, this Redi-Quick Cocoa, this one-minute oatmeal, and the pop-up waffles. In haste, amen."

and "The Duplex" opened on schedule.

The controversy may well have placed opening-night critics in an unusually sensitive position. The possibility of liking a production that the author claimed had violated his intentions—especially his black intentions—could not have given them much comfort; or, for that matter, disliking it and appearing to have been influenced or intimidated by what the playwright had said before the curtain went up. It is not clear to what extent, if at all, the critics yielded to such apparent pressures. John Simon, of *New York*, failed to find anything "seriously wrong with Moses' direction or anything seriously right about the play itself." Jack Kroll, of *Newsweek*, argued that " 'The Duplex' is a play, and Moses should have let it speak entirely for itself," adding, "When he does so, within the play's main action, we see the power of the new black theatre at its strongest." Edith Oliver, in *The New Yorker*, considered the play "Mr. Bullins' most ambitious and, in spite of some weaknesses, his best so far." But the review that most typically reflected the problem the critics faced was that of Clive Barnes, of the *Times*, who confessed that it was "mildly embarrassing, to say the most, to write about a production that has been disowned by its author," and continued, "According to the Lincoln Center people, Mr. Bullins has not even seen what he is disclaiming. He should. He might like it. I know I did."

Bullins disclosed later that all he got out of the Lincoln Center production was five hundred dollars. And he still says that he got no satisfying aesthetic return, either. What he seems to have received in abundance is attention. During the dispute, he and his work were more widely discussed in the metropolitan press than ever before, and those who believe that he was trying to cause a play in the real world also believe that attention was at least part of what he was after.

Unexpected visitor.

IF Bullins was as unhappy over the Lincoln Center experience as he claimed, then it was for him a disillusioning introduction to the world of downtown commercial theatre. Since 1967, when he arrived in Harlem from California to join the New Lafayette Theatre, his work had been staged mainly in the black community—by black directors, performers, and technicians—and mainly at the New Lafayette. Not exclusively, of course. His plays had also appeared at such Off Broadway houses as La Mama, the Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, the American Place Theatre, the Public Theatre, and the Workshop of the Players Art. They had never made their way into any of the established commercial theatres, however. His work, especially his language, is strong stuff, and he once asked rhetorically, "Which family from out in Indiana somewhere is going to come to New York and pay eight or nine dollars to see one of *my* plays?" The New Lafayette, which was founded and directed by Robert Macbeth, and of which Bullins is now associate director, was always, and remains, what he calls his "artistic home." This is true despite the fact that since February Bullins has been spending part of his time at the American Place Theatre as a playwright-in-residence—the New Lafayette having temporarily suspended production for lack of funds. Bullins' residency at the American Place was made possible by a fellowship from the Rockefeller Foundation, and when it expires he plans to return to the New Lafayette full time.

It may have been a wish by Bullins to present his plays to a wider audience—and, possibly, to earn more from his work—that made him take "The Duplex" to Lincoln Center, though he said recently to a friend that it was mainly instinct: "One day, I was wondering to myself where to put 'The Duplex,' and it just came to me to put it in Lincoln Center. By happenstance, when I took the play to Jules Irving he was, that day or the day before, speaking with Gil Moses about the play. I don't know what they were saying about it, but I'm almost psychic. Certain times, people will be talking about me, and I'll just appear. So something just led me to Lincoln Center with the play." In view of what happened later, he might have saved himself a lot of trouble by sticking to an earlier instinct. When, shortly before he approached Irving, someone had asked him why he did not allow more of his work to appear in white theatres, he had replied, "My plays wouldn't be understood at Lincoln Center. They would be treated as an experiment, as some sort of exotica, but not as a serious effort." He feels that his work has been treated with unfailing seriousness by the New Lafayette, which he calls "the finest black-community institution of its kind in the world." The New Lafayette "has inspired and sustained" him as an artist, he says. His "association with a practicing body of black artists" has so influenced him that he now thinks his work and that of the New Lafayette "cannot be truly separated."

The New Lafayette Theatre is on the east side of Seventh Avenue near 137th Street—"in the warm bosom of Harlem," according to one of the actors there. Its ultramodern black marquee, with red lettering, even announces it as "The-

INSPIRATION POINT
B TOBEY

"atre Harlem," though other black theatre organizations in the community might question that description. It is also doubtful whether Seventh near 137th is any longer as central to Harlem as members of the New Lafayette think. For a long time now, the warm bosom has seemed to be elsewhere—in the vicinity of 125th Street. It is true, though, that the area in which the New Lafayette stands was once the center of Harlem life: within that area—135th to 140th Streets, between Seventh and Lenox Avenues—some of the pioneers in radical black consciousness preached during and after the First World War, and Marcus Garvey often took the salute from his great black-nationalist parades down Seventh Avenue. Regardless of their politics, the members of the black avant-garde of those days called themselves New Negroes and urged new positions in racial politics and new attitudes toward black history and culture. If the members of today's black avant-garde describe themselves as New anything, it is certainly not Negroes, but the fact is that institutions like the New Lafayette are continuing the tradition of cultural radicalism begun by the First World War militants in Harlem, and picked up by the Negro Renaissance of the nineteen-twenties. The very name of the theatre memorializes the Lafayette Players, one of the earliest drama groups in black Harlem, founded a few years before the First World War. And the first home of the New Lafayette was the old home of the Players—the Lafayette Theatre, at the corner of 132nd Street and Seventh Avenue, which was destroyed not long ago by fire.

The drama critic Eric Bentley has written of the New Lafayette, "I can't think of any theatre I would rather sit down in. . . . It is an auditorium that combines the best of both worlds—the hospitable informality of Off Off Broadway buildings and the comfortable formality of conventional theatres, with seats fixed to the floor and arranged in neat rows. It's nice also because they don't have the houselights on full before the show." They don't have the houselights on full at any time, day or night, show or no. The auditorium is always softly lit, but never so softly as to obscure the splashes of color all around. The three hundred seats are a riot of colors—blue, orange, and black. A large mural at the entrance to the auditorium is painted in African motifs, and the floor is covered with rugs of different colors. The walls are black, or appear so in the dimness, giving a visitor the impression of being enclosed in a world designed expressly for the enactment of black rites.

Behind the last row of seats, a narrow metal stairway leads up one flight to a small loft—the less commodious and less formal of the two offices at the New Lafayette. The larger and more formal one is near the entrance to the theatre, off to one side of the bamboo-panelled lobby, and is usually occupied by the theatre's secretarial staff. The loft has two desks, a typewriter, and a small bookcase filled with periodicals on black theatre and published collections of plays by Bullins and other black playwrights. The desks are used chiefly by two members of the company—Whitman Mayo, an actor, who is also the agent of the theatre's playwrights-in-residence, and George Miles, another actor, who also handles public relations. When these two are not present the desks are available to anyone connected with the New Lafayette. The loft is where Bullins is most often to be found when he is at the theatre—looking like anything but the eminence he is supposed to be there. He sits at a desk if one is unoccupied, but surrenders it quickly if Mayo or Miles comes in. He keeps his telephone calls brief, and if his conversation appears to be disturbing his colleagues he apologizes. When there is no place to sit, he stands around or props himself on the edge of a desk.

Bullins lives in the Bronx, with his wife, Trixie, who is a native of Montserrat, in the British West Indies. He refuses to disclose the size of his family or to say what street he lives on. "It's just a street in a working-class neighborhood," he told an acquaintance recently. "There's just ordinary blacks and Puerto Ricans living there. The public may be entitled to know something about my public life, and they can see whatever they want in my plays, but my private life is my own affair. I don't discuss that." When the New Lafayette is active, Bullins writes at home three or four hours every morning, and then jumps into his battered old Volkswagen Beetle and drives down to the theatre, where he spends the rest of the day, or most of it, in the loft, answering letters, making telephone calls, rapping with Mayo, sharing a bottle of red wine (his favorite drink) with Miles, or granting interviews.

A visitor might be unprepared to find the associate director of the New Lafayette—its most distinguished name and most brilliant showpiece—in such humble circumstances, without even a place of his own to sit. It soon becomes clear, however, that that is exactly the way Bullins wants it. He explained this attitude to a visitor one day not long ago: "The New Lafayette is a co-operative endeavor. There are no stars here. We all pitch in and do the work to keep the theatre going. I may be the associate director, but I'm no more important than anyone else. And I do not see myself as an officer or an administrator but as a creative artist. I don't need a desk with a telephone. I'm not a figure. I'm just a writer. The theatre, the people in it, and the people around it are my community—what inspires my work." One critic, perhaps with some of this in mind, has described the theatre as "a citadel of anonymity."

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"Gotcha!"

SITTING with Bullins in the New Lafayette's loft—or joining him at a performance of one of his plays at the Public Theatre, or, later, talking with him over a few glasses of red wine at his favorite bar on the upper West Side—one gets a chance to study him more closely. If he does not really look intimidating, he *could* look that way if he wanted to—or, at least, it is not hard to imagine why people might *think* he does. He has a large head, which at one time may be covered with an uncombed thicket of hair and at another time shaved until it shines. He may show up with a heavy growth of beard or with a smooth face; in a dashiki or in a black turtleneck shirt with an African pendant on a chain; in African sandals or in European shoes; in a stylish hat, cocked rakishly, or bareheaded. He seems to enjoy the effect that his mercurial appearance has upon others. "I like to change up on people," he explains, with one of his little smiles. "Like J. E. Gaines says, 'There ain't no two days alike.' " His face when clean-shaven looks generously fed and chubby, and when he is not smiling bears a resemblance to photographs of Marcus Garvey. His neck, shoulders, and forearms are thick and powerful.

In fact, Bullins' physical characteristics are signs of what he himself calls "where I'm coming from." That, in part, is the rough North Philadelphia neighborhood where he grew up, and where as a boy he played guard and tackle on some of the tougher sandlot football teams. Where he is coming from is also, in part, the Navy, which he joined when he was seventeen, and where he won the lightweight boxing championship of one of the ships of the Mediterranean fleet. Recently, having pointed out the absence of two front teeth, which, he said, were knocked out years ago in North Philadelphia, he recalled his early life in "the jungle," as he sometimes describes his old neighborhood. "My mother and I lived on Darien Street, on the fifteen-hundred block," he said. "I didn't know that much about my father. Darien was a small, alleylike street. Trucks used to unload all kinds of junk there, and there were a lot of flies and stuff. Very early, I became a member of the street scene. I was in a gang called the Jet Cobras. Every gang had its own turf. If you passed through the territory of a rival gang, you got your butt

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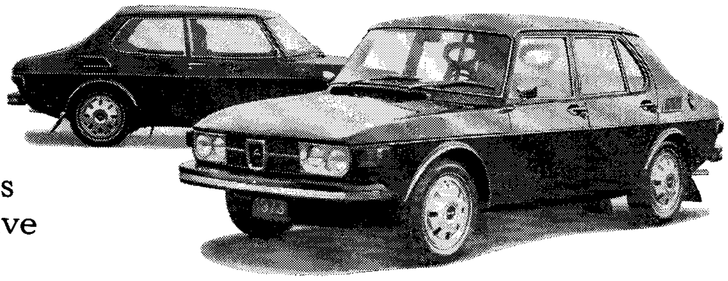

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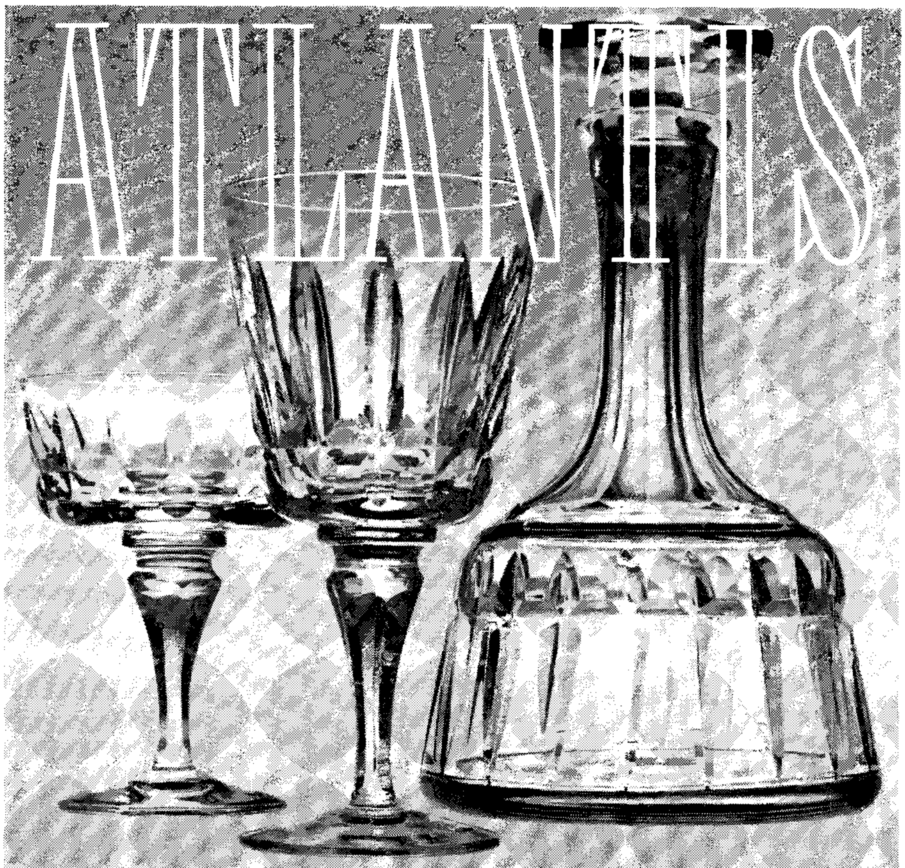

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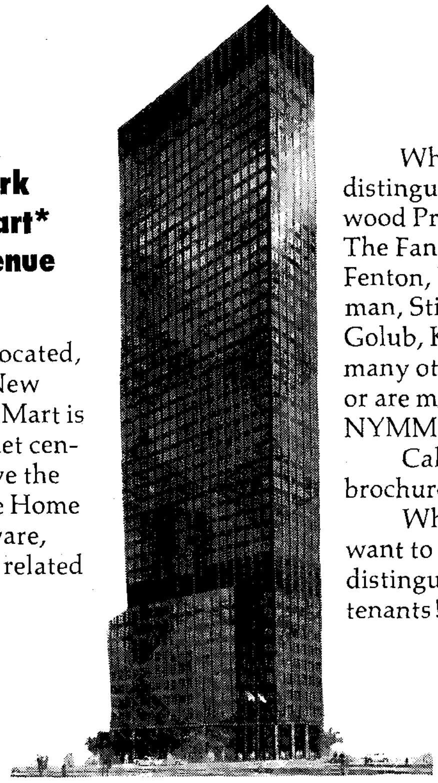

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kicked. Ferguson Junior High, where I went, was outside my territory, so most times I had to fight my way to school and fight my way back. You were always in danger of getting done in. That's how I lost my front teeth—one day, I was being wise with a cat and he just hit me in my mouth. I stayed with the gang for a few years. The people in it were scuffling to survive. You did what you could. Some who could work worked. Some sold bootleg whiskey. Some wrote numbers. And some gambled. In the black community, you survived by whatever means you could, and that's the kind of community North Philadelphia was. I drank wine, made it with the girls, sold bootleg whiskey—everything. Bootlegging was part of life—brought up from the South by the old people. And it was lucrative. You rented yourself a room for five dollars a week and sold thirty or forty pints of bootleg whiskey for a dollar and a half a pint—here in New York they used to call it 'scrap iron,' but we called it 'goat head'—and you had yourself a hustle, more than a hundred per cent profit. And that wasn't all I did. I delivered numbers slips. I did janitor work and messenger work, and hung out on the corner. What did I get out of the experience? I lived. I learned how to survive. I'm a street nigger. So the urban-black-ghetto thing is not a new and fascinating thing to me. I been on the streets most of my life, not only in Philly but in other cities. I'm a travelling man, a wanderer and a mover—here today, gone tomorrow."

Bullins started moving in 1952, when he joined the Navy, a year or so after dropping out of school. It may have been school he was trying to escape and not the streets, for he says, "I wasn't serious about school. It was compulsory, and school has always discouraged me from doing anything. The Navy showed me that I was not as well equipped for the world as I thought. I read a lot while I was there, and found I needed a little more education. And, being brighter than most of the people around me, I had to do something to change my life." So, on returning to Philadelphia, in 1955, he enrolled in an adult high-school program. Whatever else Bullins did during the next three years—until 1958, when he packed up and moved to Los Angeles—apparently belongs to the part of his life he prefers to keep to himself. Had he, perhaps, gone back to the streets? Why did he decide to leave Philadelphia? He dismisses such questions by saying, "Let's just say I

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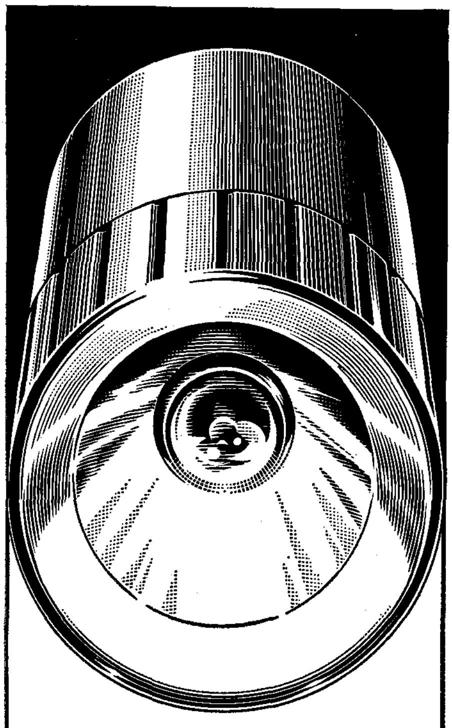

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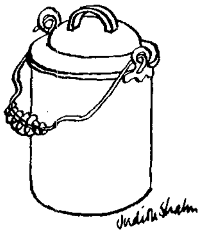
had to get out of town. If I had stayed, I would have been six feet under. There was nothing I could do in Philly. Today, most of my friends from there are either winos, junkies, or dead. One or two may be driving Cadillacs, but the majority of those cats got wasted. I went to Los Angeles because it was the farthest I could go."

In Los Angeles, he enrolled in Los Angeles City College as a part-time student, and in 1961 he "started writing seriously," having found that "it was the only thing I could do well." He wrote mainly fiction, essays, and poetry, some of which appeared in a black literary magazine called *Citadel,* which he founded on campus. In 1971, the best of his early prose pieces were collected and published by William Morrow & Co., under the title "The Hungered One." At City College, his early dislike for compulsory classwork reappeared. He dropped in and out of school according to the fluctuations of his enthusiasm, and he had no interest whatever in earning a degree. But the narrator of "Mister Newcomer," one of the thinly disguised autobiographical stories in "The Hungered One," may well be describing how Bullins himself felt when he registered at the college:



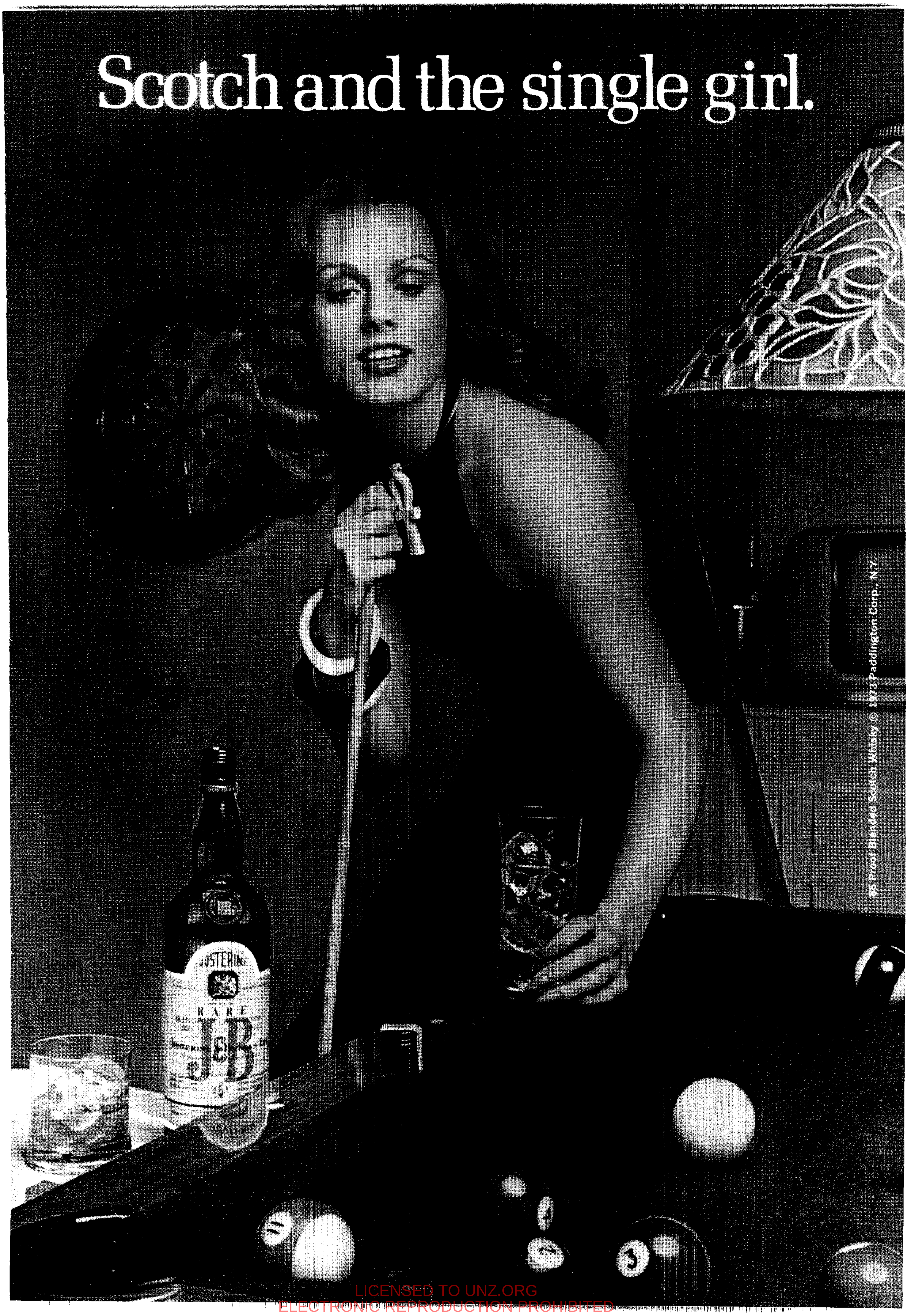
> I had been away from a real school for years, and if this was a school and learning, then this was where I belonged. There are too many books I hadn't read.... There were too many words I needed to know.... Who was Aristotle and what's his noise? I had to learn quickly and well.

In 1964, after visiting several cities to see how blacks lived in different parts of the United States, the travelling man moved once more—from Los Angeles to the San Francisco Bay area. It was there, the following year—while he was registered in a writing program at San Francisco State College—that he started writing plays. "I turned to writing plays because I found that the people I was interested in writing about or writing to—my people—didn't read much fiction, essays, or poetry," he recalls. "I also found when I began writing plays that I could handle the form better than most people. I had a good sense of literature. And after I wrote my first play I knew that this was my gift. It was a one-acter called 'How Do You Do?' I was so impressed with it that I decided to stay with theatre. Actually, I always thought I was a playwright. I always wanted to write in the form, but I was frightened by the structure. So I had been going to see as many plays as I could, and reading as many as I could get my hands on."

Not surprisingly—considering how he feels about schools—Bullins gives little credit to his instructors at San Francisco State for the discovery or the development of his gift. "In fact, they were more discouraging than anything," he says, with some disdain. "When I showed them my work, they either said, 'These are not plays,' or told me I should just go away and write—that I didn't need school. It was about the best advice I ever got, because I was finding out that schools and colleges are nothing but freak factories." Bullins makes two exceptions among the teachers he encountered on the West Coast: "One was Isabelle Ziegler, at L.A. City College, and the other was Leon Katz, at San Francisco State. I wouldn't say they taught me how to write, but they gave me encouragement. Perhaps it was because they were not members of the academic establishment. They were real writers giving courses there." Recently, Bullins finished writing his first novel, "The Reluctant Rapist," to be published by Harper & Row next fall. Shortly before he submitted the manuscript, he gave a fresh reason for writing plays, explaining, "I write plays because I'm lazy. I often think I ought to be writing novels."

Bullins seems to have been the only person on the West Coast impressed by his plays. "Nobody would produce my work," he recalls. "Some people said my language was too obscene, and others said the stuff I was writing was not theatre in the traditional sense. I should have been discouraged by such a reception of my work." Instead, he rented a loft, assembled a group of black actors and actresses, rehearsed his plays, and staged them himself. And when the company was thrown out of one loft after another, he says, "we took the stuff into bars and coffeehouses."

One evening around that time, Bullins, close to being discouraged, went to see a production of "Dutchman" and "The Slave," by Imamu Amiri Baraka (then still known as LeRoi Jones). He came out of the theatre with renewed faith in his own work. "I said to myself, 'I must be on the right track,'" he recalls. "I could see that an experienced playwright like Jones was dealing with the same qualities and con-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ditions of black life that moved me. It's the greatest inspiration I've received in my career." Baraka's work had had a similar effect upon a group of black writers and revolutionaries in the Bay area, and Bullins joined them in setting up a militant cultural-political organization called Black House. Among the revolutionaries in Black House, then or shortly after, were three young men who would soon become known nationally as leaders of the Black Panther Party: Huey Newton, Bobby Seale—whom Bullins remembers as "a gentle person and a fine actor"—and Eldridge Cleaver. But, as the young playwright soon discovered (though he served for a short time as Minister of Culture in the infant Black Panther Party), there was at the heart of the Black House alliance a fatal conflict of purpose. The artists were interested solely in the idea of a cultural awakening, while the revolutionaries thought, in Bullins' words, that "culture was a gun." It was one of the earliest ideological clashes between what were soon to become known in the black movement as "cultural nationalists" and "revolutionary nationalists," the latter arguing that poems and plays are poor instruments of social transformation unless they inspire people to pick up guns. Bullins' discovery of these nascent differences spelled the end of his relationship with Black House—and, as it turned out, the end for him of life on the West Coast as well.

"The political wing of Black House—particularly those Panthers who were Marxist-oriented—found it difficult to relate to the artistic wing," Bullins recalls. "We were suspect in their eyes. They had no concept of theatre. Theatre was simply something you did until the more important things came along. They didn't see the importance of my work—art, culture, communication, teaching. Consequently, the tendency was for my work to be swept away in hysteria and revolutionary fervor. I gave up. I threw in the towel. And the whole Black House thing fell. This was in 1967. I had nowhere to go. I was getting ready to leave the country. I was waiting to get my hands on some travelling money. I was going to head down to Mexico, and then down to South America, and over to Africa—doing the world trip I always wanted to do. Just then, I heard about the New Lafayette Theatre, in New York. I had an agent in New York, named James Bohan, and he had shown one of my scripts, 'Goin' a Buffalo,' to Robert Macbeth, the director of the theatre. Macbeth called

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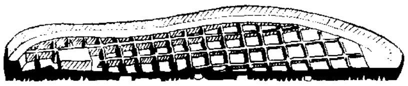

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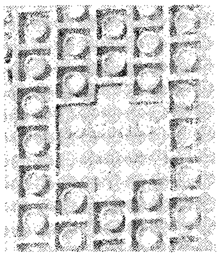

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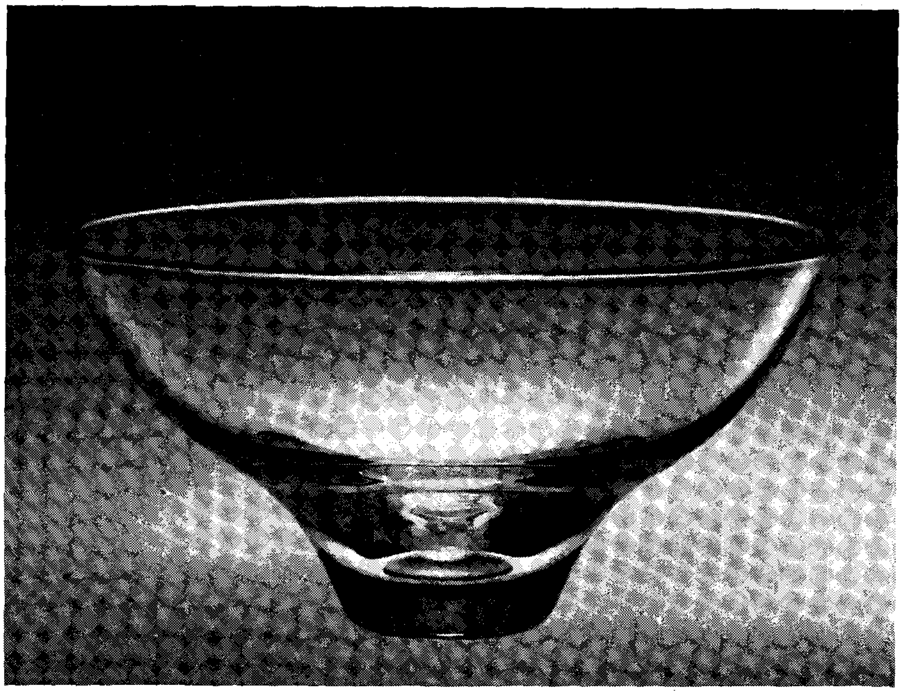
me in California. He said that he liked the script but that he would love to do one of my other plays first. I sent him some other plays, and Bohan wrote to tell me Macbeth had decided to produce 'In the Wine Time.' I called up Macbeth right away. I told him, 'I hear you are starting a black theatre in Harlem. Why don't you bring me out there, and I'll do what I can.' Macbeth arranged for someone to give me a ticket—because he didn't have any money—and so I arrived in Harlem. I have been part of the New Lafayette and its growth ever since. About two-thirds of my plays have been written since I came here."

SINCE Bullins arrived, the reputation of the New Lafayette has been established chiefly upon his work, but, obviously, this could not have happened without Macbeth, who founded the theatre and who has been one of the pioneers in the growth of the black-theatre movement since the mid-nineteen-sixties. Macbeth was born in New York thirty-nine years ago and grew up in Charleston, South Carolina. He is tall, loose-limbed, and light-skinned. A copious talker, he gives the impression of being able and ready to discourse endlessly on the subject of black theatre. He talks and gestures with intensity and exhilaration, and likes to underscore a point by leaning forward, staring hard into the face of his listener, and demanding, "You follow what I'm saying to you?"

In the pen of the New Lafayette, Macbeth and Bullins are two bulls who reign with absolute admiration for, and deference toward, each other. Backstage one afternoon not long ago, Macbeth—while speaking at random on his favorite subject of black theatre—said of Bullins, "I've worked with him for six years. We are like brothers. Ed is Ed. He is not like me. He's a water sign and I'm a fire sign. He's left-handed and I'm right-handed. He's short and heavy and I'm tall and slim. He's not from an academically educated structure and I am. He came up in life in a different way from what I did. We're from the same people, but in a different fashion. Our differences are complementary. Bullins is a *bad* dude. There's no better playwright in the American theatre today. A lot of people won't tell you that, because they're afraid that if they admit it the pillars of the American theatre might come tumbling down." Bullins, for his part, praises Macbeth as "the undiscovered genius of black theatre."

Macbeth is so chatty and expan-



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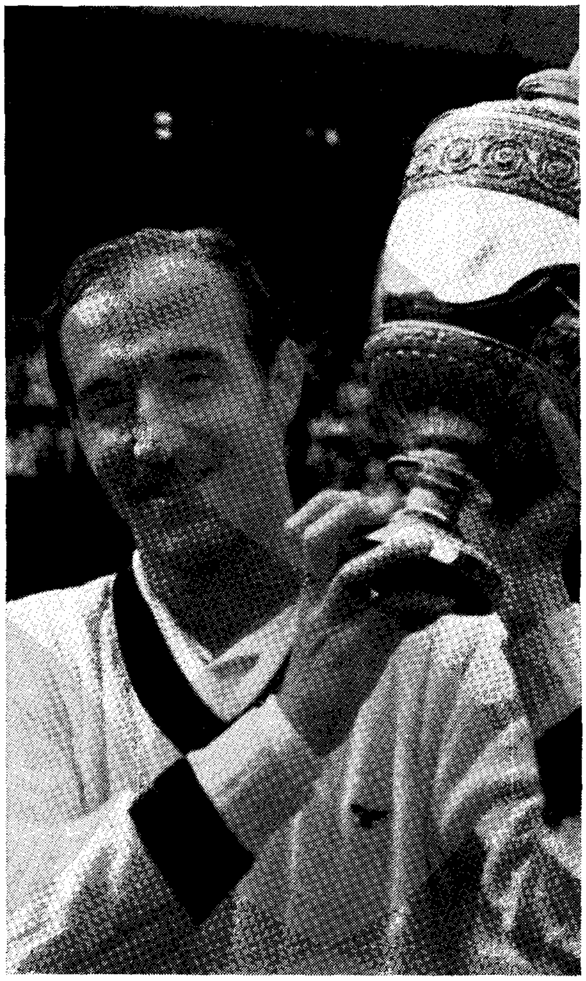

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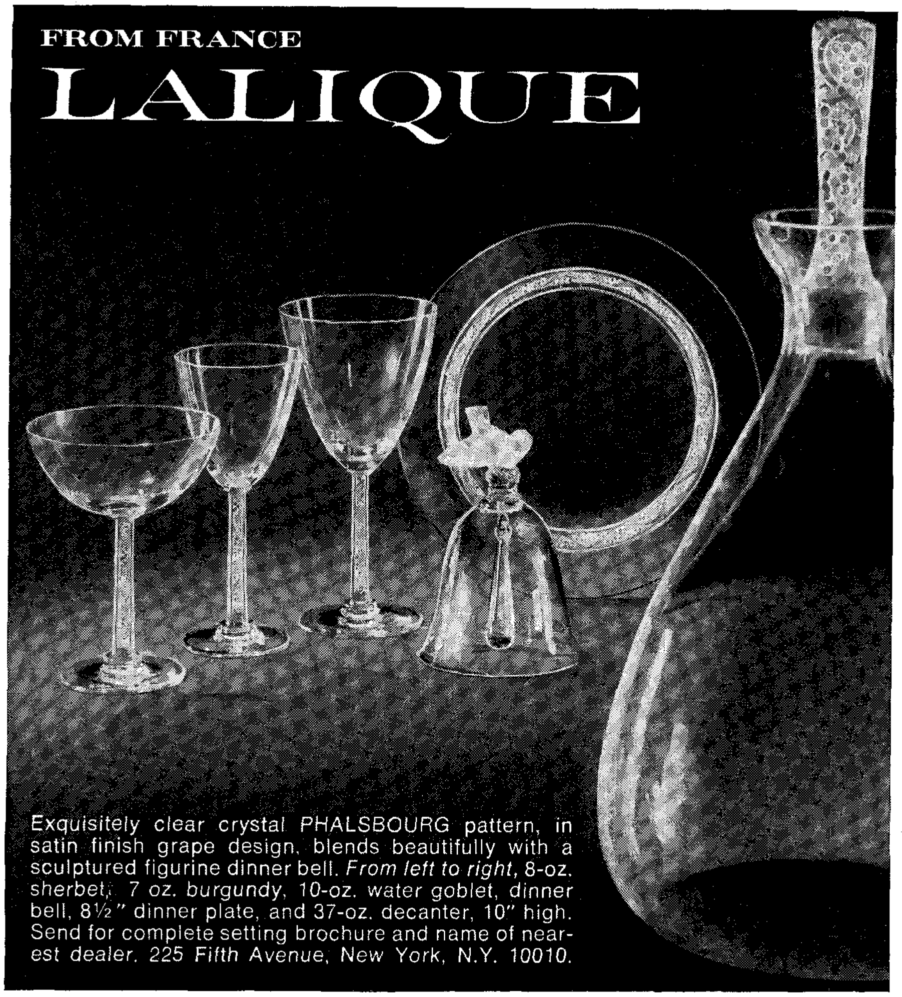
sive—full of movement and laughter—that it is hard to imagine anyone's not liking him, even if at times he seems carried away with enthusiasm for matters touching mainly upon himself. He is not, however, without his detractors—some of them colleagues and competitors within the ranks of black theatre, and others theatre critics, black and white. One evening last July, while waiting in line to attend a performance at the New Lafayette, a young black playwright—whose work has thus far failed to gain acceptance at the New Lafayette—was heard to refer contemptuously to Macbeth as "Shakespeare." "Why Shakespeare?" he was asked, since even in the street-tough precincts of Harlem theatre it is not customary to hear the name of the Bard used as a put-down. "Because both those dudes are full of nothin' but talk," the young playwright replied.

Granted that talk is one of Macbeth's most noticeable strengths, the record of his accomplishments in Harlem since 1963, when he moved from downtown New York to live there, clearly demonstrates that it is by no means his only distinction. Before settling down in the community, he served a brief apprenticeship in white theatres downtown. "I was hanging around the Actors Studio, picking up a few pointers, and finally getting into acting," he says. "I was in 'The Blacks,' Off Broadway, and in 'Tiger, Tiger,' On Broadway. But I was around acting more than I was in it. I mainly wanted to learn—not to commit myself to white theatre. You see, I was from the South, and I had no desire to be anybody's Negro actor."

It was the inception of the poverty program that brought Macbeth into Harlem theatre. "When HARYOU-ACT started, in the early sixties, somebody came to me and said, 'Hey, they want to do some theatre stuff. Are you interested?' and I said I was," he says. "But when I came uptown I spent some time finding out that they weren't really interested in doing theatre. They were just interested in talking about it; as long as they kept running their mouths, the money would keep rolling in. All you could hear was 'We gonna, we gonna.' Well, one thing my father used to tell me was 'Gonna kill birds don't make no soup.' So in 1966 I moved out on my own. I had heard about foundations that were supporting theatre efforts in the white community, and I got a few dollars from the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, rented a loft on 126th Street, and started doing some plays. In October, 1967,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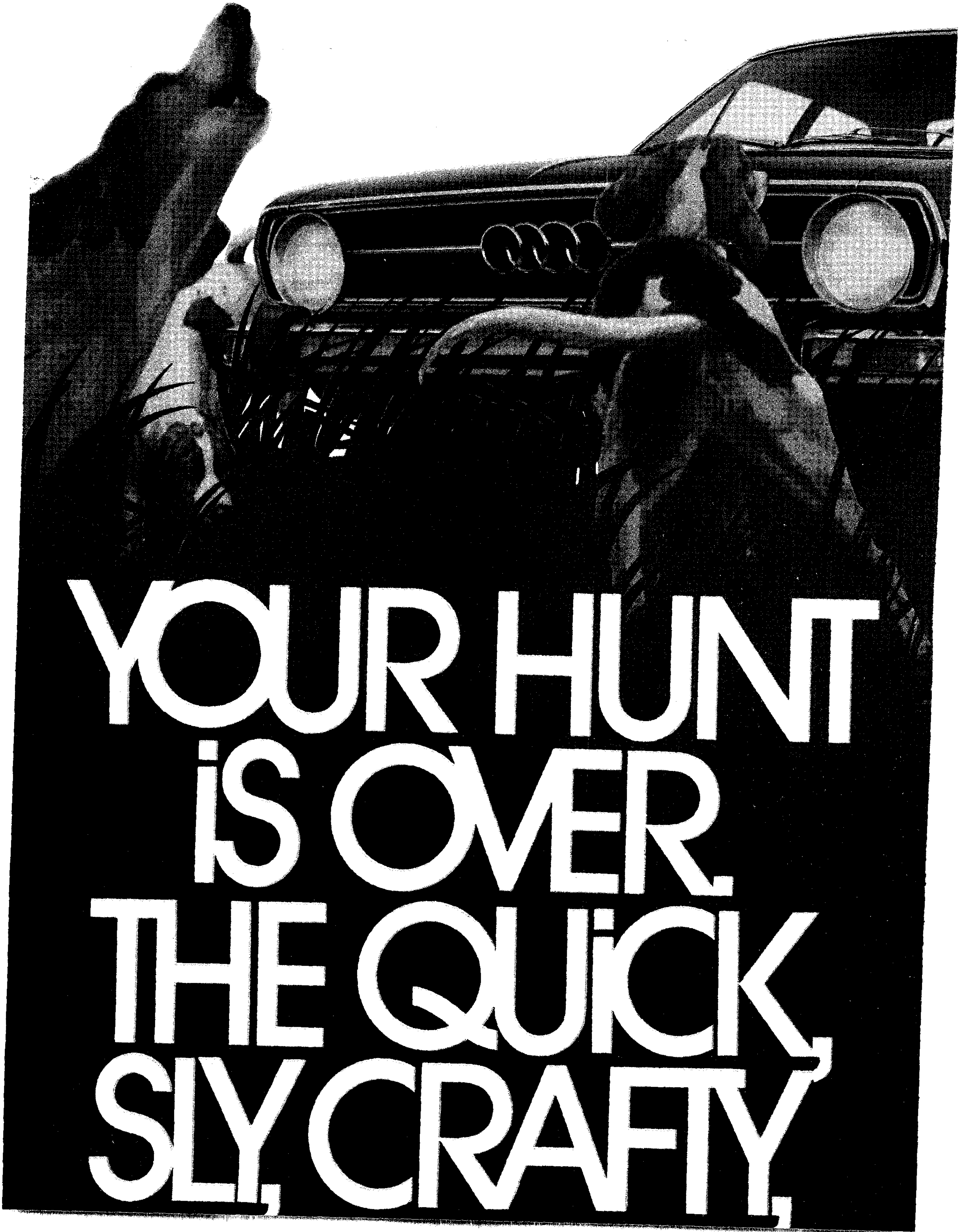
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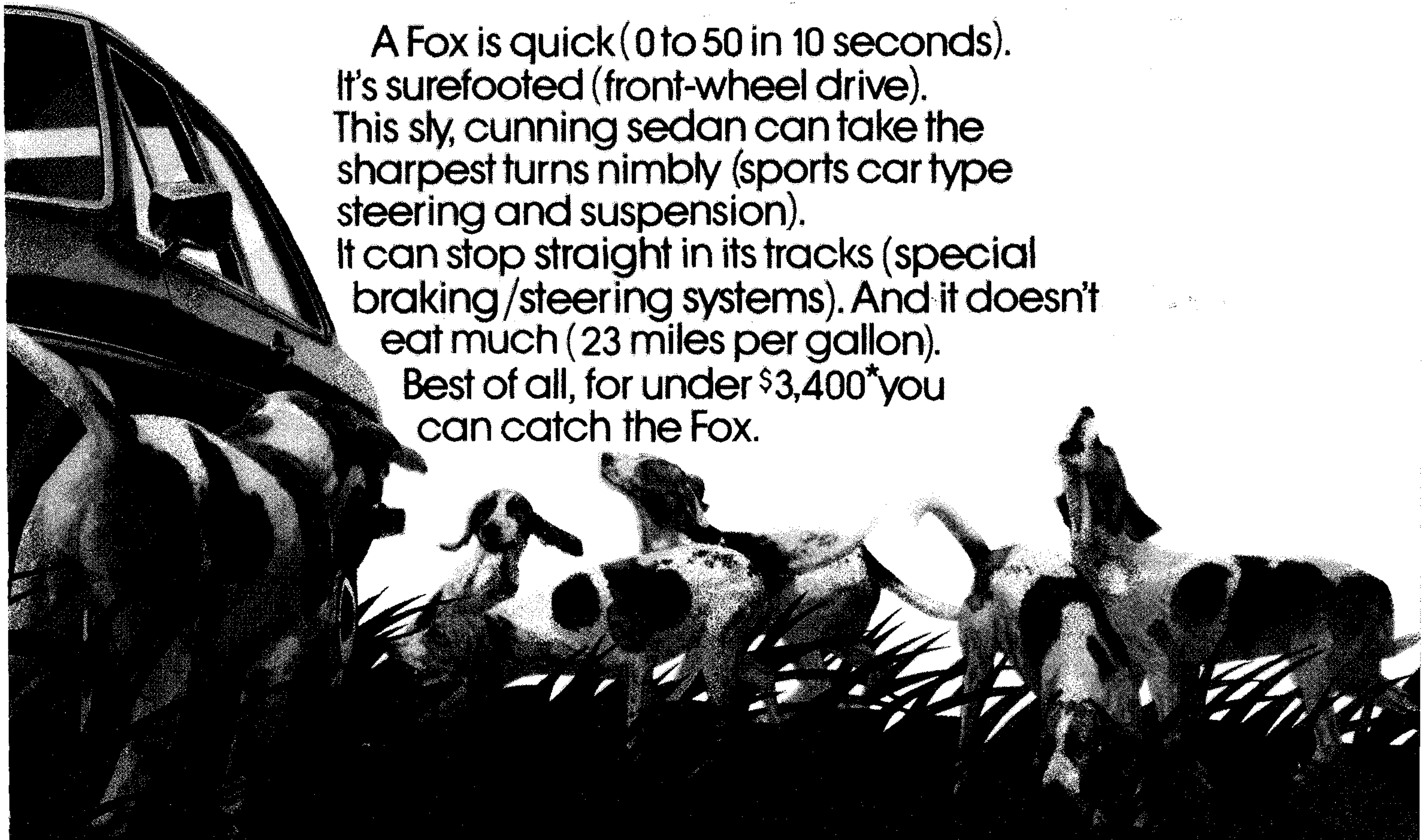

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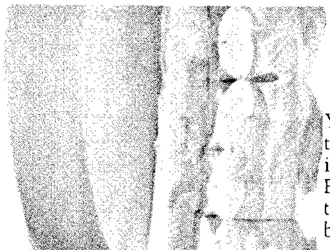

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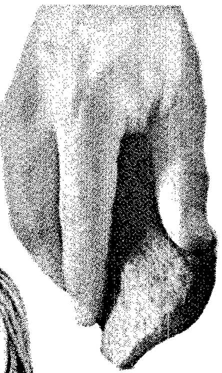

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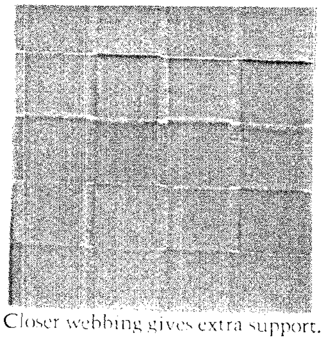

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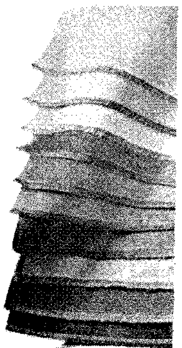

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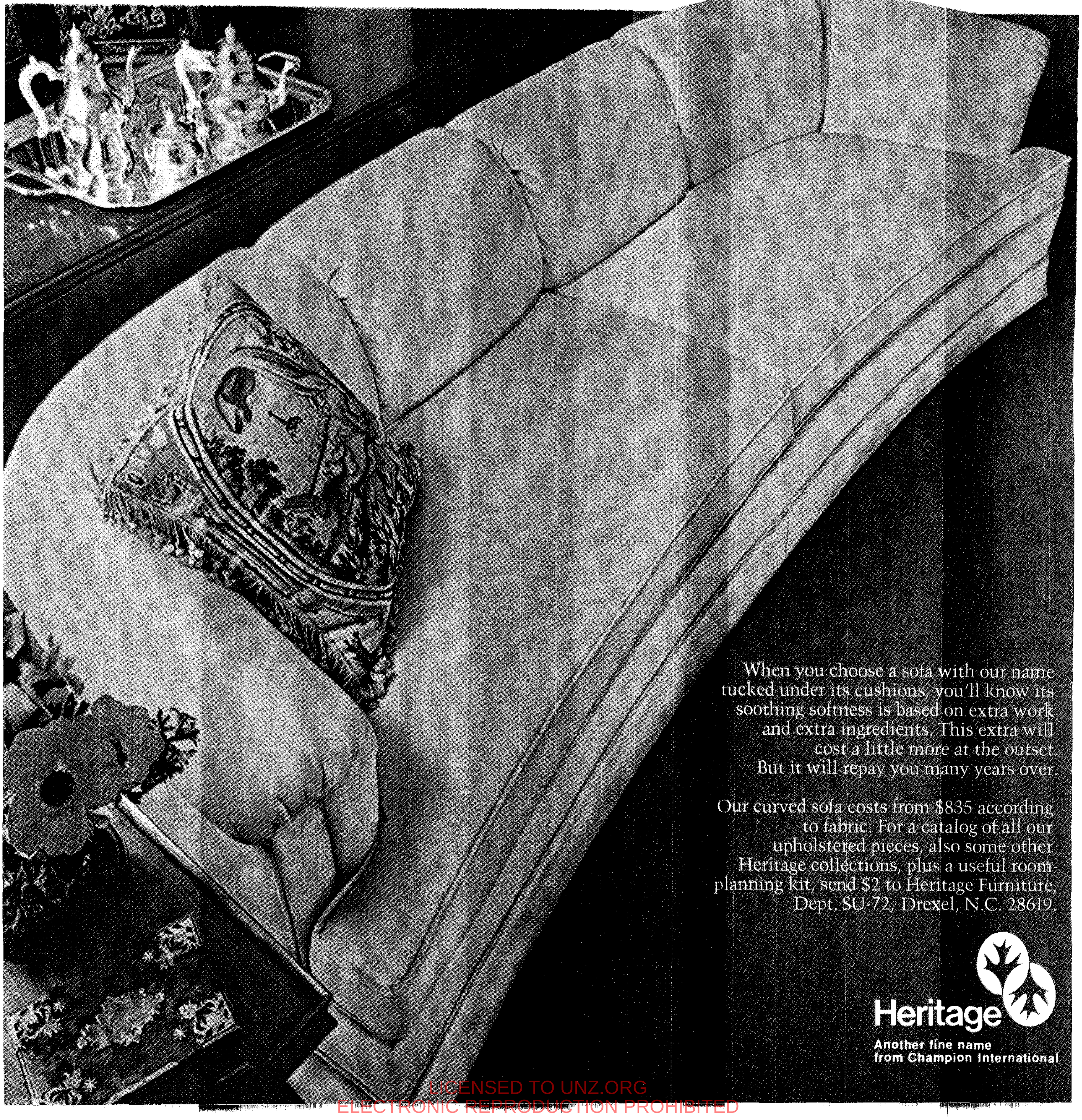

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when we had got better organized, I got a few more dollars, and we moved up to 132nd Street and Seventh Avenue, into the old Lafayette building, and set ourselves up as the New Lafayette Theatre. We opened with one of Ron Milner's plays. We had been there just three months when fire destroyed the building, and within a year—in December of 1968—we moved up here to 137th Street. The building we're in now was previously the Renaissance Theatre. It's an old Harlem landmark, like the Renaissance Ballroom, which is next door. We had to renovate the place and convert it into our kind of theatre. The entire job cost a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and I got the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations to put up the bread for it. Well, that was 1968. That kind of money isn't coming in anymore. Right now it's tough for us—it's a struggle. There are times when we have to scuffle. But we're not complaining. We'll keep the New Lafayette going by any means necessary. Black people do not have a tradition of going to the theatre, and one of the things we are trying to do is to build a black audience. We hope that in time that audience will support us to the point where we can get along without outside help. But black people always have to struggle; we seldom have the resources. It's like making your meal with corn fritters, and being as slick as you can with very little: it looks good and it tastes good, but it ain't no big thing. So it's on that basis that we are running the New Lafayette. What we are doing is our special stuff, what our mothers taught us to do—putting together some very tasty fare, making something out of nothing."

It is remarkable that the New Lafayette has been able to do so much on resources as slender as those Macbeth describes. The theatre does more than produce plays. A permanent company, it maintains six directors, four writers-in-residence, and more than thirty actors, actresses, and technicians. Until two years ago, it had a drama workshop that trained writers, performers, and technicians, many of whom went on to work in other black-theatre groups in New York. The New Lafayette also claims to be the only institution of its kind that has discovered playwrights as talented and promising as Ed Bullins, Ron Milner, Richard Wesley, and J. E. Gaines. The versatile Gaines not only writes and directs but, under the name of Sonny Jim, is also the New Lafayette's leading actor—considered by Bullins to be "the

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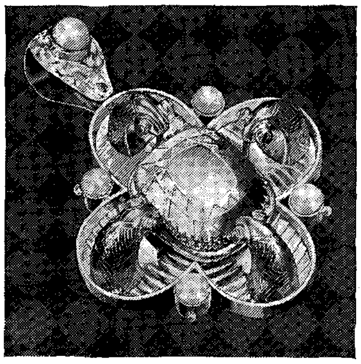

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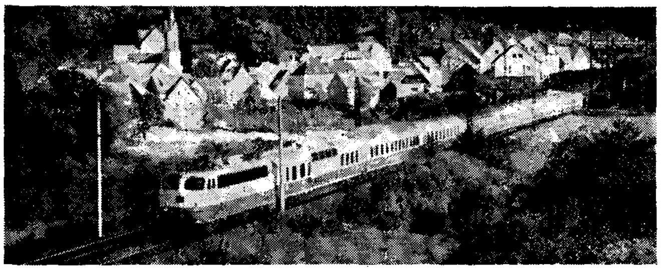
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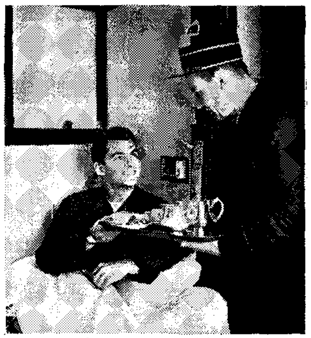
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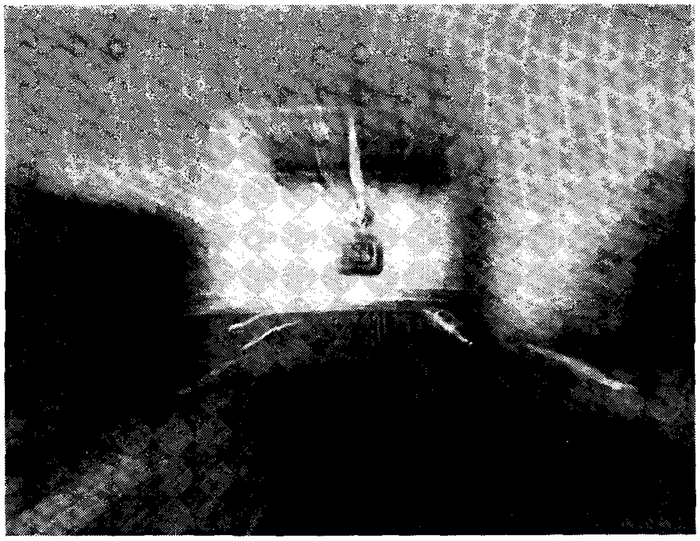

most powerful black actor on the New York stage." In addition, from 1969 to 1972, the New Lafayette published a biannual periodical, *Black Theatre*, which ceased publication for lack of funds. The theatre's play agent places the work of New Lafayette playwrights with theatres in New York and other cities. Its cinema unit, directed by Macbeth, produces films for general distribution, the two major efforts so far being "The Ritual Masters," which had its first showing at the Museum of Natural History's Festival of Films by Young Black Filmmakers last June, and "In the Streets of Harlem," what Macbeth calls "a pseudo-documentary," which has just been completed. And though the New Lafayette can hardly be said to be without honor in its own community or even in its own country, its reputation has spread much farther. According to a news item in the October 10, 1970, issue of the *Amsterdam News*, "The new Lafayette Theatre of Harlem . . . has been designated as one of the leading avant-garde and experimental theatres in the Western World, and as definers of a complete genre of art known as Black Theatre, by the new book on contemporary American theatre, *Le Nouveau Théâtre Américain*, by Points Press, of France, one of Europe's leading intellectual and artistic publishing firms. Robert Macbeth . . . is listed as one of America's four leading theatre directors. And . . . Ed Bullins is rated as one of the world's leading playwrights."

As a leader of the black-theatre movement that has swept the urban centers of the United States in the past decade, the New Lafayette has been surpassed in creative influence upon this movement only by the work and preachings of Imamu Baraka and by some of the early groups on the West Coast. During this period, there has been a veritable explosion of black-theatre groups in the New York metropolitan area. In addition to the New Lafayette, the list includes the Afro-American Studio for Acting and Speech, the National Black Theatre, the New Heritage Repertory Theatre, the Olatunji Center for African Culture, the Soul and Latin Theatre, the Afro-American Total Theatre, the Cornbread Players, the Negro Ensemble Company, the Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, the Urban Arts Corps, the Bed-Stuy Theatre, and the Brownsville Laboratory Theatre.

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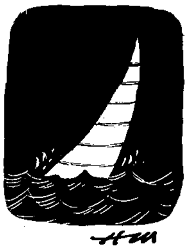
similar, if not identical, to the stuff being done by most other black-theatre groups. From one group to another, this is variously described as "black art," "black community theatre," "black consciousness-raising," "nation-building theatre," or—a term that Macbeth likes to use—"people-people theatre." Whatever it is called, it appears to contain three main cultural or ideological tendencies. Perhaps the least ideological—in the sense that it is not widely followed within the current movement—is represented by Douglas Turner Ward's Negro Ensemble Company, which offers a broad range of theatre, but is inaccurately considered by its more militant critics to be mainly "integrationist." The most ideological is what can only be described as the revolutionary, or Third World, theatre of Imamu Baraka. And what appears to be the most popular tendency—"the theatre of the black experience," as it is also called at the New Lafayette—is reflected most notably in the work of Bullins, which sets the New Lafayette's tone.



In view of these differences, Macbeth, in discussing the outlook of black theatre today, makes it plain that he is speaking only for himself and the New Lafayette. "Our job has always been to show black people who they are, where they are, and what condition they are in," he has said. "We take the view that a community heals itself from within. There are many sources of healing within the community, and theatre is one of them. But our function, the healing function of theatre and art, is absolutely vital. Of course, you're going to have arguments. For instance, though I think we are raising the consciousness of the community in what we are doing, I realize that not everybody looks at theatre, not everybody thinks theatre is important, and not everybody can take our kind of theatre. A lot of people come in here and say, 'I'll never come back to this place. The stuff is horrible—it is ugly.' They call us names. Some of them don't come back for a year, because of what they went through here. But a lot of them come back. And when they do, they come up to you and ask, 'Why don't you do more plays like the one you did last year?' So what we do here is like putting a stethoscope to the ears and attaching it to the body, the community body. Some people don't like what they hear, but hearing what's there is the first step toward becoming healthy."

Yvette Hawkins, an actress at the New Lafayette, was once asked how she would define black art. She replied with an intuitive groping toward a definition that provides another view of what Macbeth's and Bullins' theatre is all about. "I can't really define black art because I don't know what it means," she said. "I know I'm a black woman that works in the New Lafayette Theatre, and it's like a home, just a family, a bunch of people who want to do something . . . for us, for black people. Black art wants to show black people, maybe, what's goin' on. Really. What's really goin' on out here. It's not a theatre about 'I'm doing mine, I'm making mine, and I'm going to make a million dollars and be rippy-dippy-do.' It's like trying to do something with the community. . . . I don't know what black art's about. I mean in terms of acting, or, uh, plays, or things like that. . . . See the brothers walking down the street—it's black art. You know? Singing and talking, walking, just wearing clothes, bopping, singing, dancing, standing. You know, breathing. Black people are black art . . . there's no difference. I don't know how to define it."

It is doubtful, though, whether the ideologues, despite a somewhat more sophisticated vocabulary, could put it much better, for, to judge by what many of them have written and said, it is indeed one of the cardinal principles of black art that there should be as little difference as possible between black life as it is experienced and its representation on the stage. Styles, techniques, flavors, or sensibilities that intrude themselves between the black audience and the black performance—inhibiting immediate communion or dulling the shock of recognition—are deemed to be elements not of black art but of white, Western, or bourgeois aesthetics. "Black art is an abstract quantity—it can't be really spoken of," Macbeth says. "I don't think I could say what it is. One of the elements of black art is that in it black people can signify things to one another without language. There is no difference between the people who sit in the audience and the people on the stage who do the thing." And Richard Wesley, of the New Lafayette, has written, "Our work requires that our actors 'not act,' for acting, as it is commonly taught in the West, is not compatible with true Black Art. Black Art is life; it is reality."

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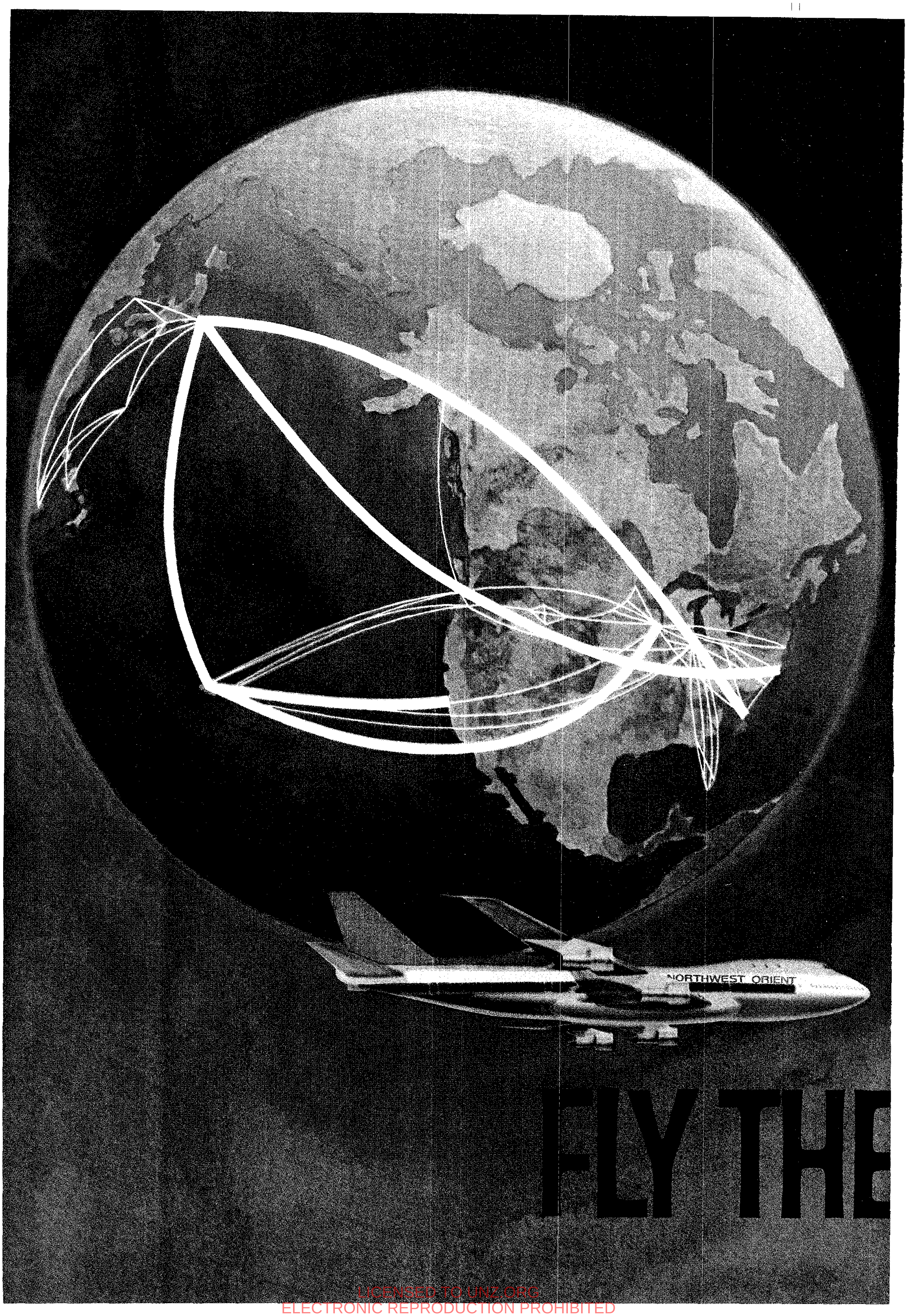
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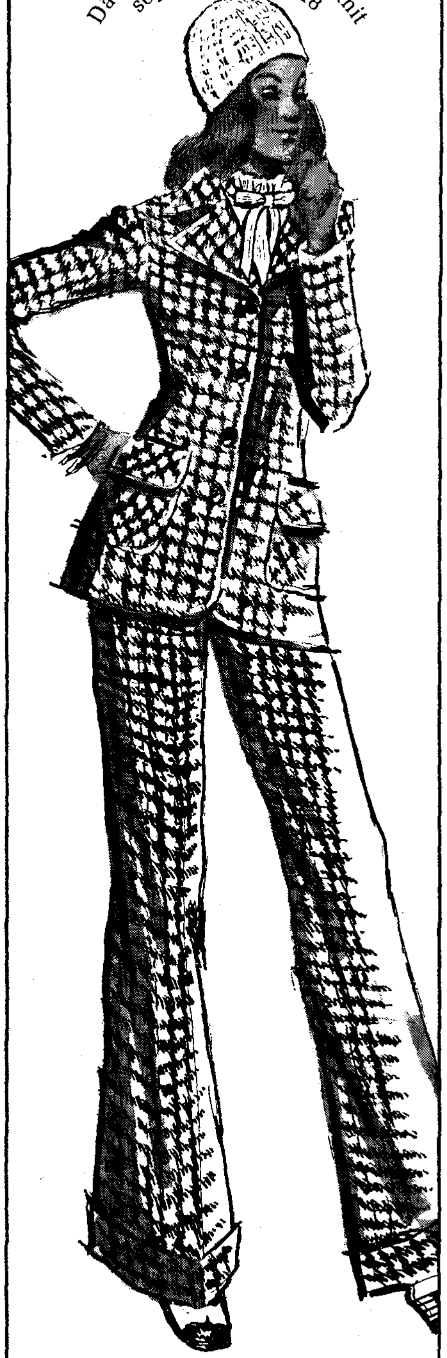
sitive critical problems. One of the objectives of black theatre—which, like black art, now stands for a distinct cultural sensibility within the general black community—is to present black audiences with authentic images or reflections of themselves. And at least two of the social motives for doing this are to accord to the ordinary black experience a prestige that it has not, by and large, enjoyed in American culture, and to inspire in those who live such a life the sense that, however deprived they may be, they represent the basic cultural tradition of black America. To people who in the past have not figured so prominently in the estimation of American writers, all this, whether or not it falls within the traditional objectives of art, is welcome—especially insofar as it is part of the necessary effort to build morale and foster self-esteem. But, following, as it does, the principle that black art is black life—and only certain segments of black life at that—it has unavoidably raised the question of whether anybody but the particular community it seeks to mirror can understand, appreciate, or criticize black art. Needless to say, many radical black artists and intellectuals—and some white ones as well—have answered in the negative. And in doing so they have seemed to reserve for black art an exclusive and, in some senses, a sacrosanct critical territory.

Another issue raised by black art or black theatre is what it has in mind when it speaks of "black life," for this appears to be not the pluralism of black life styles in America—and any look at how blacks are ranged along the educational and economic scales confirms this pluralism—but, specifically, life among the black poor or in the black ghetto. As Bullins said in his attack upon "bourgeois" black critics in the *Times*, the new black community theatres refer mainly to "the Black urban ghettos of America, a class that the Black bourgeoisie has traditionally hated for being less than 'civilized,' or not imitative of European culture and values and hence a conscious threat against the status quo values of Black middle-America." The overwhelming case being made, therefore—and, despite the pluralism, a case that must be answered—is that to the extent that there is a black culture in America it originates and resides among those who have been denied access to, or perhaps have been protected from, European cultural values and forms; namely, those who have always been poor and those who have always been locked in the ghetto. Thus, Bullins' statement



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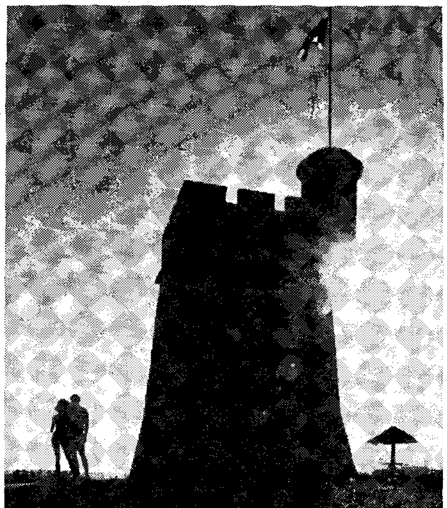

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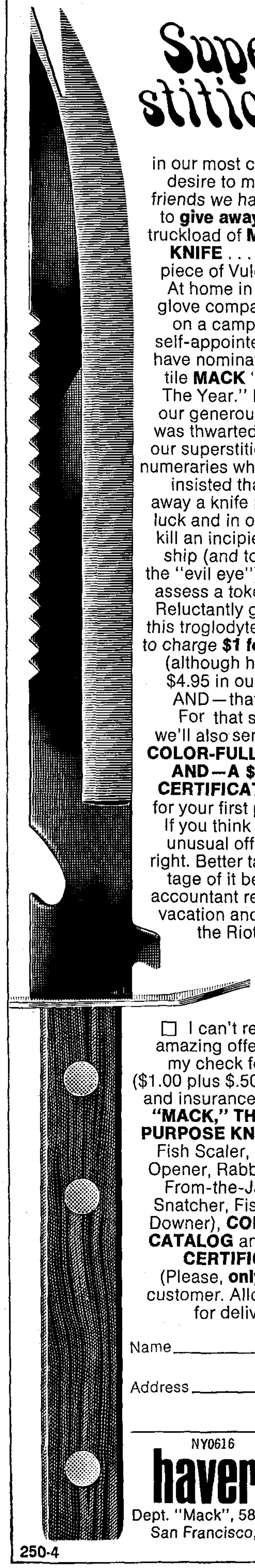

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about black critics also suggests that black art and black theatre constitute not merely a rejection of Western aesthetic authority and an assertion of black cultural self-determination but also a celebration of what, for want of a better term, may be called the common life.

There remains, however, the other side of the argument, illustrated by a letter in the *Times Magazine* of September 10, 1972, written in reply to an article on Melvin Van Peebles. "I am a young black from a middle-class family and well-educated," the writer said. "I am light-skinned and am not considered by the accepted standards set up by blacks such as Mr. Van Peebles (including many whites) as a typical black. . . . Van Peebles says that he is trying to provide the blacks with a sense of self. Well, what sense of self will I ever have if I continue to go to the theatre and movies and never see blacks such as myself in performance? In the theatre I have seen blacks in the ghetto, in oppression and being humiliated by the society we live in. I have also watched the theatre slowly evolve into romanticizing the pimp, the dope addict, the prostitute, and the almighty black stud. You are constantly showing us as 'freaks of nature.' . . . Is it so awful to be black and to have survived the horrors of being born black in this society? You [Van Peebles] did."

Of course, writers like Van Peebles and Bullins would reply merely by saying that the people they write about represent the majority of the black population, and therefore most reliably reflect the nature of the black experience in America. In fact, Bullins says, "I don't recognize the class thing. Black people are in the same boat. We will know who is in a different boat when George Wallace takes power."

Perhaps there is some truth on each side. Perhaps few things in American culture are any longer totally black or totally white, and in the long run the differences may not be quite as important as they now appear. One of Joseph Conrad's characters said in "Under Western Eyes," "I believe that the future will be merciful to us all. Revolutionist and reactionary, victim and executioner, betrayer and betrayed, they shall all be pitied together when the light breaks." One might add that ideologues of the black-art movement cannot, without appearing merely willful, completely ignore the main question that the educated middle-class blacks are asking: whether it is indeed the "street nigger" who has

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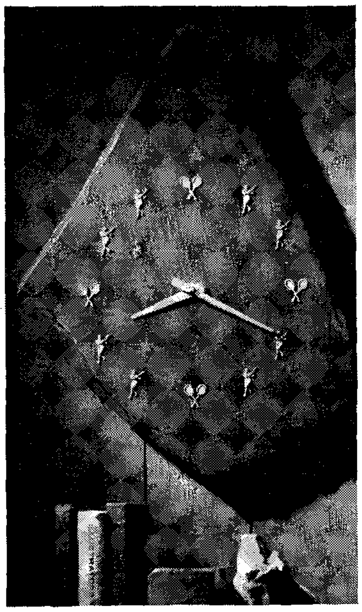

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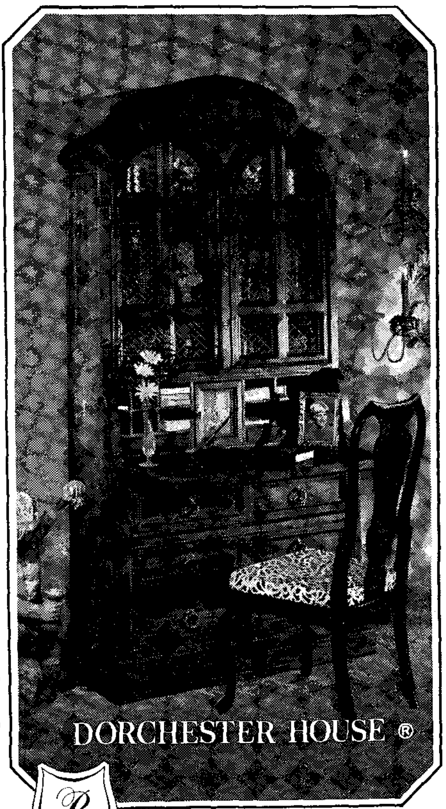

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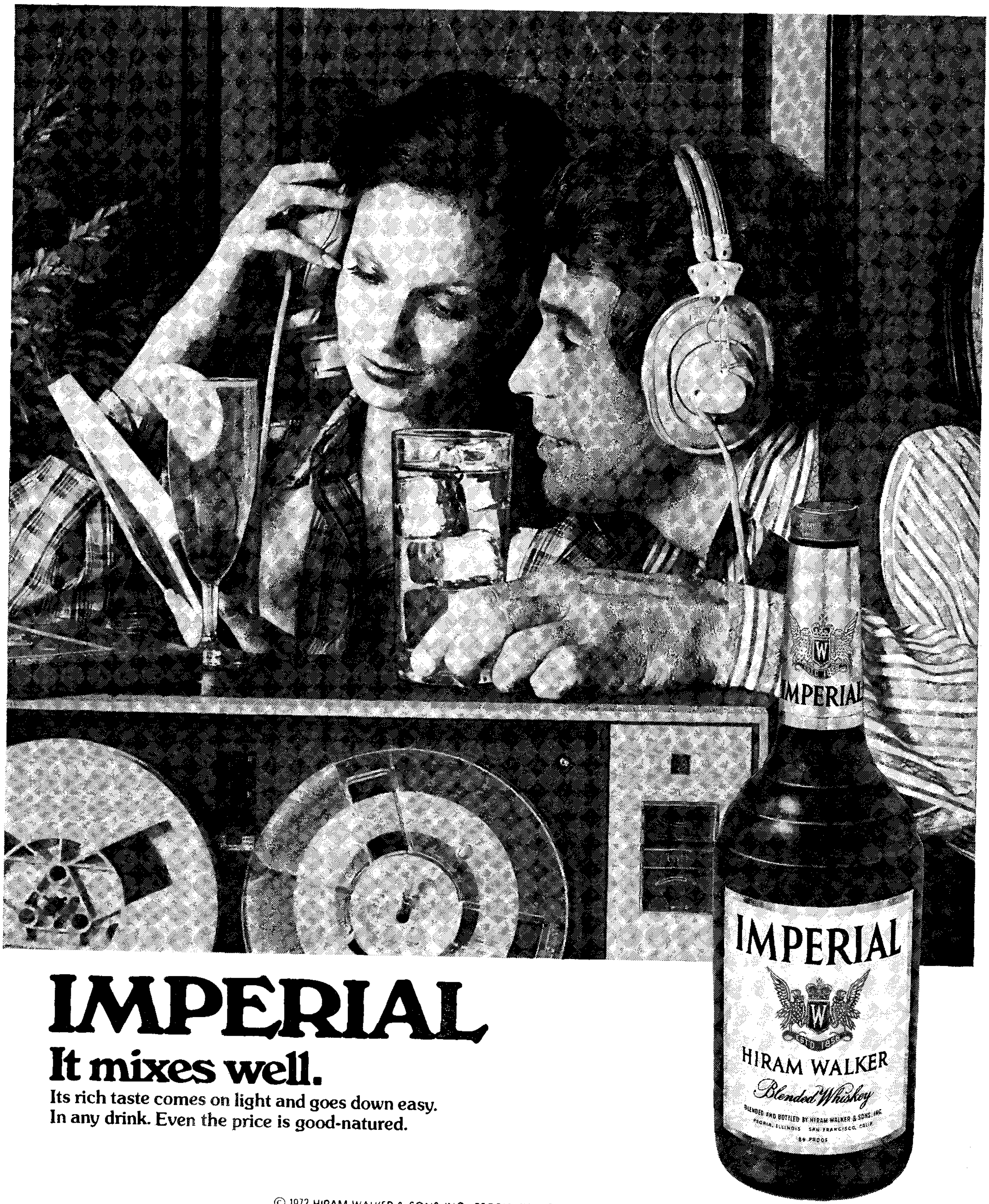
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emerged as the most acceptable moral and cultural example of black American life. And the educated middle-class blacks, if they have read enough, are obliged to ask themselves whether among struggling peoples the most representative art has not tended to be the art of the common or ordinary experience.

In any event, the element of coded communication between black stage and black audience, combined with the New Lafayette's former strong inclination to confine its playwrights to the black community, has caused Macbeth's theatre to be accused of practicing artistic tribalism and parochialism—though this is a charge that Macbeth says does not bother him in the least. "Parochialism is a double-edged word," he replies. "It can mean provincialism. And it can mean the act of benevolence by which a parish takes care of the people within its domain. If we are parochial, it's in the latter sense. But what's all the fuss? One time, I had to write a letter to the *Times* saying, 'I didn't hear you call the Irish theatre parochial. I didn't hear you call the Berliner Ensemble of Bertolt Brecht parochial. I didn't hear you call García Lorca's theatre in Spain parochial. So why are you calling the New Lafayette parochial?' "

ALTHOUGH Bullins' public statements sum up the issues within black theatre as sharply and provocatively as those of any other black intellectual currently writing or rapping, his plays are almost totally devoid of political or ideological content. Macbeth's definition of "people-people" theatre comes close to being a description of Bullins' work: "People-people theatre is the theatre of those who are not aligned either with the area of political activity or with the area of commercial activity. I think those in the political sphere would want you to believe that everything is political. Those in the commercial sphere would want you to believe everything is commercial. But the people aren't into any of these things. They're not fooled. They've been listening to the best political warblers over these past hundred years. And they know all about the commercial and political dudes. They are just the people. They're just trying to stay alive, trying to find out what's going on."

Bullins calls himself "a playwright of the black experience." With the possible exception of "Death List"—a play in which a black revolutionary contemplates the assassination of almost every

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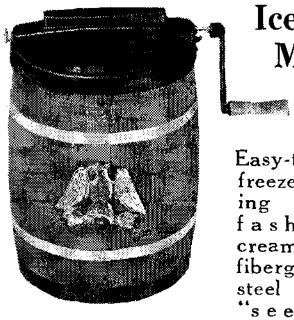

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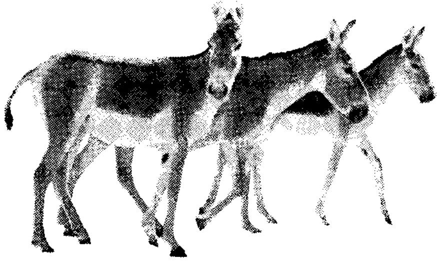

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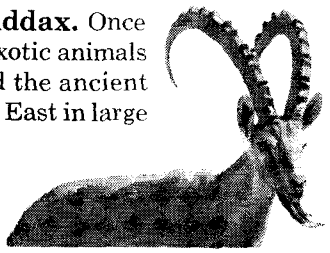

Nubian Ibex

The Arabian Oryx. Old and New Testaments speak frequently of this fabled antelope. In Isaiah we learn how the Oryx was caught in nets. Through the ages all but a handful have been caught—and destroyed.

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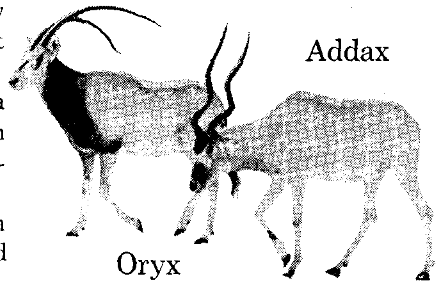

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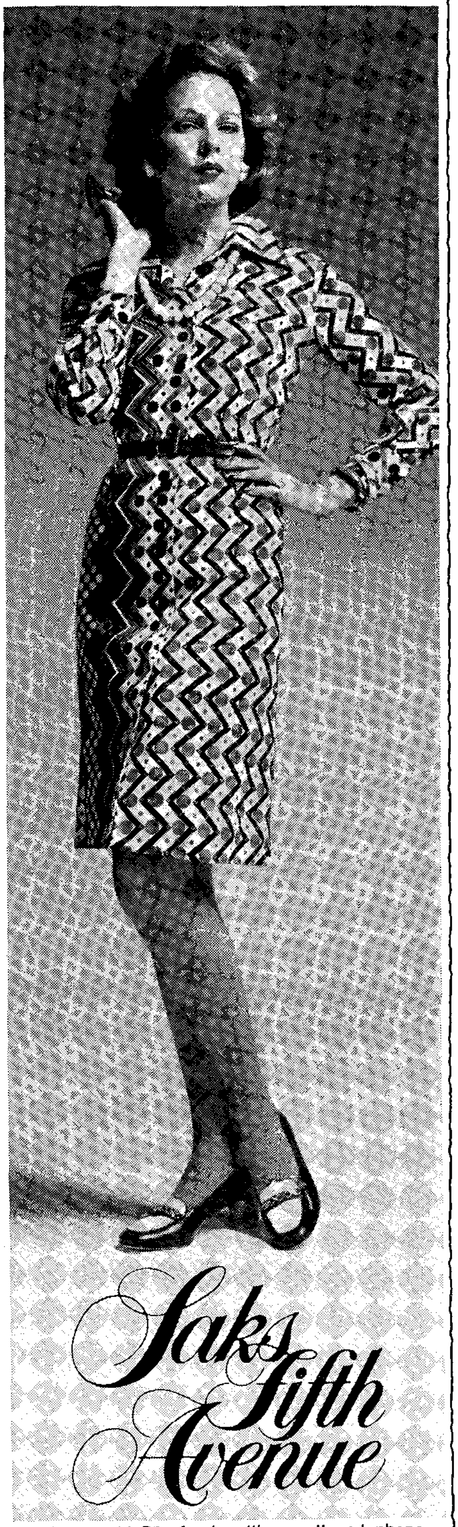

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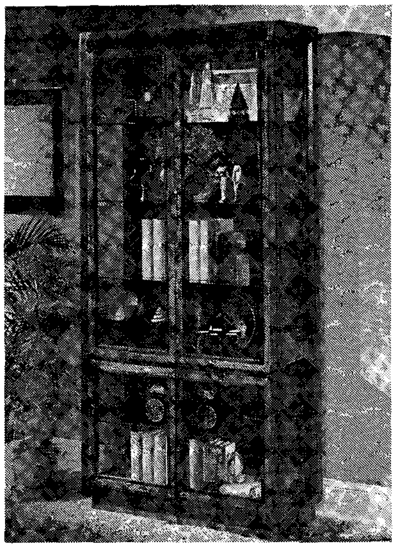
prominent black moderate in the United States—his plays do not take political positions or explore in any conscious way the social issues underlying the experience of the people they portray. *It is as though he simply wrenched* his people out of the context of their existence and placed them onstage, and the result, not unexpectedly, has the power and immediacy of freshly lived experience. This quality in his work has struck New York theatre critics rather forcibly. Clive Barnes has written, "Mr. Bullins is a playwright with his hand on the jugular vein of people. He writes with a conviction and sensitivity, and a wonderful awareness of the way the human animal behaves in his human jungle. . . . The dialogue has the breath of life to it. Bullins writes so easily and naturally that you watch his plays and you get the impression of overhearing them rather than seeing them." Edith Oliver has written, ". . . one of his most valuable qualities is an extraordinary ability to make an audience feel that it is catching the characters unaware in the act of living." John Simon has written, "The chief virtue of Bullins' work is that black audiences can doubtless identify themselves with it wholeheartedly . . . but here lies a danger. Recognition of yourself up there on the boards is not the end-all of art, at best the beginning. It is understandably satisfying for the audience of an emergent theatre to see itself raised to the heights of the stage, with the social and cultural importance this implies. But for the work to become art, it must take the audience beyond mere self-recognition, identification with mirror images." And John O'Neal, one of the founders and the producing director of the Free Southern Theatre, which is now based in New Orleans, has written, "Ed Bullins . . . deals, in his full-length plays, almost entirely with reflected images; he refuses to make assertions through the work."

Bullins replies to the last of these statements by saying, "It's very strange that some people will say that I'm a raving radical and others will say that Bullins doesn't stand for anything. I don't write the kind of plays they want me to, because I believe in trying to come at the audience fresh. Revolution is gone out of currency. General Motors has coöpted revolution. There's revolutionary soup coming from Campbell's. And there's even revolutionary underwear. But the theatre of the black experience remains. We are not protesting to whites. We are having a discourse, a discussion, a

time will tell



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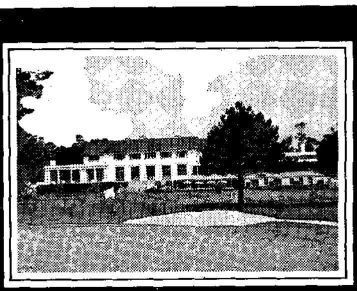

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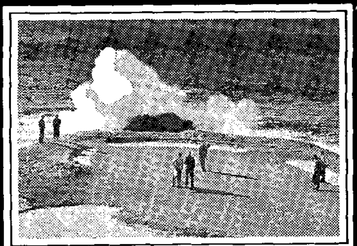

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dialogue between black and black—writers and the audience."

Bullins is currently engaged in what Jack Kroll, of *Newsweek*, has described as "one of the most extraordinary projects an American playwright has ever attempted." This is a projected series of twenty full-length plays on the black experience in America, which Bullins calls his "Twentieth-Century Cycle." The five plays of the cycle already completed are "In the Wine Time," "In New England Winter," "The Duplex," "The Fabulous Miss Marie," and "Home Boy," the last of which Bullins plans to produce next season as part of his commitment to the American Place Theatre. He is also producing his most recent play for the American Place—a black musical called "House Party, a Soulful Happening with Music." "The 'Twentieth-Century Cycle' deals with a group of people and the people they know, and it ranges over North America," Bullins explains. "That's how it's been so far, but it could change as I add more plays. All the statements about the black experience have already been made, all the truths have been told. But the artist also re-creates reality in a new atmosphere—gives you a fresh illumination, a fresh view of things. He is not necessarily after something stirring that will change the world in five days. He extends your vision. That's what the 'Twentieth-Century Cycle' is trying to do. It will just tell the stories it tells, in the hope that the stories will touch the audience in an individual way, with some fresh impressions and some fresh insights into their own lives—help them to consider the weight of their experience."

The world of Bullins' plays is made up largely, though not exclusively, of ex-cons, hustlers, prostitutes, and young toughs; knives, guns, dope, joblessness, and people trying—by fair means or foul—to get their hands on some money; tenements and card-playing; wine-drinking and rapping on front stoops on hot summer evenings; lovers who seem to be as hostile toward each other as they are tender; old men and women who still drink and rap with style and whose heads are filled with the wisdom of the ghetto; lovely young women being hardened by life, or by their men, but full of private dreams and, despite their hardening, always vulnerable to softness and affection; and sensitive, searching young men on the threshold of being sucked into a social jungle from which they may never escape. But underlying Bullins' portrayal of this world are a genuine

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compassion and gentleness and love, and an ear that captures the energy and poetry of the language of the streets—for, as one critic has noted, even when Bullins' language is "rough and startlingly obscene," it "is entirely in keeping, and has a beauty all its own."

Perhaps no play is more representative of Bullins' work than "The Duplex," which involves the residents of a southern-California rooming house. The characters, their experience, and their language run the full Bullins gamut. The play tells about the sometimes joyous, sometimes abrasive, and sometimes flagellating relationships in the rooming house, and also contains a poignant love story involving a sensitive college student named Steve Benson and the landlady, Velma Best. Velma is married to a vicious gangster, O.D., who beats her frequently and takes her money, and she turns to young Benson for understanding and affection. But their affair is doomed, for Velma, though she loathes her husband, is both afraid of him and unable to leave him. And, even when O.D. is absent, his violence and his imminent return hang like a palpable threat over the rooming house. At the end of the play, Benson has been cruelly beaten up by O.D., and the love affair has clearly been stifled; Velma will continue to hang on to a husband she both fears and detests.

Walter Kerr, after seeing the Lincoln Center production of "The Duplex," disagreed with Bullins that it had been turned into a minstrel show. But he appeared to share the author's feeling that aspects of his intention had not been allowed to come through. The director, Kerr wrote, "failed to sense, or to nail down, the one subterranean movement in the text that seems . . . to be troubling and affecting." He went on, "The groping, rattled, uncertain love affair between the scholarly boy and the married woman who is starved for emotion works on the printed page like a night-stir in the forest, a promise that beneath all that is idle and careless and scattered by daylight, life moves somewhere, burrowing for warmth, feeling its way to a meaning."

One of those who felt that Bullins was merely putting on an act in his attacks on the Lincoln Center productions was, as might be expected, Jules Irving. In a statement to the *Times*, published along with that of Gil Moses, Irving said, "The editors of the *Times* should look back into their files to an interview in their paper with Bullins on Sept. 22, 1971. I quote from it: 'Frequently, Mr. Bullins . . . sends out

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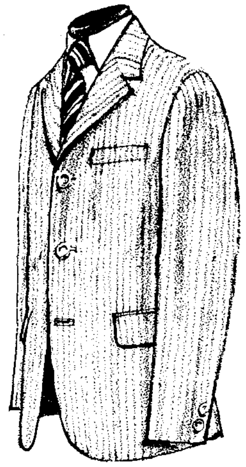
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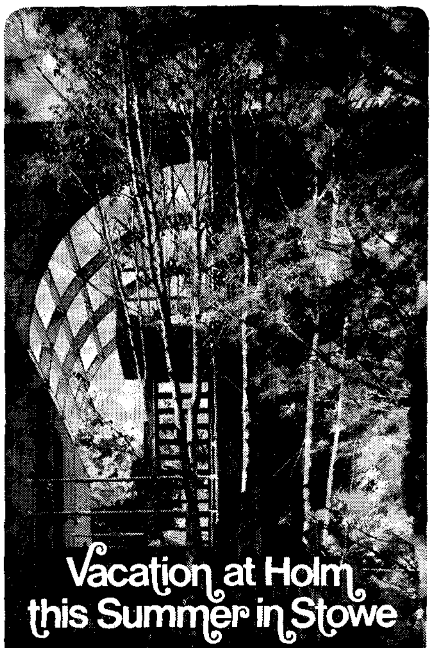

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scathing letters . . . the letters which Mr. Bullins says he types himself are by his own description "propaganda" done for a specific purpose. "To cause a play in the real world. . . ." ' Here, then, is a man who is at present not only betraying his fellow workers in the theatre, but, most important, his own talent, his own play."

Bullins, of course, denies these charges. "I had no other motive than to protect the artistic integrity of my work," he says. "I am an artist, and my work is all I've got. Lincoln Center handled me like an office boy. Hardly anybody wanted to sit down with me. One man sent me to the business manager. The business manager sent me two doors down, someplace else. They said, 'Come on, let's negotiate,' by which they meant, 'Let's sit down so you can see it our way.' It's like Nixon. He goes around and bombs somebody and then says, 'Let's negotiate.' What kind of negotiation is that? That's not negotiating—that's war. They threw the whole bureaucracy, the whole organization, at me, so I took on the organization. They seemed to feel that because they put my name on a poster that's supposed to mean something to me. I'm not capitalizing off them, it's they who are capitalizing off me. They go on like they discovered me. I've been writing plays for years all over black America, and then they 'discover' me by taking my work and making of it what they want. In my estimation, *I* discovered *them*. I wasn't trying to cause no play in the real world. The New Lafayette can show you the stuff I put out when I want to do that."

In the files of the New Lafayette are two mimeographed examples of what Bullins had in mind. One, dated July 23, 1971, is an open letter he wrote to the *Amsterdam News:*

> The quality of ideas expressed in the July 17th Editorial advocating Black Writers' Conferences were third-rate, to say the least. Writers' Conferences are boorish—simple excuses for rhetorical gossip sessions and literary hustling opportunities—and usually wastes of time. A writer would use his time better in *writing*, or walking through the real world a bit (say along Lenox Ave.), or checking out the best available library he can find. Writers in groups are with few exceptions the most impotent and pernicious of tribes to infest the planet. It would be healthier for a writer to socialize with drug addicts than a claque of hacks.

The other, dated June 8, 1972, is a press release apparently inspired by the current spate of black exploitation films:

> Ed Bullins, Associate Director of the New Lafayette Theatre of Harlem, an-

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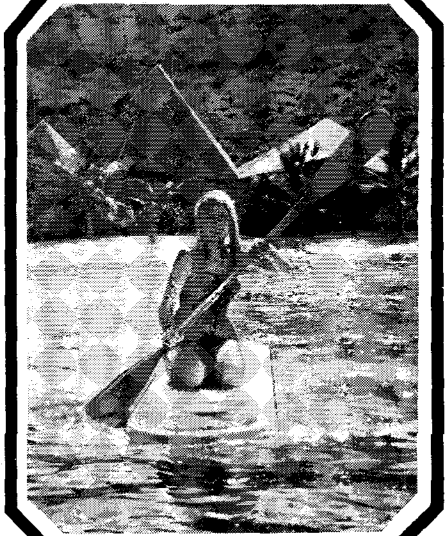

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nounces his forthcoming film project that he will write, produce, direct, co-star in and front for, THE HUGE HUNK OF FUNK, for Blksploitation films of Hollywood.

Bullins . . . has agreed to pen and promote the Black movie about a day in the life of a Harlem "soul brotherman" who makes it to the top in the "Big Apple" by his innovative and contemporary "buck n wing" and "blackbottom" dance routines.

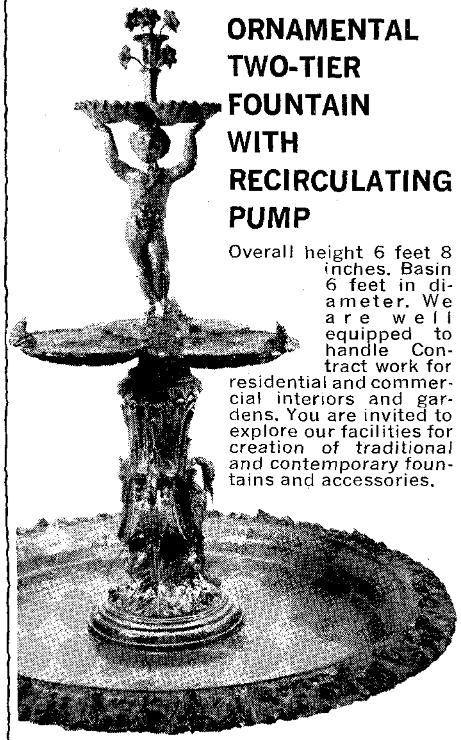
FUNK, as the project is known in the trade, will co-star Tina Tramp, last seen nudely in a Hollywood success story with the ex-footballer Freddie Freak. Mr. Freak and Sister Tramp will soon fly east to Harlem and negotiate personally with noted community civil rights leaders for ghetto access at the renowned Uptown Ebony Motel.

"The Funk project will be the biggest rip-off by Blacks of The Man in movieland history," stated Boy Dennis, noted integrationist and Black Militant.

There is a lot of what Bullins would call "signifying" in that release. It contains digs at real people, but the names have been changed to protect the guilty.

Though there is no one who thinks quite as highly of Bullins' plays as Bullins himself, that may not bother him as much as the fact that a playwright of his gifts finds it so difficult to make an adequate living from his work. Adding up royalties from his published and produced plays and fees for occasional lectures, mostly at colleges, Bullins says he has "a modest income." "I wouldn't exactly say I'm starving, but I'm scarcely making any money out of my work," he observes. "It's a struggle to support my family, meet all my debts, and pay my G.I. mortgage. Everybody says I'm so prolific—they probably think I'm making loads of money. Hell, sometimes I think I'm eligible for food stamps." He only recently bought his family a television set, and he has not yet decided whether he can afford to buy a record player, although he is a great fan of rhythm and blues. He seldom writes at home without turning his radio to a rhythm-and-blues station, and the mood of something he is hearing may find its way into his work. "If I couldn't write, I think I'd like to be a blues singer," he says. "A heavy blues singer like Wilson Pickett or Wynonie Harris. When I was growing up in Philadelphia, Harris was my favorite. One of her top tunes used to be 'Good Rockin' Tonight.' I don't think any blues singer is as great as Wynonie Harris."

While Bullins may be able, as he says, to live without the unanimous acclaim of the critics, he nevertheless harbors a certain contempt for those critics



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Lorin Hollander's Accompanist

who withhold their approval—a withholding that he thinks is influenced largely by hostility to or ignorance of black theatre. What he lives by, critically, is his own judgment of his ability. Among the black playwrights he says he admires are J. E. Gaines, Richard Wesley, Ben Caldwell, Martie Evans-Charles, J. E. Franklin, and Melvin Van Peebles. But when he is asked what chiefly differentiates his work from theirs, he answers with one word: "Skill." That may not be his opinion alone, for, as he says, "In 1967, I got the American Place Theatre grant for promising playwrights; in 1968, I won a Drama Desk-Vernon Rice award; in 1971, I got an Obie award for distinguished playwriting." And this year he has won both a Rockefeller Foundation grant of eighty-five hundred dollars and a grant from the Creative Artists Public Service Program, which will pay him something between fifteen hundred and five thousand dollars.

Some critics who have written approvingly of Bullins' work—and who, as a consequence, do not yet qualify for his contempt—are Clayton Riley, formerly of the *Amsterdam News* and now a free-lance cultural critic and a teacher, Martin Gottfried, of *Women's Wear Daily*, Clive Barnes, Edith Oliver, and Jack Kroll. Arthur Miller wrote of Bullins in the *Times Magazine* of February 13, 1972, "I go Off Broadway to see some of the black playwrights like Gordone and that other fellow, Bullins, who I think are close to having some real vitality . . . they're writing about something. Their work isn't simply an exercise in some fashionable kind of pique. So I'm glad they're on." That pleases Bullins. "I'm glad Miller likes my work," he says. "I correspond with him, and he seems to have a very good mind. I've seen some of his work, and I learned a lot from 'Death of a Salesman.' " He discloses, "It was Gottfried who called me the new O'Neill. He likes my work and wants to put it into a perspective that whites can understand, so he calls me that. But really I'm the new Bullins." Of these critics, none has written more approvingly of Bullins' work than Riley. In his introduction to "A Black Quartet," a collection of plays (published by the New American Library) that includes Bullins' "The Gentleman Caller," Riley says:

> Ed Bullins created, during the sixties, a roster of dramatic figures best described as street nigger royalty. This remarkable artist elevated to the averted

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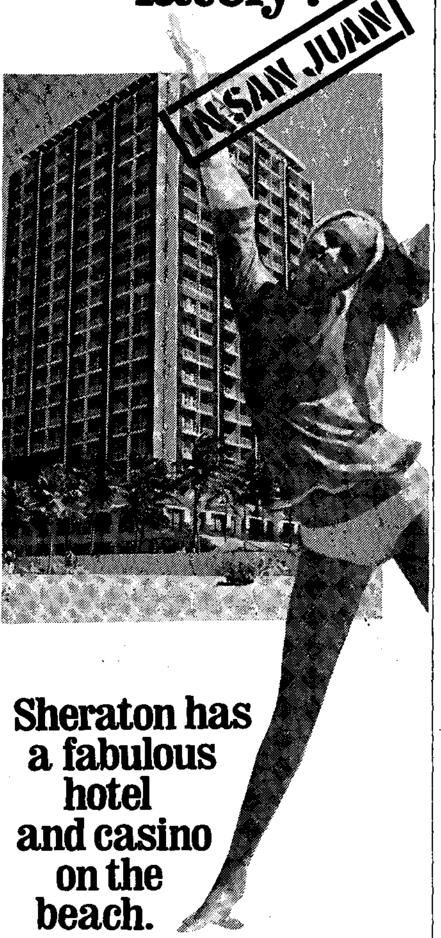

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eyes of Negro America all the uncool, incorrect, funky Black urban field-hand life style we had always imagined could have no practical serviceability in the design of our new truths, our reconstructed myth-dynamic.... His naturalism contained, however, a dimension of menace, the imminence of events heavy with deadly probabilities. Death, the knife, and the gun seem, in his world, scarcely out of view at all times ... in a pocket, beyond a doorway, around the street corner. His form of theatrical experience is physically draining, an exhaustive encounter which allows only rare opportunities to relax, to simply be an onlooker.... Bullins has created an ideology and a supportive framework for the most basic element of Black society—the street culture.... Bullins completes his plays by offering two distinct realities: one for those who see themselves portrayed in his work, and another for those who see someone else's life being presented on stage. For the former, he has continually shown that beauty exists in where you are—backstreet, rented room, poolroom, alley, or wine bottle.

So far as it is possible to ignore what hurts deeply—and he *has* been hurt deeply by what certain critics have written—Bullins says he no longer listens seriously to criticism that attempts to downgrade his work. Of one New York critic in particular, Bullins says, "As an artist, if you listen to what that guy says, he could destroy your talent." This attitude toward critics is shaped in large part by an early experience with criticism that sticks in his mind—one, he feels, that could easily have destroyed him. "When I was attending school on the West Coast, I took a course with a guy I respected very much. I showed him a vignette I had been working on for days and days. I thought it was the best thing I had done until that moment. It was a short piece, a couple of scenes, describing this black woman in a half-slip. She was dancing to a Ray Charles record, 'Yes, Indeed'—dancing in this room, beside this big brass bed. There is a young man lying on the bed. Then in the midst of this her husband is coming up the stairs with a shotgun in his hand. The vignette ends there; it doesn't go on to tell what happens. So I slipped this piece to the teacher at the end of the class for him to read over the weekend. When I went to class next Monday, I waited through the whole lecture for him to say something about it. He didn't say a word. So after class I went up and asked him if he had read it. 'Yes,' he said. 'I read it. And if I had my way, someone like you would never be in college.' He handed it back to me and walked away. I dropped out of school for about a year. It took me that long to get over it. Then I went back. But when I went back I decided that I

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was going to get what *I* wanted to get out of my writing. I was going to write, do, and think anything that *I* felt was right—and it wouldn't matter again what *any* critic thought of it. For if I had allowed that teacher to influence me, I'd probably never have written anything else. Consequently, as far as my art and the judgment of critical authorities are concerned, I don't bother too much what anyone thinks. When I sit down in that room by myself, bringing in all that I ever saw, smelled, learned, or checked out, I am the chief determiner of the quality of my work. The only critic that I really trust is me."

Recently, a visitor to the New Lafayette asked Bullins what he thought of this quote: "In the area of playwriting, Ed Bullins, at this moment in time, is almost without peer in America—black, white, or imported." His head jerked up, as if he had just heard great but surprising news. "Who said that?" he asked. When he was reminded that he was the author of the statement, he lowered his chin and gave one of his mischievous chuckles. "Oh," he said, the chuckle concluding in a little smile. "I was just going to say I agree with the statement. Hell, if I don't tell them, how will they know? If I don't say it, who will?"

—JERVIS ANDERSON

●

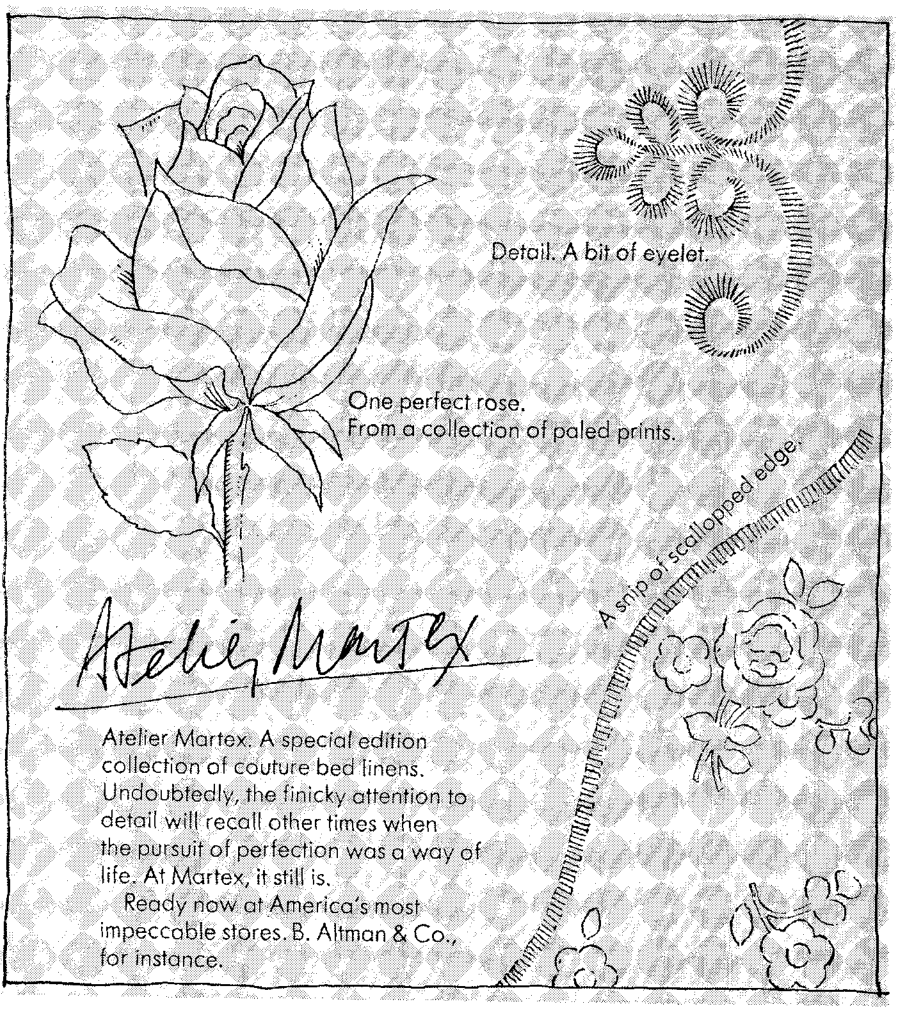
THE NEAR NORTH ECUMENICAL FORUM: The Forum's May meeting will be held at St. Chrysostom's this evening at 7:30 p.m. The topic of discussion will be "The Role of Women in Religion: Constant or Changing?" Short addresses will be given by Sister Jane Reilly, O.S.B.: Deaconess Ruth Broermann; and Ms. Charlotte Lewin. A period of questions and answers will be provided. Refreshments will be served. A freewill offering ($1.50) is recommended. Plan not to attend—*Bulletin of St. Chrysostom's Church, Chicago.*

After all, who trusts a potato salad?

●

One of the last surviving major heroes of the civil war that followed the Bolshevik Revolution, Marshal Semyon M. Budenny, celebrated his 90th birthday yesterday and was honored by the Soviet Government with the Order of Lenin, believed to be his eighth. The Marshal, according to Tass, the official news service, still has a bullet in his body and suffers occasional aches from saber and send you my very best —*The Times.*

Thanks. And how's the missus?



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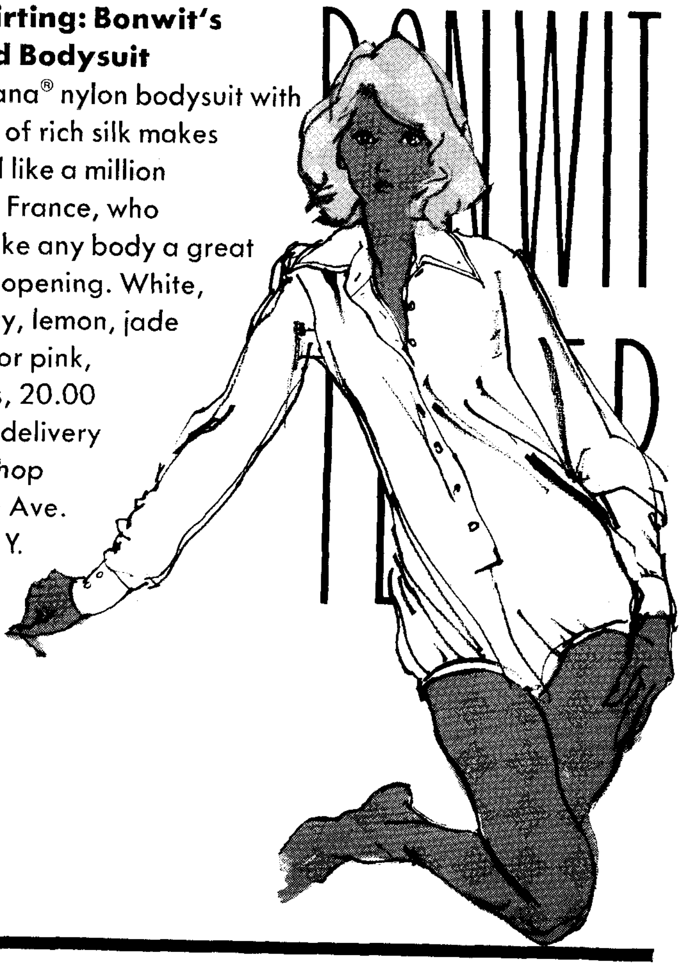
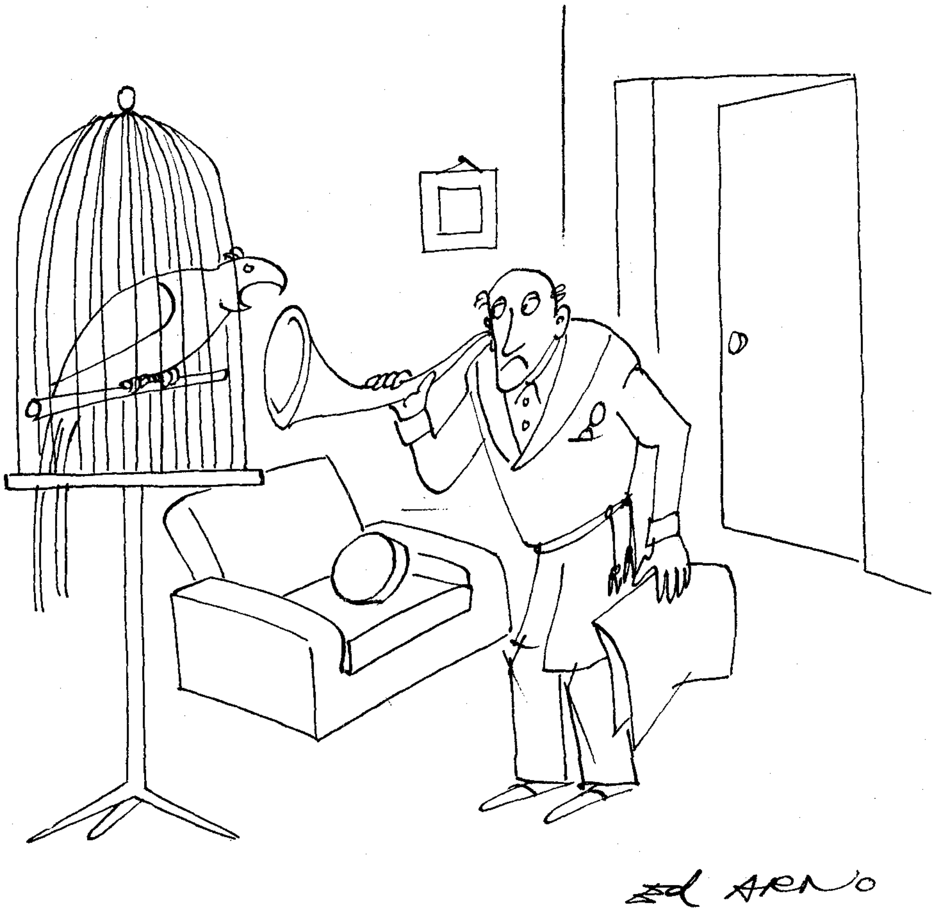


THE CURRENT CINEMA

Smile and Say "Spinach"

"ONCE upon a time . . ." Once upon a time, says Lindsay Anderson's "O Lucky Man!," which has the style of a scabrous but sweet-spirited epic fairy tale, and closes on a magic, quietist end, when balloons float down—well, once upon a time British colonial justice was harsh. In a period prologue shot like a Russian silent, in sepia, Malcolm McDowell's mouth opens in a howl as his hands are cut off for some minor crime or other. The subtitle "NOW" is flashed. Everything is "changed," says the film, which is engrossed in antitheses. Now English institutions may cut off your life itself for not being a lucky one. For two and three-quarters packed hours, we follow Malcolm McDowell through a sort of "Pilgrim's Progress." No blow on the head, no poisoned paradox can convince him that man is not perfectible. He starts adult life as an apprentice coffee salesman. Rachel Roberts (the widow in Anderson's "*This Sporting Life*") officiously teaches him salesmanship, and then changes into something loose and orange and does a bit of selling on her own account, inviting the trainee to test the superiority of a particular brew of coffee (a brand imported from Nigeria and then sent back in plastic bags at colossal profit) when drunk from her own lips, which move like a goldfish's. Smile. Smile sincerely. Try this; taste me. McDowell learns the *rules of the game* as he goes. "Smile while you're makin' it, Laugh while you're takin' it, Even though you're fakin' it, Nobody's gonna know," goes one of Alan Price's affectionate, tough-minded songs, which deserve to be in the top whatever-it-is this week. (Some of them even incorporate Lindsay Anderson's devotion to hymns.) A song called "Poor People" is plangent, ribald, soft, great. Alan Price comes from Newcastle, Northumberland—part of the North-East that Malcolm McDowell is given to cover as a salesman. Price used to be one of the group called the Animals. The pieces here—songs and some wordless music, all by him—are the best things he has ever done. He has a witty, intelligent face. We keep going back to him and his new small combo during the film. Their unchanging choric presence is oddly consoling in the splintered form of the picture, which deliberately has a random and pushed-around character. They amount to one of the things that bind the long movie together. So does the playing of multiple roles by a lot of the members of the cast. Rachel Roberts, for instance, is not only the coffee-public-relations chief but also a grandly lecherous society hostess. The inimitable Arthur Lowe, famous in England as a small-time provincial actor before he came to TV, films, and the London stage, plays a coffee manager hooked on heavy truisms ("You are a failure in catering if you don't know what to do with your leftovers," he says pedagogically), a blandly corrupt and portly North Country mayor, and the coal-black President of an emergent African state, who speaks with a Balliol accent and borrows a dreadful ho-ho line in white imperialists' jokery (we catch him saying about his country's Independence Day, as the film comes in on a freezing international dinner party, "And, of course, it was your flag that went up and ours that came down, and the extraordinary thing was that the Duchess never even noticed"). Ralph Richardson plays not only a kind old busybody of a lodger in the North-East, who makes the hero a gold-lamé suit that turns out to be of synthetic fibre and that is one of the boy's totemistic belongings on his Progress (the others include apples and a stick for walking on the moors), but also a smoothly unscrupulous magnate with two mod white telephones in his Rolls, who has staff eulogies ready-printed in bound volumes in his office and intones from them appropriately to the heads of his empire, assembled in one case to preserve a carefully clocked fifteen-second silence when a politely sacked red-headed professor of harried brilliance (Graham Crowden) leaps wild-eyed with revenge out of the magnate's heavy-plate-glass office window. While the professor has trouble opening the obviously never-opened window, the magnate doesn't move a muscle to stop the catastrophe, but leaves things to his assistant, who falls with the professor's brainy body past thirty or forty floors of identical office windows, from which not a single ordinary rubbernecker is peering out and sullying the symmetry. The sight is ridiculously funny because of the contradiction of its aesthetically beautiful inhumanity, which makes it seem like a view of small boys flinging cricket balls out of a ponderous grown-up's window for the sake of mischief.

The film chiefly asserts the icy pro-



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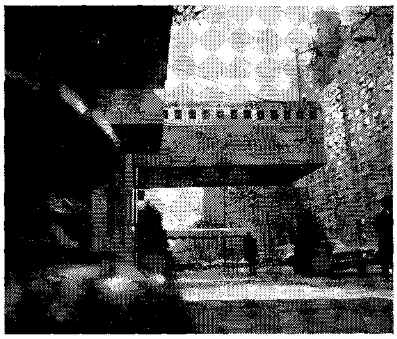

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cedural inhumanity of ambition and modern drive. The Candide hero, called Mick Travis (Malcolm McDowell also played the boy called Mick Travis in Anderson's "If . . ."), is constantly waylaid by thinking he has won and finding he has lost everything. The rich whom he meets—the black President among them, greedy for capital investment and white tourists, and a spoiled glamour puss (Helen Mirren) who is given to Eastern mysticism and champagne for breakfast, daughter of the suave split-second eulogist, who owns half the copper mines in the world—are no more unscrupulous and cruel to him than the poor, who turn on him in a Hogarth circle of leering faces near the end of the picture. (The production, full of grays and browns and the bony, huge-scale beauty of the North-East countryside, was designed, recognizably, by Jocelyn Herbert, who did "Tom Jones," "The Loves of Isadora," and "If . . ." and dozens of the best Royal Court Theatre productions.) A prison governor (Peter Jeffrey), saying a paternalistic goodbye to the hero at the end of a five-year jail sentence that comes to him out of the blue in his zigzag Progress, tells the boy that he can sense idealism in him: "The world is your oyster. I can see you stripped, building motorways." A judge who has a taste for taking a little light castigation while the jury is out masquerades as a spokesman against frivolity. (In the whole long stretch of the picture, this seems one of the few gratuitous scenes.) Poverty makes reactionaries, says Anderson's modern legend of everyday realism; the powerful are scared; mankind is not at all lucky. A research doctor who appears to be mad (Graham Crowden again, burning of countenance, driven like an early steam engine by the hope that his experiments about turning a man into a pig may prolong the life of the species) throws common thought out of gear by holding that the dinosaur remained extant a great many million years longer than man seems likely to. A Lady Bountiful (Vivian Pickles) who drives a travelling soup kitchen says merrily to hungry people who would certainly rather douse their troubles in a swig of meths than swallow her nourishing scraps, "Remember—only one bun each." A disgusted tramp has written on a wall, "Revolution is the opium of the intellectuals;" Lindsay Anderson, who obviously loves filmmaking, has always been ready to risk the penny-in-the-slot scorn of modish radical talkers in England.

There are snatches of real-life radio

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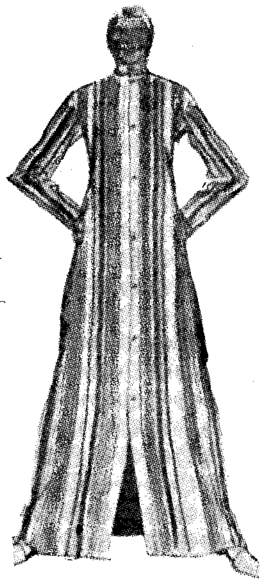

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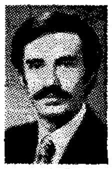

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speech on the track: about mental health, about Zen. Everything comes full circle at the end of the film, with the difference that Malcolm McDowell has a final new moment of Zen quiescence about taking things as they are. He is up for an audition conducted by Lindsay Anderson. Smile, please. It is like the coffee-public-relations training. No, he says: "I'm afraid I can't smile without a reason." Lindsay Anderson hits him in the face with the script of this film. Acceptance dawns. Zen thinking might recommend "Put your shoes on your head," or "If someone asks an impossible question, say 'Spinach.' "

The film is Lindsay Anderson's most complex, irascible, and contenting feature so far. (His shorts from the fifties and sixties, which doggedly express exactly the same mixture of rebelliousness, Socratic questioning, and affection, have just been showing at the Museum of Modern Art.) "O Lucky Man!" is based on an original idea of Malcolm McDowell's, and was written by David Sherwin in a fine vein of the vernacular, as if it were a mod ballad; the script has no great sympathy for particular people in particular dilemmas: probably on purpose. The picture has a clear eye for hypocrisy, but in the casting and direction it finds unfashionable good in, say, the Lady Bountiful character, because she believes in what she is doing. The director's reverence for simplicities comes through like a clarion in the long but terse film. His derisiveness is reserved for self-deceivers and fake grandees. The movie has an interesting Brechtian way of signalling the moral of a scene ahead, perhaps inspired by Anderson's feeling for Brecht's peculiar mixture of formalism and charity, which he shares.

THE hero of "The Hireling" is really the beautiful 1923 Rolls driven by Robert Shaw, playing the hireling chauffeur who is furiously in love with Sarah Miles as Lady Franklin. The car, if it had been less well looked after, would probably be held together with old leather straps, like a steamer trunk on its way to India. As it is, the car looks splendiferously preserved. Huge silvery headlights, a grand bonnet (no wonder the English found their early cars so feminine and lovable that they gave the name bonnet to what is known here as a hood), hidden mysteries of gaskets that are looked after with the dedication of great cooks opening ovens on soufflés, a mechanically operated dividing window behind the chauffeur's seat to pre-

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vent the servant from listening to the lords' and ladies' conversation.

The film, made by an Englishman from TV called Alan Bridges, is adapted rather vulgarly by Wolf Mankowitz from an effete novel by the late L. P. Hartley, who also wrote the novel "The Go-Between," and who represented in the early post-Second World War years in England a kind of mandarin writing that was all too highly sensitized to class warfare. The sexy boor played by Robert Shaw derives dignity by transference from driving Lady Franklin, who is given to attacks of neuroticism alternating with grandeur, together with spasms—understandably puzzling to him—of going to sleep on his shoulder when he is driving her back from a formal weekend. The chauffeur knows very well how to say "my lady" and stay just this side of rudeness. Sarah Miles looks here as if she had been born at the end of a matchless pedigree; she acts with a new big range and gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of ancient English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. She exquisitely implies her festering resentment toward her mother for being alive when her father is dead. The mother is played by Elizabeth Sellars: pinch-mouthed; politely at loggerheads with her too appealing progeny, whose face quivers like lake water blown by a breeze; and cruel on the subject of nervous breakdowns. The daughter needs something kindly to do, so she writes a check for the chauffeur. The diluted nature of the original novel is not helped by the ingrown frailty of the way the picture is made, or by the screenwriter's alien attempt to put dynamite into the novel's tender digestive coils, in the manner of some brutish new-world nurse's attempt to clear out the system of a lavender-scented old lady.

As one would expect from the reigning triteness of the plot, Lady Franklin marries well and sends the chauffeur packing, and the distraught hireling goes berserk in an unintentionally hilarious scene of bashing up the Rolls. The sequence might have come out of a short of the Keystone Cops. He sings "Tipperary" and "Rule, Britannia" and "Mademoiselle from Armentiers." His name is Leadbetter; one has a bad few moments of wondering whether the name is onerously meant to signal that the Workers are soon going to be the better leaders, but the thought passes. The film doesn't believe anything so politically advanced for a second. Not

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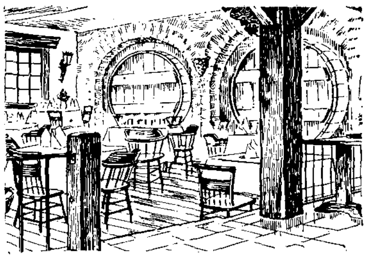

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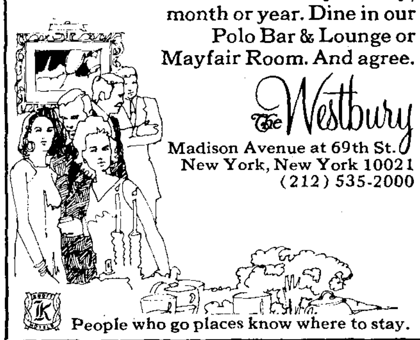

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if chauffeurs are going to bang Rolls-Royces again and again up against walls. The sequence makes a witless populist ending, as if one were to read radical philosophy into the act of a child in a tantrum smashing up a doll. The most solid thing about the film is Sarah Miles' performance, which is full of substance and speed of thought in a role that might have been wrecked by the atmosphere of high-class invalidism that still prevails among quite a lot of English actresses playing this sort of part.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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SOCIAL AND SEASONAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Logan (Ohio) Daily News*]

DOINGS ON BUCK RUN

By MRS. EFFIE WOLTZ

Steve Woltz did a few hours of work for his uncle Walter Bartholomew on the Ridge Road, where Walter is starting a new house, Monday evening of last week.

James G. Woltz did some repair work for his aunt Effie Woltz Monday evening and viewed the damage to the garden that the frost left.

Tuesday was a good day for ducks because it rained about all day and was dark and gloomy, but it was also a day of much needed rain for the garden to get refreshed.

Ralph E. Goss has had his barn painted on the outside and that makes it look different.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Waveline Ellinger and Lisa of Logan, Mrs. Emma V. Meyer was privileged to visit her sister Effie A. Woltz.

Terry Brooks was also a caller on Wednesday afternoon and Mrs. Ralph E. Goss called in the forenoon Wednesday, bringing in two days' mail.

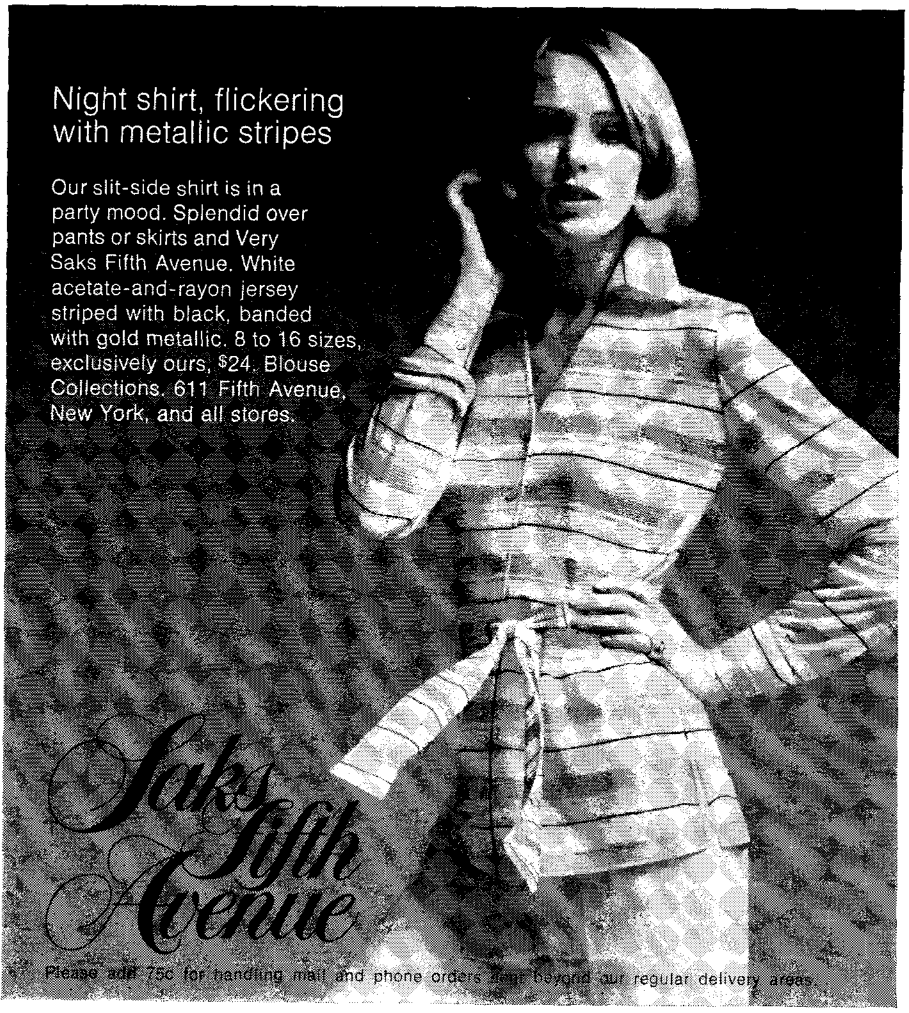
Thursday was a lovely day, but it rained at 3:30 in the afternoon. James G. Woltz and son Steve called in the evening after work. Steve cut down some elm sprouts that had draped the driveway.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Rhoades of Washington, Pa., spent a couple of days visiting his uncle Wiley Rhoades at Rockbridge and other relatives in and around Logan, especially Mr. and Mrs. James G. Woltz and family and Walter Bartholomew and family.

James G. Woltz and son Steve called on Effie Woltz Friday evening and slashed part of the Japanese flower bush down. They returned Saturday afternoon and finished the flower bush, then cut some elm trees down along the lane.

It is too late to dig sassafras roots for tea, but it is time to dig snakeroot for tea. The snakeroot would probably be in bloom now and easily spotted.

Mrs. Evelyn Bowers of Lancaster and Mrs. Fannie Jackson of Sugar Grove dined Sunday noon with Effie Woltz. Fannie brought bananas and Evelyn brought a dozen nice brown eggs, donated by her daughter Mary Clark. Thanks, folks.



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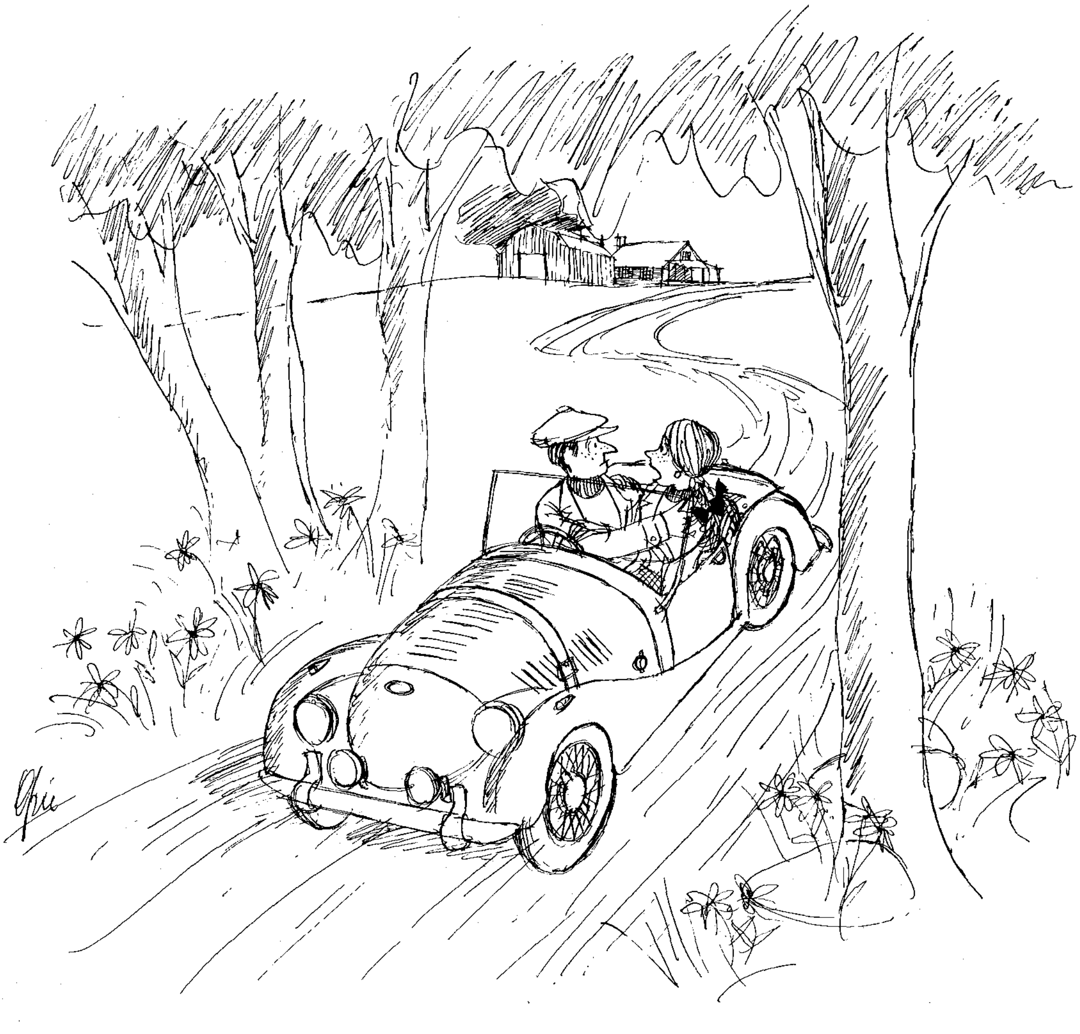
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

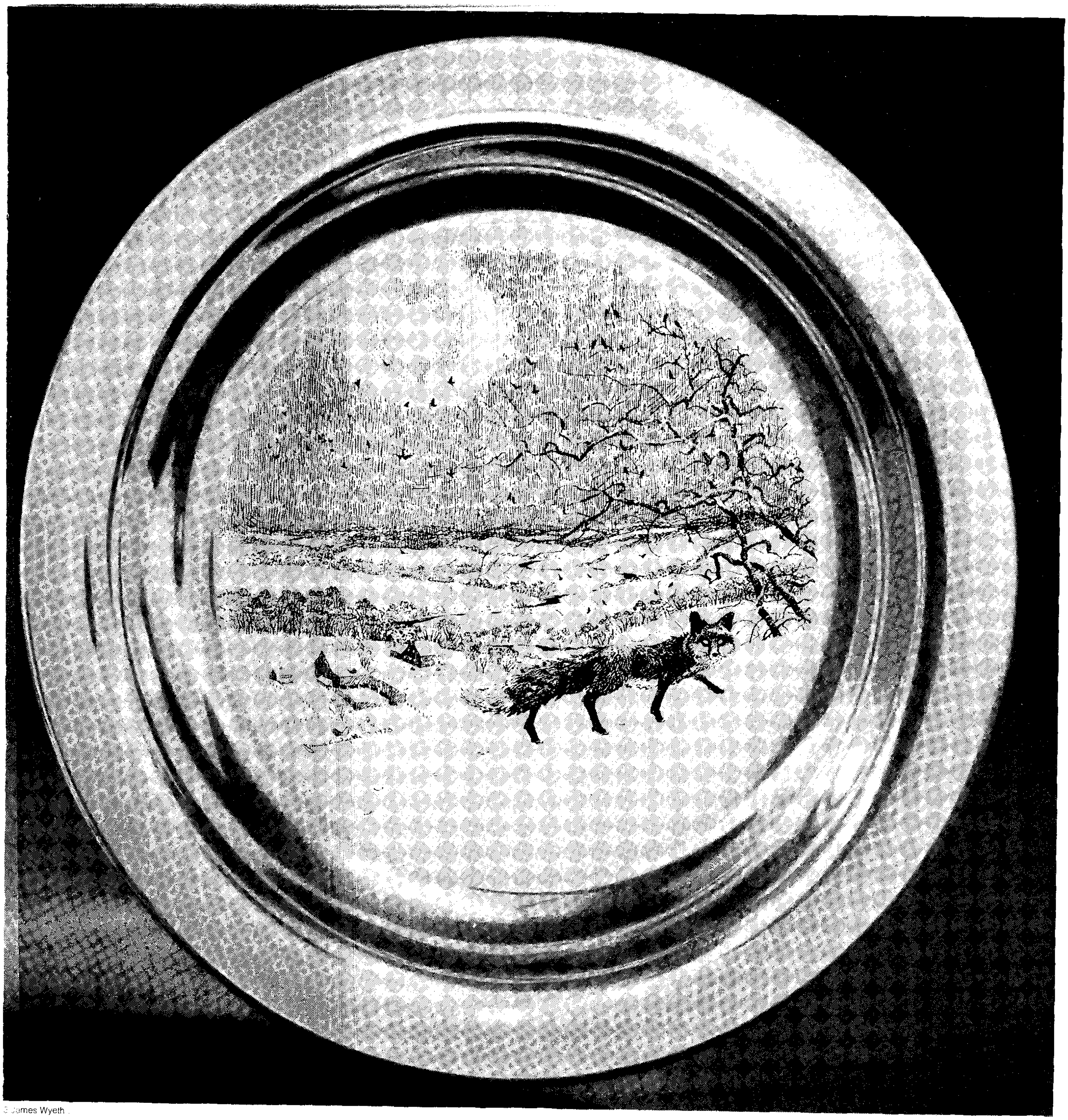
FEMININE FASHIONS

THE Balenciaga clothes currently on display at the Metropolitan Museum of Art are as awe-inspiring as the dinosaurs across the Park at the Museum of Natural History—and as extinct. They form a perfect study in the Darwinism of style. Many of the shapes in the exhibition seem very queer to us, but perhaps not as queer as the lost environment to which they give clues. The Spanish couturier Cristobal Balenciaga retired in 1968. For the two decades after the war, he was a giant influence in Paris fashion; after the death of Dior, in 1957, he was its undisputed monarch. His greatest contribution to the morphology of woman is his definitive abolition—by means of the barrel-shaped coat and the tent, the semi-fitted suit, and variations on the sack dress—of the corseted wasp waist. Of all the couturiers still functioning in the mid-sixties, only he and Chanel refused to build the empires of subsidiary ready-to-wear—the franchises and treaties with department stores by which the prestige of couture is now shored up. Some months before he died, last year, he observed, sadly, in an interview that the gracious life that had supported couture was gone, and that real couture had become an impossible luxury.

The present exhibition is a forceful reminder of the speed with which fashion has moved since Balenciaga's reign. Even if one sets the dividing line between the old world and the new earlier than 1968—allowing for the fact that Balenciaga's work had largely ceased to evolve some years before, and for the emergence of Quant and Courrèges in the early sixties—it must still be acknowledged that the tides of fashion were completely reversed in the space of a handful of years. By the end of the sixties, youth dominated fashion, and democracy had come to it, with its attendant choice or confusion, depending on your point of view. Balenciaga's designs are those of an authority, aimed at mature women with a distinct position in the world. The couture, from the time of Worth, master of the crinoline, had never concerned itself with unmarried girls; neither did Balenciaga. Because, despite his acceptance of such novelties as boots, "chic" raincoats, and trousers, he was rooted in the traditions of the couture. He believed that within his realm he had an obligation to provide leadership. He would not have grasped, any more than would Poiret, in the nineteen-hundreds, the idea that a new generation of ready-to-wear designers—the closest thing we now have to fashion leadership—would take pride in interpreting the often contradictory inclinations of the masses rather than in commanding a receptive élite. The idea of couture depended on a structured society with a privileged few people worth emulating. The nature of this élite often changed, depending on the kinds of government in Europe and on their relation to America. And the role of the couturier changed, too. Worth thought of himself as a tradesman, and could never have been invited to the glittering Second Empire receptions for which he provided every gown worth looking at. At the peak of his career, Balenciaga stood at the top of a pyramidal fashion structure that now seems as alien as a feudal court. Beneath him stood the slightly fuzzier couture talents. Beneath these, in an order determined by the modernity and/or nationality of the observer, were ranged the patrons who could pass for leaders of society (precedence was given here to those with the "dash" to be leaders of fashion, too) and the warring baronesses—the more or less "legendary" female editors of the powerful "glossies." In spite of Balenciaga's contempt for his publicists—he often



"There's something I must tell you, Herbie. It's not you I'm in love with, it's your cute little car."



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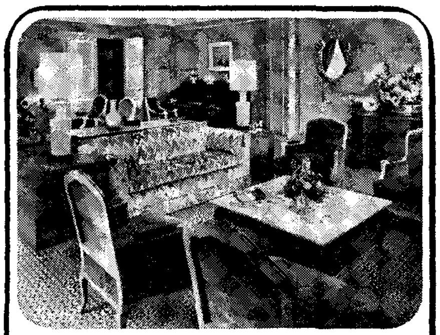
banned even slightly critical journalists from his collections, which he put on at deliberately inconvenient times—his fate was inextricably enmeshed with fashion journalism, which was at its most powerful in the postwar years. The techniques of fashion photography were at their most sophisticated, publicity was not yet moving at a speed that human beings could not control, and the avid curiosity of the public was as yet untainted by rebellion against the iron will of commerce that was behind the velvety purrings of tirelessly enthusiastic prose. It was Carmel Snow, of *Harper's Bazaar*, who first took up the newly launched Balenciaga, and it has fallen to Diana Vreeland, former editor of *Vogue*, and probably the last fashion editor to cultivate the "legendary" manner, to organize the present posthumous tribute in her new job, with the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute. The authority of the glossy magazines was vested in them by business. In the context of the Paris couture, this meant the stores and the firms of copyists who came from America to carry off the *toiles* that would serve as patterns for custom-made reproductions for the benefit of wealthy women who couldn't get to Paris. Women who couldn't afford the custom-made models bought off-the-peg copies in department stores, and so on down through the wrong end of the telescope to the base of the fashion pyramid, where a lot of ordinary girls dreamed of marrying a prince, as Grace Kelly had, and so getting to wear Balenciaga clothes. This trickling down from Paris constituted Fashion; there wasn't any other kind. When Europe was cut off, during the Second World War, and while Parisiennes were cycling around in hats made from wood shavings, American designers got along on their own remarkably well. But once the war was over, the combination of verve, good public relations, and general Europeanness of Paris couture again proved as irresistible to wealthy American women as it had in the time of Edith Wharton and Henry James. A Victorian fashion writer remarked that if the campaign for "rational dress" had been led by a respectable member of the British aristocracy instead of this dubious *American* called Amelia Bloomer, the whole scheme might have stood a chance of catching on. The belief that nothing good in fashion could ever come out of America was so prevalent among American couturiers that it was *not* until the nineteen-sixties that they began to hold their heads high. By



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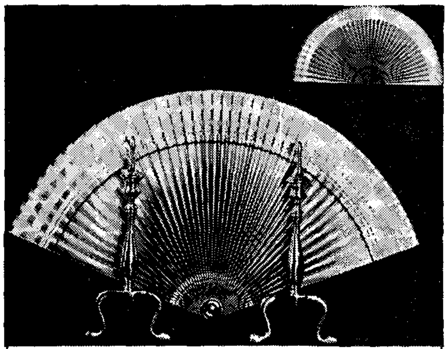

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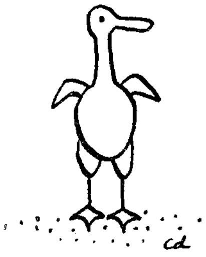
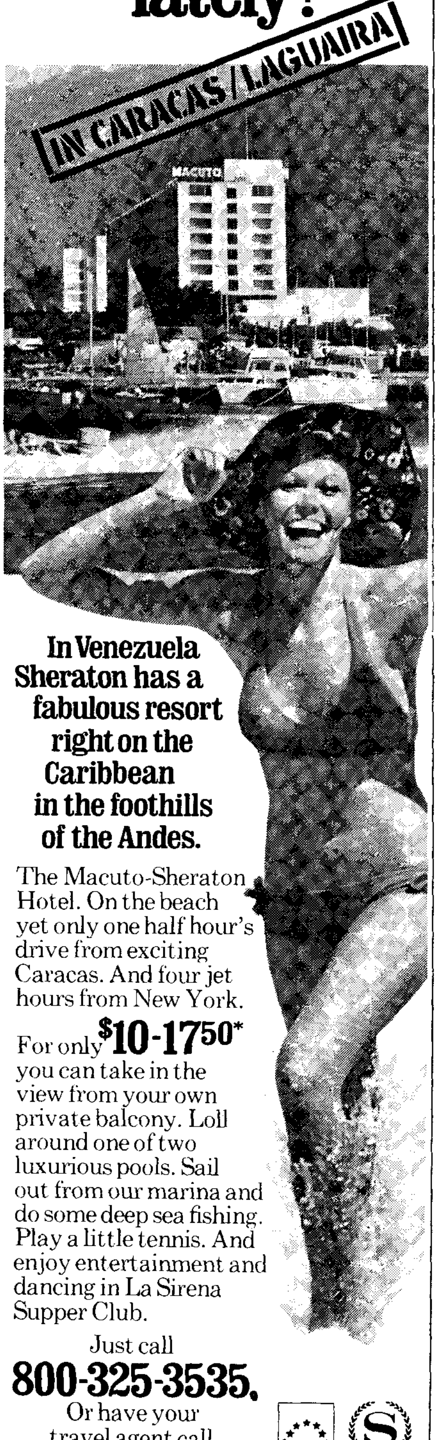
then, unfortunately, all couture was doomed.

THE exhibition reminds us how thoroughly fashion has devoted itself, since the miniskirt, to the semblance of youth. It is not that the Balenciaga clothes could never be worn by young women but, rather, that they could clearly be worn with great distinction by those who were no longer young. This failure to exclude middle age is today a striking and unfamiliar quality. Here are clothes for women with hips and bosoms, even the odd bulge or two. ("M. Balenciaga *likes* a little stomach," one of his fitters said.) Many of his inventions distinctly benefitted the older woman. Waistlessness was flattering to her, as was the blouse-back sheath, which concealed the lower back, whose curve is attractive only in the very young. Balenciaga's way of setting the neckline away from the neck and shortening the sleeves to three-quarter length led the eye to the back of the neck and to the curve of the wrist, both of which can be quite as graceful at sixty as at sixteen. This paring away of cloth also gave room for pearls and bracelets; his was an age in which rich women wore costly jewels without embarrassment. It was an age of hats, gloves, and perfect grooming, a time for the mature and womanly woman. When we now see photographs of the mannequins of the fifties, with their French twists, heavy brows, and precise lipstick, we marvel at the way they seem to have striven to look twenty years older than they really were. "Younger Set" departments in stores specialized in young women's clothes that differed from those of their mothers only in that they avoided assertiveness and authority—attributes then thought to be inseparable from elegance and incompatible with youth. Balenciaga's clothes have a structure that is often more significant than the body they cover, and a dignity that could make up for any that might be lacking in a stocky dowager with a pouter-pigeon chest.

The relation between clothes and the figure in Balenciaga's world goes very far toward being the exact opposite of the contemporary ideal. Today's unstructured styles depend not only for their best effect but for any effect at all on the kind of perfect, youthful body that looks terrific in a bikini. The success of Halston's soft sportswear and diaphanous caftans shows how far the emphasis of luxurious dress has shifted, for his expensive, effortless styles are intended to be subsidiary to the even greater luxury of the meticulously tended body beneath. Balenciaga's clothes, by contrast, have distinct forms in their own right, and are often made in what now seem stiff fabrics, such as his favorite, silk gazar, which has the weight of fine cardboard. He was the last representative of a traditional couture that believed in a freedom of invention more or less unfettered by the lumpy forms that nature has lumbered women with. His right to ignore or play up any part of the anatomy was unchallenged. Behind him we can look down the mirrored halls of Couture Past and see a procession of women variously hobbled, S-shaped, flat-bosomed, square-shouldered, or fiddle-shaped, according to fashion, by which each of them is held in thrall. Aside from Balenciaga's own "sack," the years spanned by his career saw the New Look, the "H" line, the "Y" and "A" shapes, the trapeze, and the matchbox—before the advent of the mini, trousers, and the midi. These last three represent the decline of the couture, because they all came from the people previously at the bottom of the fashion pyramid—the young and unestablished, a group still referred to by the old-guard couture faithfuls, with an ancien-régime contempt, as "the Street." There are a couple of Balenciaga minis in the exhibition, including a strapless gray organza number that hits four or five inches above the knee, but this is insubstantial, like an epic poem written in invisible ink.



Balenciaga's talents were contemporaneous with a less earthbound school, and his clothes were most successful when he felt free to sculpt and drape as he was moved. His strong, independent shapes almost never look contorted, and his tunics, chemises, and sack dresses are finely proportioned. (They are particularly effective in black.) His "turtle-backed" dress, with its great swoop of gathered fabric from nape to half-belt, is a marvellous study in line, like his "one-seam" coat and his coat with puppy-skin folds at arms and shoulders. A couple of examples of the classic semi-fitted suit, with jacket vaguely snug in front and vaguely convex in back, are included in the show, but these have been so widely imitated—virtually every woman of the right generation has worn some version of it, and its popularity is unabated among the patrons of the fustier



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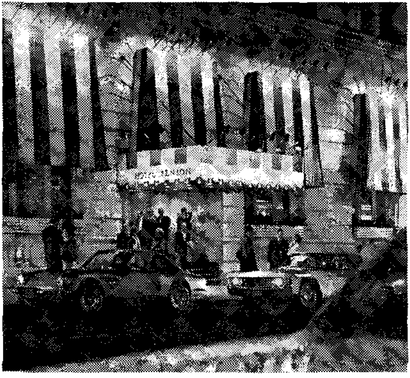
kind of Madison Avenue specialty shop—that the originals have lost their vitality.

Balenciaga's daytime shapes may have had a more lasting effect on women's wardrobes throughout the world, but it is in evening clothes—to which the show gives greater prominence—that we see his inspired sense of line soaring unrestrained through all the shapes of nature and history. Here, once more, we are reminded of a different fashion planet—a place of galas, tiaras, and twelve-button gloves, inhabited by a race of women who had not yet learned to think social substance an enemy of fantasy. Some of the dresses on display more closely resemble events or experiences than garments. There is, for one, a short black taffeta dress with the kind of utterly guileless top—in this case, bateau-necked and kimono-sleeved, but more often strapless—that is almost always, in Balenciaga's evening gowns, a prelude to the zaniest kind of carrying-on in the skirt. Its skirt is sculpted in an astounding way into the shape of a spinning top, and formed from row upon row of pinked ruffles, so that the legs would seem to grow out of its heart, like stamens from a black chrysanthemum. To contemplate this dress is to feel an irresistibly mounting gaiety, and finally the viewer is impelled to utter a sort of snort expressing satisfaction in a world that had seen the birth of such a piece of work.

Some of the shapes demand considerable adjustment of an eye accustomed to the sight of bluejeans. The harem skirt of the early nineteen-fifties qualifies as such a shape, and certainly as one of the most extraordinary fashions of all time. How did one sit in these bloomer-hemmed balloons, which look like giant puffballs that have settled around the legs? There is a knee-length version in the show, and one whose puff is formed by a detachable balloon skirt, which doesn't advance it much in practicality. And then a third compounds its eccentricity by reason of the split-level hemline to which Balenciaga was tirelessly drawn. Many of his skirts are knee-high in front and anywhere from ankle-length to a full-blown train in back. It has been said that Balenciaga's passion for the undulating hem led to the evolution of the model's backward-slanting walk. At any rate, like surprisingly many of his fancies, the hem made sense: the feet, after all, point forward, and in the fifties feet were particularly pointy and apt to get trapped in hems. The notion had come up before—in the



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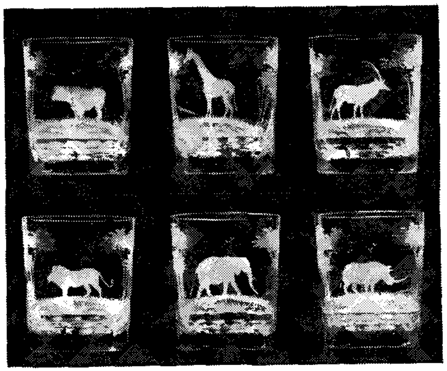

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period of transition between the short skirts of the twenties and the longer skirts of the thirties—but it was the Spaniard, with his memories of the flamenco skirt, who made it his own. The influence of the designer's native land would be unmistakable even if the visitor were not primed by the exhibition's piped-in click of castanets and by the presence on the walls of masterpieces of Spanish art. There is a group of tight little velvet jackets, embroidered and trimmed with jet, that owe much to the matador's traditional suit of lights. There are dresses with the characteristic east-to-west farthingale of Velázquez's Infanta, and there are the magnificent black lace dresses that take their cue from Goya's *majas*. But in his admiration for, and flattery of, the back of the neck, Balenciaga was positively Japanese. The pair of great curved evening capes that flank the entrance to the show—one of rows of ruffled black lace, the other of bois-de-rose ribbed satin—take their inspiration from the costumes of the Kabuki theatre. Then there are velvet evening coats with gathered backs and barrelling, overstuffed sleeves, for all the world like a Renaissance chamberlain's, and a taffeta gown with something closely akin to the bustle of a *fin-de-siècle* "stunner." The harem skirt, after all, had had a vogue under Marie Antoinette, as had what was then the "sacque" back, which came to be known as "Watteau folds," because of the publicity given them by the eighteenth century's Avedon. It was largely left to Dior, in the postwar era, to recapture many of the crinolined effects recorded by the Empress Eugénie's pet artist, but Balenciaga went through his own Winterhalter phase just before the war. As it happens, though, the one example of his work of that time to be seen in the exhibition is a very simple strapless dress in white silk with a smudged gray Paisley print, dating from 1937; of this dress one could say with greater confidence than of any other on display that it would not go amiss this evening at dinner in New York.

When uppity young ready-to-wear designers pillage fashion archives, the process is dismissed as a nostalgia hang-up; when the old-style couturiers dipped into the past, that was known as happy inspiration. Balenciaga was as unhampered in this by questions of expense or practicality—at least in his evening gowns—as were his ancestors in the couture, and so was better than his juniors at reinterpreting the past. It was as if the whole panoply of luxu-

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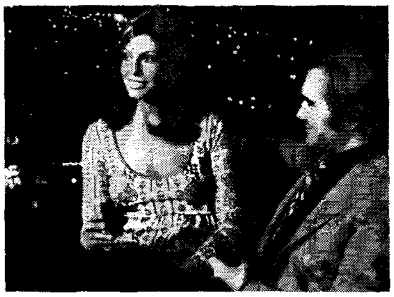

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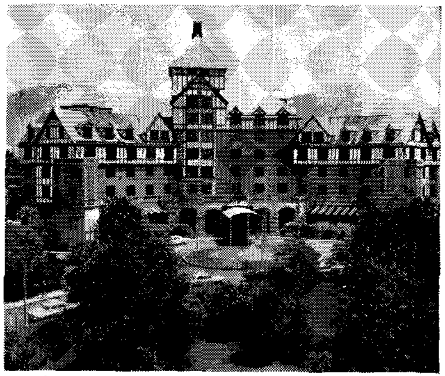
rious costume were his, a fief held by divine right, and he approached the past with confidence and dignity, not as a petitioner from a lower class snickering nervously behind his hand. He was heir to the ancient craft traditions that formed the bulwark of the French couture. He drew freely on the experience of the great French silk weavers, and we are reminded, in the exhibition's catalogue, of the old, romantic names of tulle, zibelline, bombazine, cloqué, matelassé, taffeta, broché, organza, marquisette, and point d'esprit, and of a time, before blends and synthetics, when a heroine could tell her maid to "lay out the bayleaf faille." He could command that the stuffs be dyed to any color in his mind's eye. (It must be said that some of his more vibrant visions jar a bit: American Beauty is now an alien hue. And some combinations of colors are very dated: lime and Shocking pink in a print jostle each other unpleasantly, and we are baffled by the idea of softening a black dress with touches of baby pink.) Balenciaga inherited a mighty force of hand laborers skilled in the painstaking application of beads, paillettes, and pearls, and in working with fine lace. By now, economic necessity has caused a shift in attitudes, and most rich women are no longer willing to advertise their exploitation of a poorer woman's eyesight. But in many of the Balenciaga gowns trim still takes precedence over form, much as it did when the only fashion news concerned the way a crinoline would be decorated. There is a coat that is covered by separate ostrich feathers, each sewn on upside down, so that it wafts and quivers with every breath, and there is a strapless black dress thickly encrusted with black stones and bouncing jet beads so fragile that a score of them would be crushed each time the wearer sat down. Presumably, both these garments would be returned to the atelier the morning after a ball for the seamstresses to replace shed feathers and crushed beads against the next time. But alongside the more grandiose follies of trimming there are dresses in which, as in the modern style, shape has taken precedence over trim but into which the lingering old conventions—fussy, droopy bows, fastenings like ribbon bellpulls, and other extinct furbelows—still creep to mar the effect of stark and often revolutionary line.

Balenciaga was the last couturier for whom the old view of fashion continued to hold good. For him, fashion was a matter of cut, fabric, color, and line. It was also involved with the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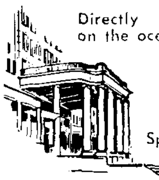
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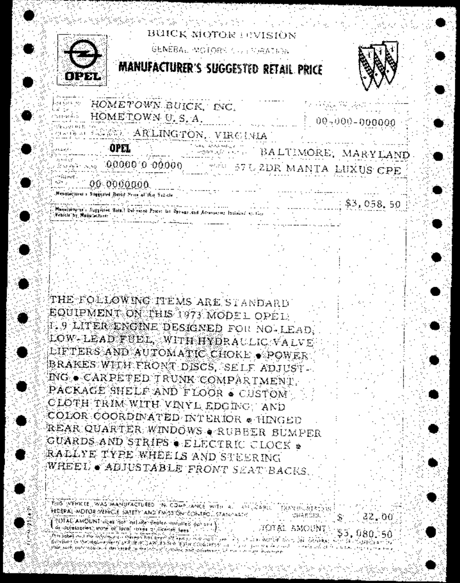

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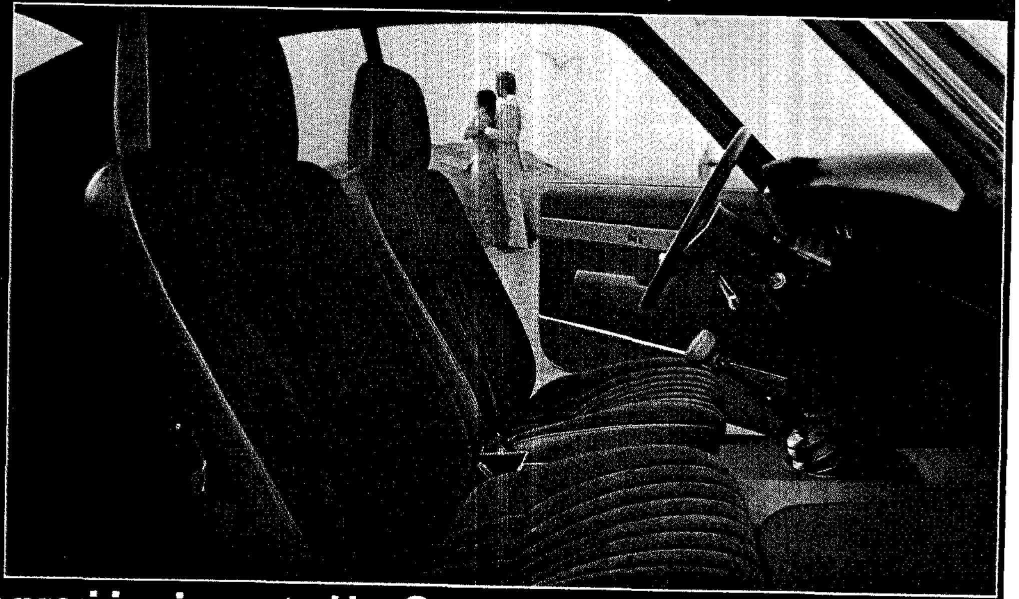

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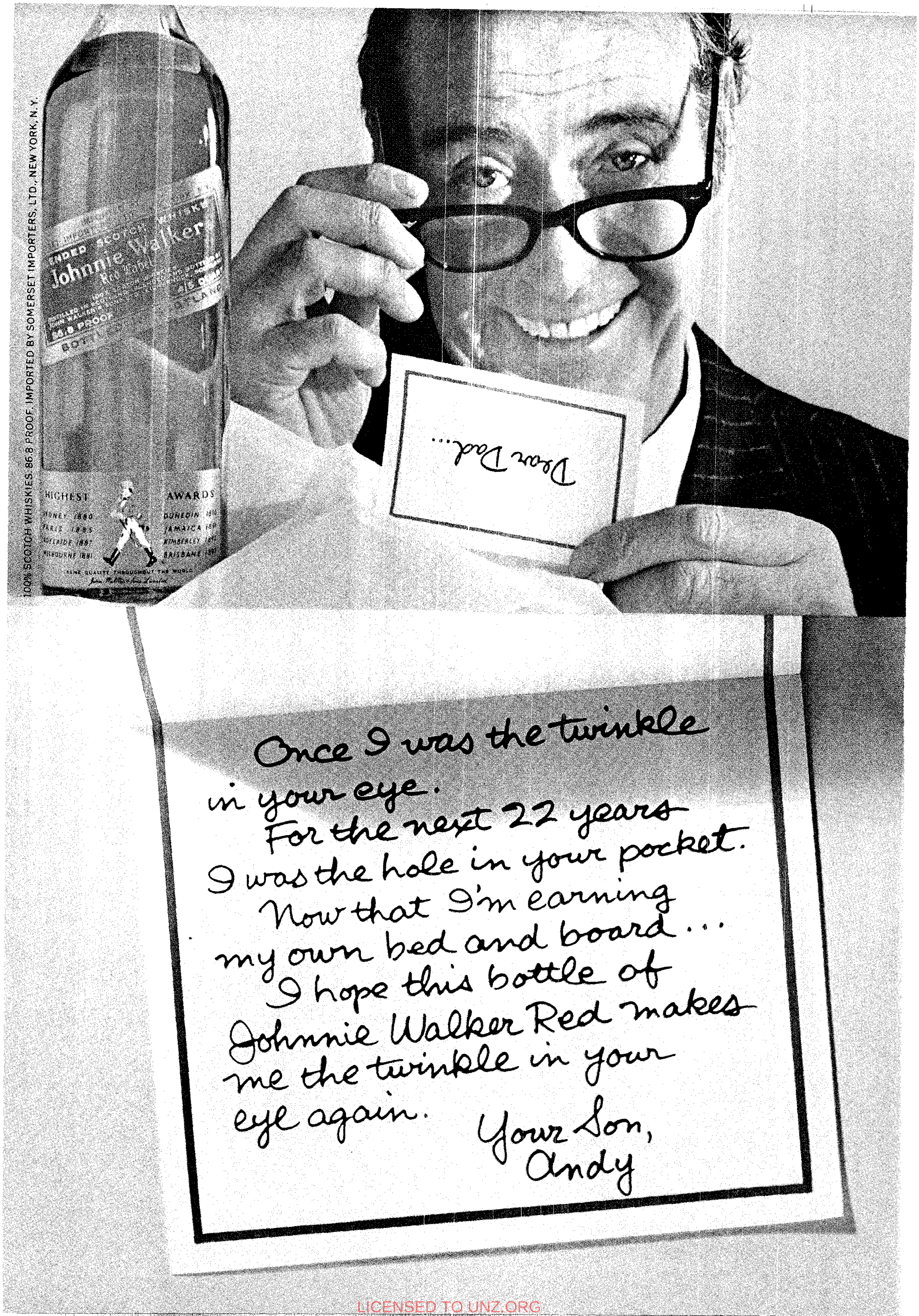
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Your Son,
Andy

murkier concept of prestige, but it remained, at base, a question of women and their clothes. His work was not supposed to reflect the public mood or to tie in with fashions in movies or books. "We didn't talk about trends in those days, and there wasn't any *rush*," Diana Vreeland has said of the era of postwar fashion—a time she sometimes refers to as "the Great Adventure." This lack of rush, together with the self-sufficient, hermetic quality of the old kind of fashion, leads to a strange, floating chronology within Balenciaga's work. Broadly speaking, it is possible to say that the most startlingly free inventions date from the fifties, when Balenciaga was an experimental young lion, rather than from the sixties, when he was an established old master. But the visitor to the exhibition is often fooled into thinking that a dress dates from, say, 1945 when it was in fact made in 1954 or 1967. The dress could perfectly well have been worn in any of those years, provided that there was still a marble staircase and some chandeliers. This lack of strict position in time has led to the claim that Balenciaga's clothes are timeless—the quality of timelessness was much admired by the old fashion school—and to an emphasis on their eternal, sculptural nature. Meanwhile, though, a newer school is joyfully discovering their historical context. Some of those who visit the exhibition are too young to have any interest in the names of the rich women who have lent the clothes, and too young to be made nervous by the shapes of the fifties. One of the ironies of the show is that it will certainly add fuel to a revival that has already gained enough momentum for the young ready-to-wear designers in Paris to be showing styles directly inspired by Balenciaga. The barely forgotten master is on the point of being fashionable once more. —KENNEDY FRASER

●

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MUSICAL EVENTS

New York Notes

APRIL 10TH: The ragtime revival continues apace, and at its head, willy-nilly, is the astonishing Eubie Blake, who turned ninety last February. Indeed, we are being inundated with Blakeiana. The flood began four years ago when Columbia released "The Eighty-six Years of Eubie Blake" (C2S 847), a collection of thirty rags, marches, and blues, most of them by Blake. Although he had been in semi-retirement for more than thirty years, his playing on the record is rumbustious and attractive. Then he was everywhere—at festivals, on television, in solo concerts, in night clubs, and in recording studios. And now three new albums—"Eubie Blake, Featuring Ivan Harold Browning," "Eubie Blake: Rags to Classics," and "Eubie Blake and His Friends Edith Wilson and Ivan Harold Browning" (Eubie Blake Music EBM-1, -2, and -3)—have been issued. In the first, he plays six loosely structured rags, five of them his own, and then, in eight numbers, accompanies Ivan Browning, a member of the Four Harmony Kings, who appeared in Blake and Noble Sissle's celebrated all-black 1921 Broadway show, "Shuffle Along." Browning is eighty-two, but his singing, which is affectingly of its period, remains clear and steady. Blake plays thirteen remarkably varied numbers on the second record. He wrote eight of them, and these include a waltz, composed for his wife in the past couple of years (his first published tune, "Charleston Rag," was written in 1899); rags, one of them brand-new; a fine ballad, "You're Lucky to Me;" and several études, one of which, written in 1923 and called "Rain Drops," suggests Debussy's short piano pieces. The third record has five more Blake-accompanied Browning efforts and three by Edith Wilson, a jazz-oriented singer of the twenties who worked with Blake in one of the later editions of "Shuffle Along." Again, there are more Blake piano solos, among them "Memphis Blues," his new "Eubie Dubie," written with the pianist Johnny Guarnieri, and his ballad "I Can't Get You Out of My Mind," done for a 1937 W.P.A. show called "Swing It." But Blake has also been supervising Blake reissues. "Eubie Blake: Blues and Rags" and "Eubie Blake: 1921" (Biograph BLP 1011Q and 1012Q) contain twenty-two transcriptions of the thirty known piano rolls that he set down between 1917 and 1921. These are largely pop tunes, but the playing is vigorous and even audacious, particularly on the rolls that were not gussied up by their publishers before they were issued. The last of the reissues, "Sissle and Blake: Early Rare Recordings" (Eubie Blake Music EBM-4), contains fourteen records that Sissle and Blake, who were known in vaudeville as the Dixie Duo, made between 1920 and 1927. They are charming, peppy, and unbelievably innocent. Then, on the crest of this remarkable efflux, comes a cheerful book, "Reminiscing with Sissle and Blake" (Viking), by Robert Kimball (who, with Brendan Gill, compiled "Cole") and the pianist-composer William Bolcom. It consists of sketches of Sissle and Blake's lives, along with countless photographs and reproductions of sheet music, newspaper reviews, ads, posters, programs, and the like. Blake's earlier world now seems almost antediluvian. The only child of former slaves (his father was secretly taught the Spencerian hand by his owner's daughter), he grew up in Baltimore and at fifteen was playing piano in a local bawdy house—a way of life that sustained him until 1915, when he teamed up with Noble Sissle, who was already a lyric writer and singer. His theatrical career began with "Shuffle Along" and lasted into the thirties, and by 1940 his first life was over. The book, though, sidesteps several curious things about Blake: that he should find himself the guidon of the ragtime resurgence when he was neither a full-time ragtime performer nor even a pure one (he generally took liberties with his materials), that he had so little to do with the great black music—jazz—that was marshalling its forces everywhere about him when he was at his peak, and that the predominant feeling in both his composing and his playing has always been more white than black.

APRIL 12TH: What ragtime was really about is demonstrated in a new and beautiful recording, "Scott Joplin: The Red Back Book" (Angel S-36060). It was instigated by the Joplin scholar Vera Brodsky Lawrence and carried through by Gunther Schuller, the sometime critic, jazz historian, French-horn player, conductor, composer, and present head of the New England Conservatory. Eight of Joplin's marvellous rags are played by a twelve-piece ensemble made up of trumpet, trombone, clarinet, flute or piccolo, tuba, piano, drums, two violins, viola, cello, and bass. (Two of the

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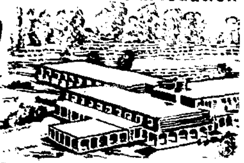

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rags are also done as solos by the ensemble's exceptional pianist, Myron Romanul.) The instrumentation and arrangements are taken from "Fifteen Standard High Class Rags," a collection of stock arrangements made for dancing, parades, band concerts, and the like by E. J. Stark, D. S. De Lisle, and various unknown hands in the early years of the century and generally known as "The Red Back Book." Schuller has conducted the group, which is made up of Conservatory students, and the impeccably played results are a unique and graceful chamber music. The group, blessed with a knowledge of jazz which its turn-of-the-century predecessors rarely had, swings irresistibly, and delights abound: the intricate, superbly orchestrated "The Rag Time Dance;" Romanul's feathery, affecting solo version of "The Entertainer," and the way he and the ensemble work in unison in the opening strain of "Rag Time Dance;" the crystalline, stunning staccato Charles Lewis trumpet solos, with their alarming intervals, in "Easy Winners," "Sun Flower Slow Drag," and "Maple Leaf Rag;" the piccolo solo in the first strain of "The Entertainer," backed by billowing oompah piano figures; and the sedate, subtle, gliding "Maple Leaf Rag," which has been larruped so mercilessly for so many decades by jazz musicians.

April 18th: Churchill's, at Third Avenue and Seventy-third Street, is a small, teeming bar-and-grill that has a good deal of the atmosphere of the after-hours Harlem *boîtes* of the thirties and forties. Four nights of the week, Brooks Kerr, a twenty-one-year-old devotee of Duke Ellington and a student of the late Willie the Lion Smith, holds forth on a tiny bandstand, playing stride piano and Ellington tunes that no one else, including the Master himself, remembers, singing in a pleasant, impassioned manner, and accompanying the former Ellington cornettist, violinist, singer, and high-jinks specialist Ray Nance. Drummers sit in on a house snare, and tap-dancers frequently take to the floor. At least, all this happened tonight during the ten numbers I heard, among them a fine "I Can't Get Started," in which Nance sang and played two muted, yearning choruses; a cheerful "When You're Smiling," with excellent Nance and a couple of dashing Kerr choruses; an introvert "Shadow of Your Smile," played smokily by Nance on violin; and "Just a Lucky So-and-So," sung by Kerr, who also sang a forgotten

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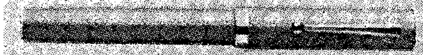

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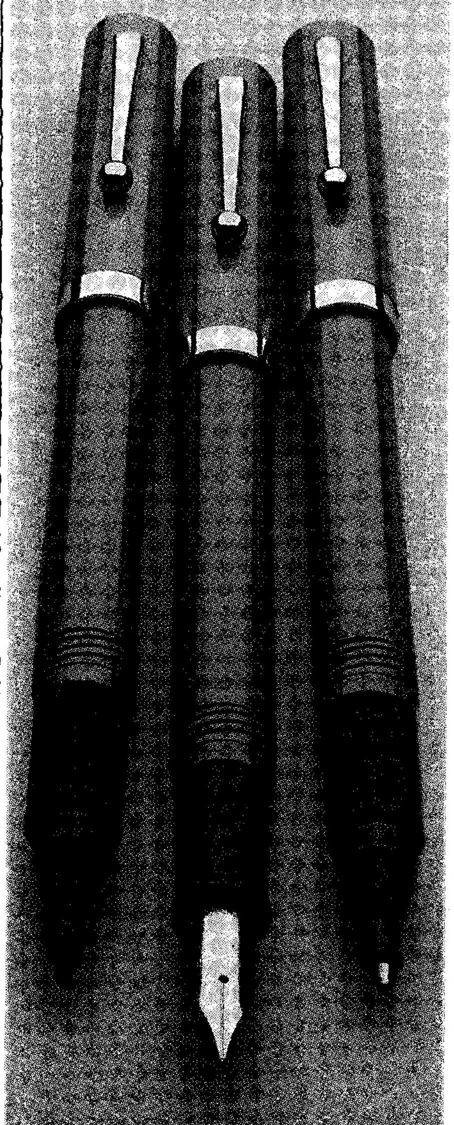

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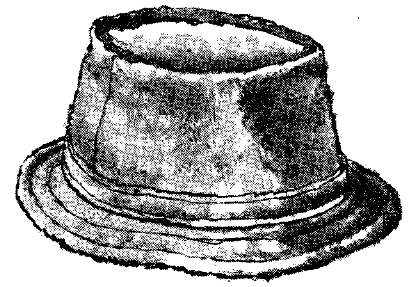

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1932 Ellington tune called "Best Wishes." The music at Churchill's lasts from eleven until four, which must make it the last place in the city that still swings until curfew time.

April 20th: Several months ago, the Royal Box, long an East Coast layover for Las Vegas behemoths, changed to a policy of small jazz bands and dancing. The band in residence at the moment (and which will be back in the fall) is led by Bobby Hackett, and it is the best one he has ever had. With him are Vic Dickenson, Hank Jones, the guitarist Remo Palmier (Palmieri when he came forward in the forties), the Yugoslavian bassist George Mraz, and the drummer Jackie Williams. The ensembles tend toward gracious, hat-doffing contrapuntal exercises or fleet unison riffs. In between, the soloists each take at least two choruses, and what beauties they left lying around the bandstand tonight! Hackett, who is nearing sixty, is unbelievable. Although his improvisations, with their Paul Klee designs, intense swing, resilience, and flawless tone and execution, have long been beyond reproach, he continues to polish and refine his style, as if he were endlessly trying to prove that perfection is a myth. Thus, the wondrous face-liftings he gave tonight to such old parties as "In a Mellotone," "East of the Sun," "Broadway," and "How Come You Do Me Like You Do." Dickenson is a consummate foil for Hackett, and, like him, has steadily furbished his playing. He struck an endless series of triplets, smears, plunger-muted passages, growls, and floating legato asides. But Hank Jones, who has long been hidden away in the studios, stole the evening. He is a founding member of that small body of pianists—Jimmy Rowles, Tommy Flanagan, Ellis Larkins, and Dave McKenna are the others—who believe that jazz piano playing should be surprising, wasteless, lyrical, and lilting, who believe that each note should be a pearl. Jones' solos consist largely of a delicate array of single-note lines that are lighted by occasional chords and that rarely move in the direction one expects. They turn suddenly, like shy lodgers, and are gone; they bowl through adventurous notes with grace and precision; they come up glistening from the deeps of the keyboard; they flicker and dart and flash like evening swallows. He was particularly nimble in "Hindustan" and "Blue Skies," and he even quickened "Muskrat Ramble." Hackett recorded the group at the Royal Box and he says

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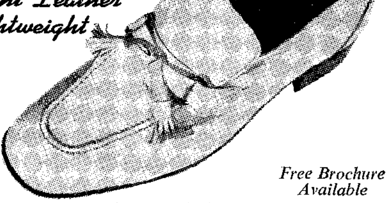

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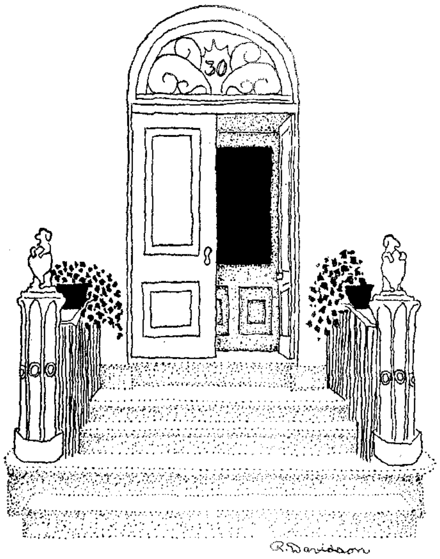
the results please even him. (The album will be released in due course on his label, Hyannis-Port, and can be ordered through Hackett at P.O. Box 337, Hyannis Port, Massachusetts.)

MAY 1ST: Jim Hall and Ron Carter have played as a guitar-and-bass duo for several years, and they work together like a couple of pickpockets practicing in private. They shadow each other's flights, echo them, celebrate them, and even anticipate them. But their first record, made late last summer at a brilliant concert given at the Playboy Club, has only just been brought out on Milestone as "Alone Together: Jim Hall-Ron Carter Duo" (MSP 9045). Of the eight numbers, five are standards and the rest are originals by Sonny Rollins, Carter, and Hall. The standards are in ad-lib or slow-to-medium tempos, and they are languorous and ingeniously arranged. "Softly As in a Morning Sunrise" consists mostly of a string of ad-lib, a-cappella eight-bar exchanges, with some Dick McDonough chords from Hall. In the title song, Carter states the melody, using quavering, miragelike notes, makes way for a luminous Hall solo that stunningly starts several beats late with a turning, gliding two-note phrase, and returns for a solo while Hall brushes in chords in the background. "I'll Remember April" has a long, complex contrapuntal ensemble, a fine medium-tempo Hall solo, and a long, walking Wilbur Ware Carter statement, full of retards and sidestepping notes. The originals are chancy and sometimes breathtaking. Carter's "Receipt, Please" is a complex rising-and-falling melodic line with several smart key modulations, and Hall's "Whose Blues" is a fragile and ingenious blues with strange fur-bearing



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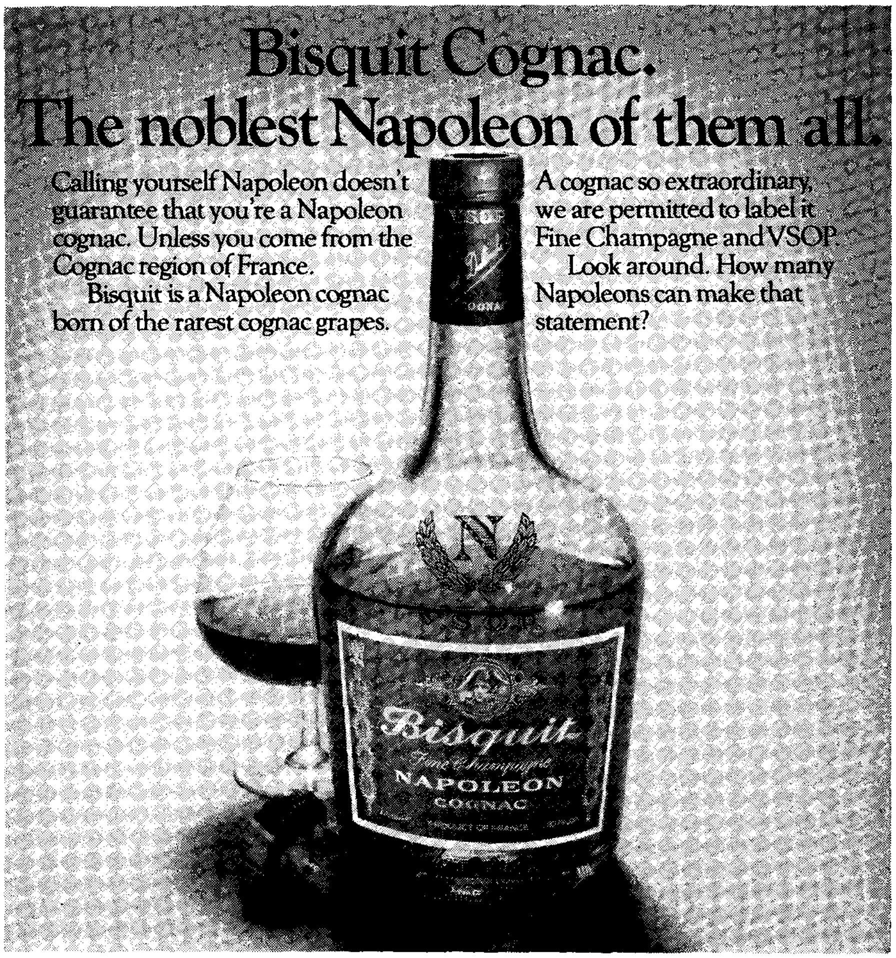

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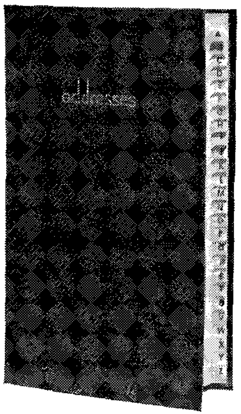

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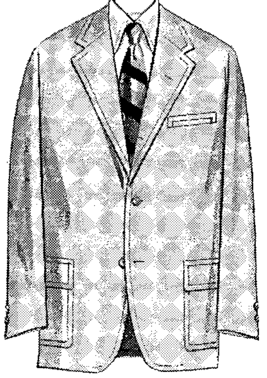

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MAY 11TH: Barney Josephson first brought Nellie Lutcher, the marvellous helter-skelter singer, composer, and pianist, from the West Coast to Café Society Downtown in the mid-forties, and she became an immediate success. A week ago, he brought her East again to the Cookery, after a long period of semi-obscurity, and, with both the old generation and a new one in attendance, she may well be off again. It's easy to see why. She is a genuine primitive performer who effortlessly works both sides of the tracks. She is—with her striking, high-cheekboned face and her long, scuttling, dancing, crablike fingers—a funny and magnetic entertainer. But she is also, under all her explosive nonsense, a fine pianist and jazz singer. She grew up near Lake Charles, Louisiana, and when she was fifteen played in a band that included Bunk Johnson. At the same time, she listened to Earl Hines' radio broadcasts from the Grand Terrace, in Chicago. These country-mouse-and-city-mouse experiences remain side by side in her work and allow her, in a number like "Lake Charles Boogie," to play in a jangling, down-home, bedspring style, and, in a number like "The Lady's in Love with You," to deliver expert Hines arpeggios and rhythmic bursts. But Lord knows where her singing came from. She has a light, glancing voice which gives the impression of forever slipping off its notes, and she is a master of melismatics: a six-noted Lutcher syllable is commonplace. Her diction is as casual as Jack Teagarden's, and when she tires of making sense out of her words she slides into whole choruses of scat singing beflagged with falsetto hums, mumbles, and strange cries. She sang all her own old hits tonight—"Fine Brown Frame" (an apt and laconic description of Big Sid Catlett, with whom she stepped out in the forties), "Hurry On Down to My House," and "Real Gone Guy"—and they were funny and good. But the best things she did were the fillers, which included a blindingly fast "Perdido" (her accompanists, Skeeter Best on guitar and Morris Edwards on bass, floated out behind her like coattails); a medium-slow "St. Louis Blues," in

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which each beat had a Bessie Smith gravity and presence; a slow, rocking, singsong "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home;" and a fast "Alexander's Ragtime Band," which rattled around the room like hail on a tin roof. She'll be loose at the Cookery until the end of June.

JUNE 9TH: There was a time in jazz when a good many of its appreciators spent more time classifying, stratifying, and categorizing their idols than they did listening to them. The guidelines they set out were as rigid as two-by-fours. Thus, it was decreed, Zutty Singleton played only with the likes of James P. Johnson or Pee Wee Russell or Sidney Bechet, and when he popped up on an early Dizzy Gillespie-Charlie Parker record the incredulity and dismay among his admirers were almost palpable. He had, in effect, committed treason. But economic needs and attrition have done their work, and no one even blinks now at the sort of group that Marian McPartland has brought into the Royal Box through this Saturday. It includes a member of the Kansas City school (Buddy Tate), the Chicago school (Jimmy McPartland), and the modern New York school (Marian McPartland), as well as two young eclectics, the bassist Rusty Gilder and the drummer Jackie Williams. The range of their material tonight was equally generous. Among other things, they played "You Turned the Tables on Me," "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter," "Harlem Nocturne," "The Girl From Ipanema," "What's New," "I Thought About You," "'Round Midnight," and "St. Louis Blues," and they played them with ease and aplomb. It was not Chicago music or Kansas City music or New York music but lyrical, first-rate jazz. (Needless to say, this non-classifiable music *has* been categorized, and is frequently referred to as "mainstream" music.) Jimmy McPartland, who has been having embouchure troubles of late, played well, and it was a pleasure to hear Bix Beiderbecke's ghost rise up behind every solo. Marian McPartland, long accustomed to the endless-meadows format of a trio, was tight and sharp; she said what she had to say in a chorus or two, and there was none of the cloud-gazing she sometimes engages in. Tate played his customary tenor saxophone, but he also played alto, baritone, clarinet, and flute, lending each of them his uncanny lyricism and drive and drama. He was particularly affecting in a regal "Willow Weep for Me" (tenor), a

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pouring "'Round Midnight" (alto), a graceful "Girl from Ipanema" (flute), and on booming versions of "I Want to Be Happy" and "Perdido" (baritone). Gilder and Williams stayed largely in the background, and were flawless. There is no question that the bond between jazz musicians and dancers creates a musical urgency that rarely exists in a concert situation. It also causes some fearless and memorable dancing, of which there has been a good deal of late at the Royal Box.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the Manchester Guardian*]

BEATRIX POTTER said the worst thing that anyone could say about a badger, when she accused them of going to bed with their boots on.

Lord Arran, Britain's chief defender of the badger, who introduced a Bill into the Lords yesterday for their protection, admitted that it was true. He also confessed that his sons got on to the table in fear when the local badger and his friends came to the house.

If Lord Arran's Bill, which was given an unopposed second reading, becomes law, more people will go in fear of badgers. For under the Bill, anyone who kills, injures, or sells a badger will be liable to a fine of £100 or imprisonment for three months.

Lord Hoy gave the Opposition's official blessing to the Bill; Baroness Young, the Government's Whip, gave the Government's position of official neutrality, while doubting that badgers were under threat of extinction; and some of the noblest names in the land turned up with their badger story.

The Duke of Marlborough, in a maiden speech, pointed out the darker side of badger life: "Once a badger gets into bad habits, he doesn't give them up," warned the Duke. The badger killed lambs and chickens, broke nests, and rolled in cornfields. Did one really need to apply to the Ministry to kill such an animal?

The Bishop of Bath and Wells angrily disagreed, and hoped the Duke would make his next speeches on more important subjects.

The former Lord Chancellor, Lord Dilhorne, thought the Bill much too strong and would be a blot on the Statute Book. Lord Coleridge thought many of the sins of the fox were far too often visited on the badger. According to a Conservative peer, Lord Lovat, there could be only three reasons why anyone would want to kill a badger: to make a shaving brush or a dress sporran for an officer in the Argylls, or to blood a terrier. How then was it possible to have complete protection of a badger?

Nevertheless, another Conservative peer, Lord Masserene and Ferrard, disagreed and supported the Bill if only because it would prevent badger digging. "It is not a sport at all," he declared. "It is a loathsome business indulged in by village louts."

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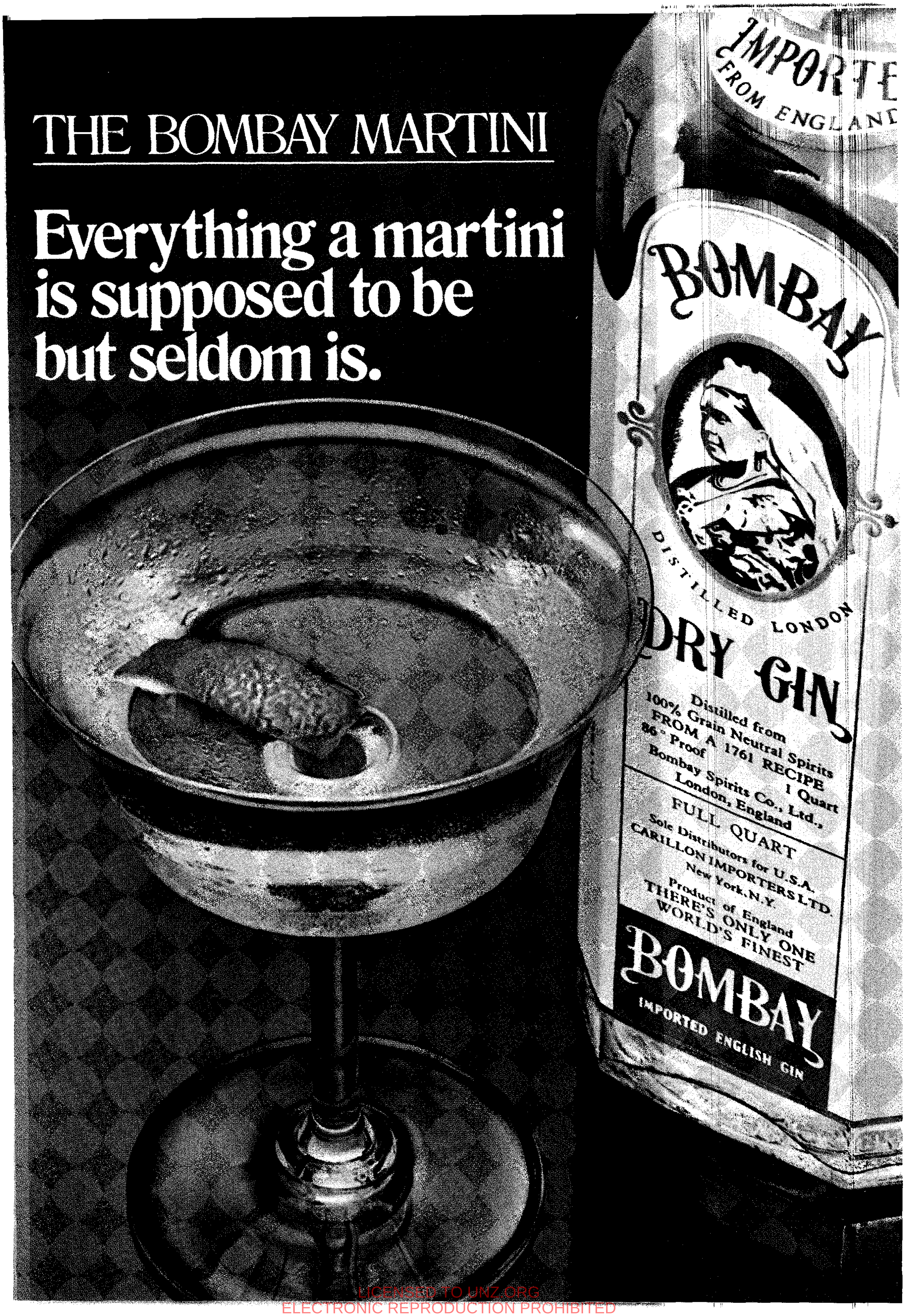
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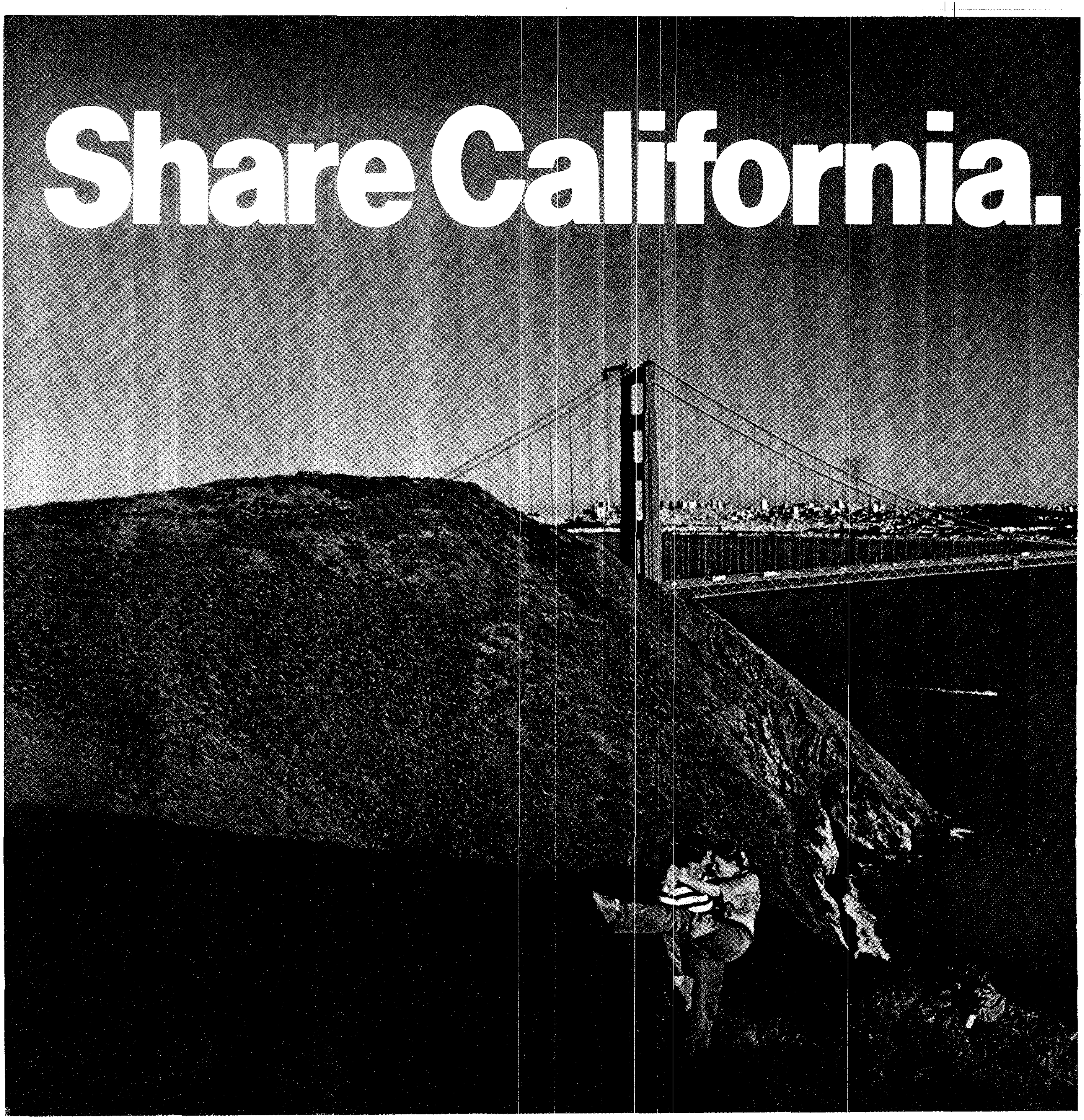

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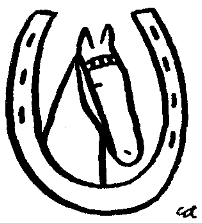
THE RACE TRACK

Thirty-one Lengths

PREDICTABLY, and magnificently, the Meadow Stable's Secretariat galloped away with the Belmont Stakes by thirty-one lengths at Belmont Park last Saturday afternoon. Nothing I've ever seen in this race, which is called the Test of the Champion (and, if you must know, I go back to Man o' War), was more comprehensive, and no triumph more thorough. In addition to his amazing margin of victory (Man o' War's was twenty), he not only smashed the track mark of 2:26⅗ for the mile and a half to smithereens but his time—2:24—set a new American record for a dirt course. And I'd never heard such cheering, even for Kelso, as greeted Secretariat as he came down the stretch. There seemed a note of relief in it as well as pleasure that he was winning the Triple Crown, which no horse had done since Citation, twenty-five years ago. It was indeed the performance of a champion, winning proudly, almost contemptuously—scorning to play it safe, quickly taking the lead for the twelve furlongs, and daring anyone to go with him. Only one—Sham—tried, and Secretariat disposed of him in a little less than a couple of furlongs. It's only fair to say that Sham gamely kept up a hopeless chase as long as he could. On the turn for home, with about three furlongs to go, Twice a Prince, the colt who got his legs tangled in the starting gate before the Kentucky Derby, passed Sham and held second place to the end, saving it by half a length from My Gallant. Pvt. Smiles was down the course, and so was Sham, who stopped badly in the last furlong. I'm sure that many in the crowd of 69,138 who saw Secretariat will not be easily convinced that there ever was a better three-year-old. In my opinion, he's the best since Citation.



Racegoers crowded into the walking ring early for a closeup view of Secretariat, and he had never looked more impressive. As someone put it, you knew that you were looking at a champion. Lucien Laurin, his trainer, said that Big Boy, as the men around his stable call him, had put on around fifty pounds since he started running for the Triple Crown. I thought Sham didn't move as smoothly as he should on his way to the post, and Pvt. Smiles easily outlooked My Gallant and Twice a Prince.

Secretariat, who drew the post position on the rails, was away smartly, and he and Sham went around the first turn stride for stride. I thought Sham got his head in front for a moment a bit farther on, but turning into the backstretch Secretariat swept away all doubts about where the Triple Crown was going. As it looked from the stand—and as it was later confirmed by Turcotte, who rode him—Secretariat just went his own gait; he ran the first quarter in 0:23⅗, the half mile in 0:46⅕, six furlongs in 1:09⅘, the mile in 1:34⅕, and the mile and a quarter in 1:59. As Turcotte swept by one of the tote boards in the infield, he glanced at the figures of the Teletimer and knew that he was headed for a record, but, as in the Preakness, he never touched his mount with his whip. When Secretariat came back to the weighing-in enclosure, he wasn't breathing hard enough to blow out a candle, as the saying goes.

I toddled out to Belmont Park on Sunday morning to learn how Secretariat was resting on his laurels. If there had been any around, he'd have eaten them. Laurin said that Big Boy had cleaned up six quarts of oats and quantities of hay on Saturday evening, as though there'd never been such a thing as the Belmont Stakes, and next morning he had a heartier breakfast of the same. As for the races to come, neither Mrs. John Tweedy, who directs the operations of the Meadow Stable, nor Laurin had given them a serious thought, but I have a notion that Secretariat will be under colors again before the Travers Stakes, at Saratoga in August. The Belmont first money of $90,120 brought his earnings to $895,242, and he could easily run it up to a million if he popped out to California for the $150,000 Hollywood Derby next month.

By the way, Belmont Park itself did all right, too, with a handle of $5,657,796 in the tote. So did some exacta players. Though Secretariat paid only ten cents on the dollar if you bet on him straight, the Belmont was an exacta race, and if you hooked him up in an exacta with each of the four other runners, you'd have lost six dollars and won $35.20 on the Secretariat-Twice a Prince combination. Oh, well . . .

—AUDAX MINOR

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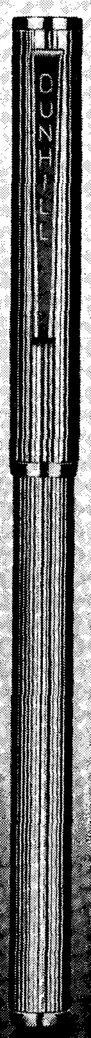

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BOOKS

Snares and Delusions

RUTH PRAWER JHABVALA's stories have been compared to Chekhov's. She is an ironical observer of what he called the false emotions, the comedy (in the sternest sense) of self-delusion without drastic condemnation of the deluded. Her latest novel, "Travelers" (Harper & Row), embodies this irony, but one is more struck, this time, by the echoes of "A Passage to India." Two generations have passed since Forster. The Westerner is not now in India to rule or give. He is either an apologetic foreign official, a tourist safe in his hygienic hotel, seeing the sights but fearful of their implications, or—more rarely—a "seeker" in flight from the materialism of the West who is confused by the materialism of the East. But, allowing for this difference, Forster's and Mrs. Jhabvala's characters are matched. Raymond, the sensitive, spinsterly English aesthete and inquirer, is another Fielding plus unconscious homosexuality; his Indian friend, the ingenuous and ludicrous student Gopi, is in some ways a budding, ill-educated, up-to-date version of Dr. Aziz. The disturbance in the mind of the unhappy Mrs. Moore becomes bold and explicit in the persons of three English girls who have recklessly gone to India on a spiritual quest. They throw themselves without defense upon India in order to attain their "higher selfhood" and to find their "deepest essence." To these lengths Forster's characters never went, for the girls have come to suffer, to be destroyed, so that they can be remade. Times have changed, but the theme is similar: opposites have met.

In one way, Mrs. Jhabvala's book is a satirical study of the disasters that overtake those who dabble in the wisdom of the East, and one can think the lesson forced. The girls are rootless and sexually frigid. One is told little about their background. Under what circumstances in their native land did these virgins, or demi-virgins, pick up the idea of something "higher" than sexual love? Why, one asks, didn't they become nuns at home? Or are they in some sense hippies? We do not know. And are these three not too alike? The Western characters in "Travelers" are denatured types. Raymond has collected his scholarly information and firmly saves his skin with Gopi's mockery in his ears: "Sometimes you are just like a woman. Look how neat you are and tidy!" For the girls—disaster, though they are trite until disaster catches them. One of them dies of hepatitis, and in squalor, because her chosen swami disbelieves in modern medicine. Another has become a pale, glazed automaton, the swami's hypnotized slave; the most truthful and stubborn of the three girls holds on to her Western will. But against her judgment, and despite what she has seen, she abandons herself to a sexual experience that disgusts, terrifies, and overpowers her. She craves to be overpowered. She has, indeed, discovered an unsuspected self—one compelled by horror. She finds "wholeness" in degradation, a craving not for the highest but for the lowest—and with her eyes open.

Yet if Mrs. Jhabvala's novel is in part satirical, it rises above satire in her patient, sensitive, and undismayed treatment of the situation. Her attitude is that of the careful truth-teller rather than of the arguer; the irony lies between the honest lines, so if we feel that the girls are bickering shadows and their behavior is unbearably silly and pretentious, they are always explicit when, from time to time, they come on the scene. The inner subject of the book is really dominion. In the foreground is the dominion of the new, rich, brash Indian middle class, itself torn between the dominion of its traditions and the vulgar, careless ostentation now available to it. Sexuality will dominate, luxury will dominate, the gurus will dominate, squalor will dominate, servants will intrigue and be downtrodden. Yet all have their eager, dreamy eyes on the West. The girls are

dominated less by the swami than by his insinuation of his belief in Fate: India, in its chaos, has its ancient belief in the domination of Fate in its bones. This is exactly the theme for Mrs. Jhabvala, who probably knows more about India and *feels* it more strongly, in terms of personal conflict, than any other novelist writing in English. She has a constant power of collecting the scene in hundreds of glittering fragments—the life of Delhi, Benares, and a desert province—and of losing herself in the contradictions and ambiguities of temperament. Her prose has not the Chekhovian glide, but her method is one that curbs pure satire, for the novel is built up from dozens of short passages in which each character speaks for himself. A large number of these passages are perfect as short stories in which the light changes from the bizarre to the poetic, from the comic to the horrifying, from the thoughtful to the mischievous—all with an allusiveness, a susceptibility to mood, a tenderness of which Chekhov was the exemplar. The light in which we see the people, and in which they see each other, changes every minute.

The Hindus are Mrs. Jhabvala's complete characterizations—above all, the ancient Princess Asha and the impossible young Gopi. Under their impetuosity they have reserves of cynicism and passivity, and they have no dramatic notions of being "remade" by their "saints" and gurus. They run to them with abandon; they are stroked, cuddled, bullied, starved into a passing repentance, until at last boredom sets in, and then off they go, to sin with greater vigor or battered desperation. The gurus are simply islands in a flood of uncontrolled emotion. The Princess seduces Gopi out of hand, though he is a mere youth. She will never cease to be sensually frantic, unscrupulous, disorderly in her jealousy, and avid for the Western gin bottle as she heaves gorgeously on her divan, either caressing or in tears. She is also a wily judge of human nature. She will never believe that the delusions of sensual love and the delight in being adored are not worth it. When Gopi is sentenced to a traditional marriage, she is in despair, but after a spell with her "saint" she realizes that a maternal love of the young man can be a new refinement of Eros. And Gopi, after observing his Westerners, concludes that, narrowed by guilt, they know nothing of the amusing varieties of the sexual impulse. It is true that Gopi is a boaster of little accomplishment, but he is an uninhibited sensual dreamer.

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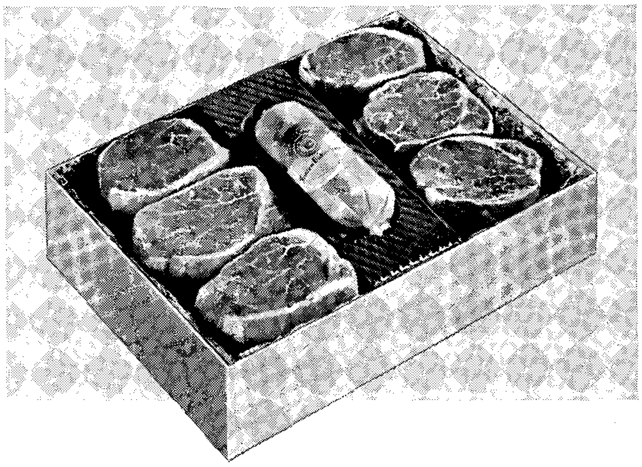

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ture of the blowsily vulgar and the distinguished. She loves to behave atrociously at her adored brother's house—he is a rich and rising politician—and, out of jealousy, to outrage her high-minded sister-in-law, who is a stern Gandhian. The Princess always provides comedy. In their gardens, her brother and his wife stage a grand party, and the very proper guests are brought out to sing Gandhian hymns. They walk out onto the moonlit lawns:

> Led by the Lady Minister, they had begun to sing hymns. They started off with Gandhiji's favorite hymn—a rousing tune and heartening words about the Oneness of God whether worshipped as Ishwar or as Allah. Unfortunately most of the guests did not know these words and they trailed behind the leader, who sang in a loud and manly voice, sometimes clapping her hands to rally the others along. They kept tripping up and some of them giggled at their own ineptitude, which made others sing louder in order to cover up. They sounded terrible.

Gopi is there. He has sneaked away from Asha in order to flirt with a girl who is as pretty as an ornament. Asha has got together a rival group of musicians, who are far from being hymn singers: they represent the old, wicked, malicious India, which insinuates its power through the senses:

> The tabla player had now begun to accompany the maestro, and they were working themselves up to a contest where each tried to outwit the other with superior skill. The sitar flung a phrase of unmatchable beauty towards the tabla which responded by not only matching but even surpassing it so that the sitar was forced to try again: and so they continued to cap triumph with triumph, challenging one another to soar higher and higher and up to heaven if possible. Each of them secretly smiled to himself, and sometimes they also exchanged smiles in a mischievous way for each knew what pride there was in the other's heart.

The hymn singers are forced to stop, and to complete the rout of the Lady Minister's respectable party Asha rushes forth in a fury to drag Gopi away by the hair. Afterward, she has one of her bouts of shame and goes to see an old "saint" she has known. But her aged servant strokes her forehead and sings her folk songs about the thighs of heroic lovers and secret passages to the bedroom. The ancient mischief of India undermines Asha's calm and revives her passions. Soon she is back with Gopi and the gin in a pleasure palace that had belonged to her old rip of a father—a place that has known all kinds of love, and even murder.

Gopi is an intolerably crude yet touching young man, childishly moody, and tiresome in his insecurity. He at once tempts, mocks, and envies the prim Raymond, who may not be willing to consider the nature of his attachment but has the strength of his inhibitions. He watches Gopi's antics with remarkable detachment and tolerance. Gopi fingers Raymond's clothes and furniture greedily; his hands covet any Western object. He has a shameless eye for the main chance. He likes to dress up, to envy, and to annoy. He passionately longs for friendship, yet is negligent in return. He makes scenes about the superiority of his feelings to anything a Westerner can match, yet is as coarse and egotistical as a child. He is the kind of character (but this is true of everyone in the novel) who is best seen episodically, and in brief scenes Mrs. Jhabvala is brilliant. Each episode is framed in a passing aspect of the Indian scene: the heat of the day, the sweetness of the evening, the fears of the night, the squalid, the brutal, the absurd. And one is made to feel the sensual tension. In Benares, while Raymond and Gopi are being rowed on the river by a worn-out old man, Gopi sings a sad love lyric:

> As soon as he was out on the water, [Raymond] felt as if all the squalor of the city—the stale puddles, the rotting vegetables, the people waiting to die on the sidewalks—was all suddenly purified and washed away. Yet how could that be? How could that water purify anything? Crowds of people, many of them diseased, were constantly dipping into it—and not only living people but even the remnants of dead bodies which (on account of poverty and the high cost of wood) had not been burned up completely. But Raymond, especially with Gopi sitting opposite him singing his lyric, found it easy to ignore these facts.

Yet the contentment vanishes as they glide into one more raw scene with Asha.

All Mrs. Jhabvala's scenes are so ingeniously put together that the wry, the absurd, and even the terrible mingle in the space of a few minutes. One situation bears upon another, and all the more sharply because the speakers rarely answer one another but pursue what is going on in the isolation of their own minds. India is indeed evoked by non-communication. To take one outstanding example: When Raymond, in his best moral form, is trying to make Asha give up Gopi because of his coming marriage, arguing that the boy will get bored and leave her, Asha calculatingly tells him of the suicide attempt of a young man who went further than Raymond has ever dared to go. In this she is covertly needling him about his repressed feelings for

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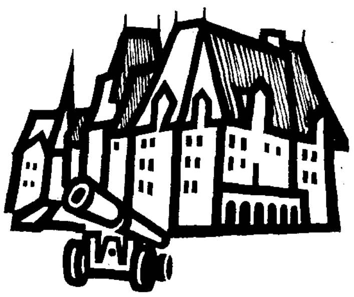

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Gopi. Raymond counters that maneuver by saying, primly, "Asha, I don't think I need to hear this." While they talk, the incurable Gopi is playing a raucous Western record on a tinny gramophone and trying to transpose it to an Indian scale as he sings. It sounds awful, and he laughs at himself. The incident ends abruptly:

> Raymond said, "You really shouldn't make him drink so much. He's not used to it."
>
> "If you take him away, I don't know what I shall do. Can you imagine being alone here?"
>
> "You don't have to stay here."
>
> She said, "It's the same everywhere. In Bombay, too. Those sounds you say you hear at night, so often I hear them in Bombay. Of course I know it's the sea, really, but to me it sounds like here and then I think I am here."

What are those sounds? They are the screams of the hyenas. Heavy, dark birds hang motionless in the sky above them.

One can see why the comparison with Chekhov has been made. Like so many of the Russians, Mrs. Jhabvala has caught hours of the passing day through the comedies and tragedies of her people, especially the Indians. The hour is her measure. With her Englishman and her English girls, Forsterism comes in. Here I find her schematic, for they are outside the Indian hour; they are arguments of young and baffled shadows in a novel where the vitality is elsewhere.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

REGIMENT OF WOMEN, by Thomas Berger (Simon & Schuster). In the sulphurously polluted twenty-first-century world of Thomas Berger's sixth and far from best novel, women are the masters (or mistresses), and men are the slaves. The women run the government, schools, and businesses, chomp cigars, do all the hard physical work, have ulcers, die earlier than men, and no longer bear children. Men have become "sex objects." They constitute the lower strata of the work force; they are "milked" (mechanically) for their semen; they cook; they clean; and, like Georgie Cornell, the "little secretary" who is the book's central character, they spend most of their time buying clothes, fixing their hair, and trying to be lovable. Georgie has silicone breasts. Unfortunately, the joke does not come off. Mr. Berger can write very well, and at first his

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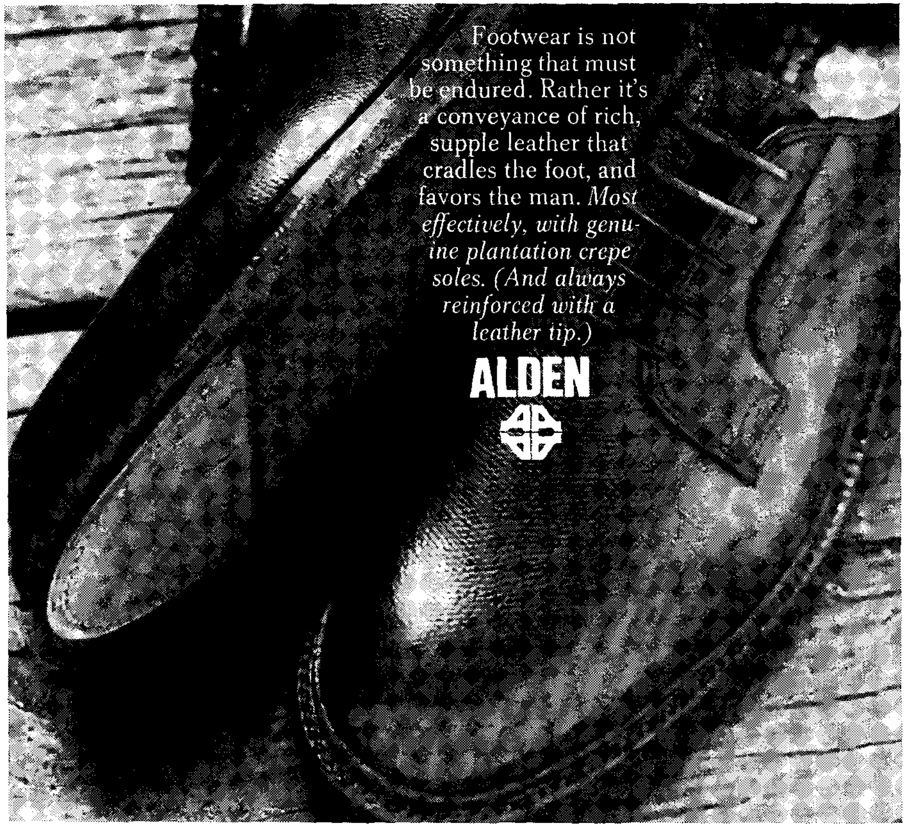

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cool, cynical style seems eminently suited to a satire about the clichés of sexual roles. But despite his inventiveness the conceit wears thin fairly fast, and here, as elsewhere, his tendency to write about his characters as if he were a spaceman viewing human antics through a telescope can be extremely irritating.

NETHERGATE, by Norah Lofts (Doubleday). This is what can be called good reading for all seasons. The story runs from 1740 to about 1820 and is set in Suffolk, in England, around a beautiful and romantic house called Nethergate, where Miss Lofts maintains an admirably natural and consistent perspective between the inhabitants of the servants' hall and their masters. The story wanders from Nethergate, but only to return there again and again—the old house is the lodestar, the grail, the hearth, the enduring and spirit-satisfying reality of warmth, dignity, and order. Several life stories, all of them fascinating, are woven into the work, which is mainly concerned with Isabella de Savigny, an eighteen-year-old refugee from France's Reign of Terror, and her daughter, Annabelle. Miss Lofts does not claim fabulous beauty or flamboyant temper for her heroines, but she gives them good looks, pride, and, above all, courage. Isabella is a splendid figure—a desperate and not very cunning animal fighting for her young—and Annabelle's humor and fortitude, as she struggles out of bewilderment to find a stability of her own, is something worth remembering. The writing is lovely—gentle and strong, wholehearted and precise, a pleasure to wonder over.

GENERAL

WITNESS TO HISTORY: 1929-69, by Charles E. Bohlen (Norton). From 1929 until a few years ago, Charles E. Bohlen served this government as a close student of the Soviet Union and as a diplomat of considerable adroitness. Before becoming an ambassador himself, he served American Presidents as an interpreter and investigator, and from our diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Union, in 1933, until he was appointed Ambassador to Moscow, in 1953, he devoted himself almost exclusively to Soviet affairs. Late in the Eisenhower years, John Foster Dulles exiled him as Ambassador to the Philippines, but President Kennedy recalled him and sent him to Paris, where, with de Gaulle back in

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charge, things were almost as sticky as they had sometimes been in Moscow. In this fascinating volume, Mr. Bohlen gives a full account of his professional career. He is the sort who, unlike his friend and colleague George Kennan, seldom abandons his factual presentation for reflection and speculation, and he is by and large less critical of American policy than Kennan and other American diplomats who have lately produced autobiographies. But his narrative is never less than compelling, and his objectivity seems never to fail him. The book is a handsome contribution to the understanding of recent years and an absorbing account of all that Mr. Bohlen has seen and done while in the service of this country.

HADLEY: THE FIRST MRS. HEMINGWAY, by Alice Hunt Sokoloff (Dodd, Mead). Elizabeth Hadley Richardson was the girl young Ernest Hemingway married after he came home from the Italian front, with whom he went to Paris (pretty much on her money) in the early nineteen-twenties, and from whom he parted company after a few years, and after the birth of their son, in order to marry somebody else. From the reminiscent literature of that time and place, as well as from Hemingway's posthumous "A Moveable Feast," one gets the impression that she was a nice, gentle, steadfast girl who did not have much to say, and who was ultimately rather ill-used. This book, written with her coöperation, is her side of the story, and very refreshing it is. The former Mrs. Hemingway, now Mrs. Paul Scott Mowrer, widow of the noted foreign correspondent, has no regrets, or bitterness toward Hemingway. One can see that she was a good companion and wife and a person of considerable grace and style. And that is what Hemingway himself came to think over the years. It would seem that if there were any regrets they could have been his. Photographs.

THE LAST STUART: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE, by David Daiches (Putnam). This learned and readable biography tells an absorbing, if sad, story and also manages to illuminate any number of things, from the sources of Scottish nationalism to the politics of an era moving, so to speak, from baroque certainties to the shiftier subtleties of rococo. Charles Edward Stuart (1720-88) was born in Rome, the grandson of James II of England (and VII of Scotland),

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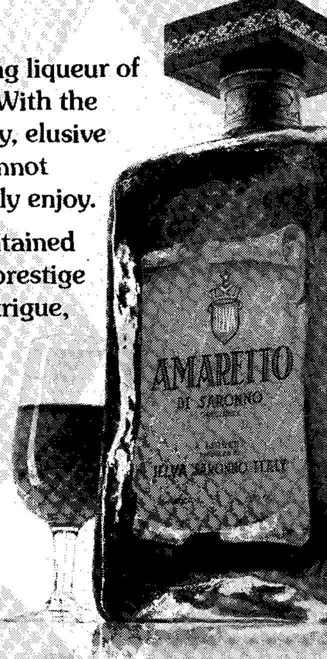

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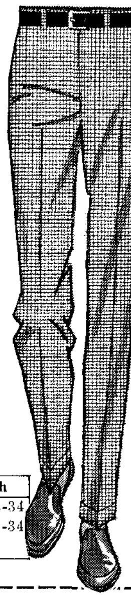

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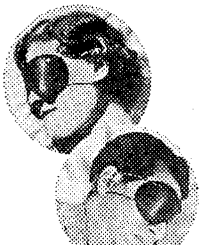

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who had fled the Glorious Revolution of 1688. The issue then was religion—James was Catholic, England was Protestant—but when Prince Charles landed in Scotland, in 1745, to reclaim the family crowns, his religious faith was negligible. Still, the Highland chiefs led their clans out for their prince, and took, but did not hold, Edinburgh. As most readers know, the Scots were eventually slaughtered by a strong English army at Culloden, the Highlands were "pacified" in true Hitlerian fashion, and the Prince, after five months as a fugitive in the Highlands, escaped to France. He spent the rest of his life in exile, and in time the high-spirited charmer of Scottish legend became an obese alcoholic cuckold. Professor Daiches handles this narrative of folly, nobility, suffering, romance, and loyalty to perfection, reviving the glamour of a lost cause.

INFINITE RICHES: THE ADVENTURES OF A RARE BOOK DEALER, by David Magee (Eriksson). An informative, chatty memoir by an English-born San Francisco bookman about the perils and pleasures of the rare-book trade. The author looks back with pleasure on more than forty-five years of buying and selling rare books, and reminisces about some of the friends he has made and collectors he has known—most of whom, it is surprising to learn, were not so much readers as they were aesthetes or curio collectors. The tone of this book is captured exactly by a photograph on the jacket depicting the author and a friend (another bookseller) strolling along the beach at Santa Barbara, trousers rolled, and having what the caption calls "a pleasant walk, a pleasant talk."

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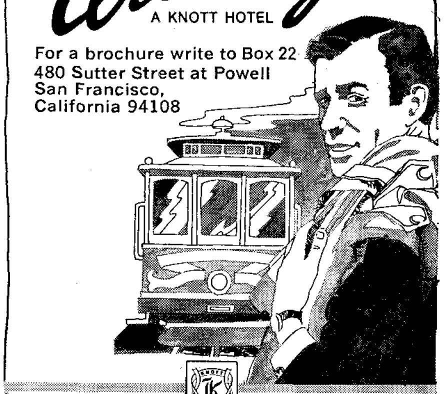

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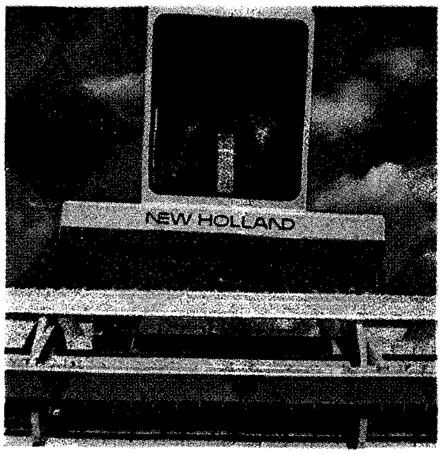

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